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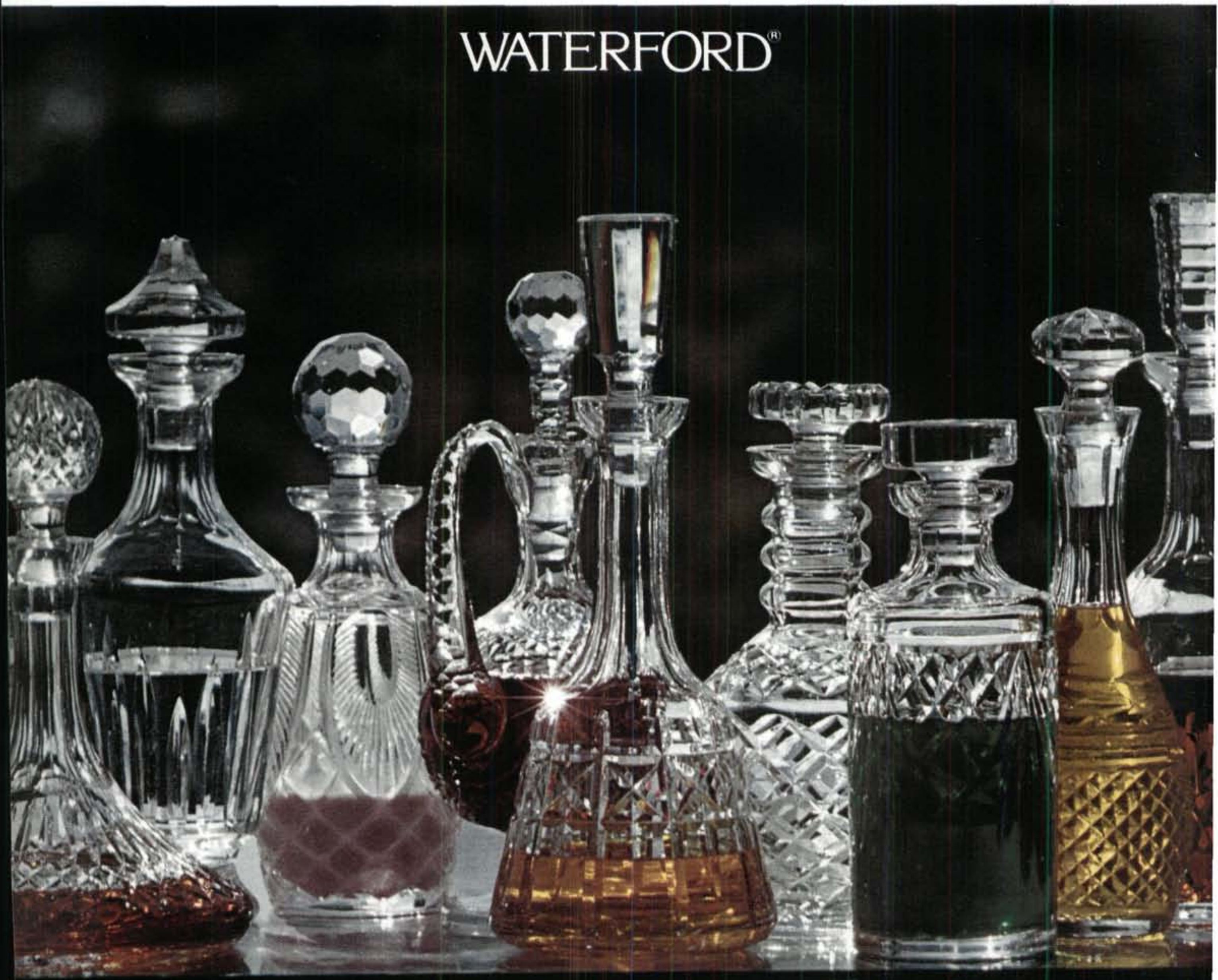

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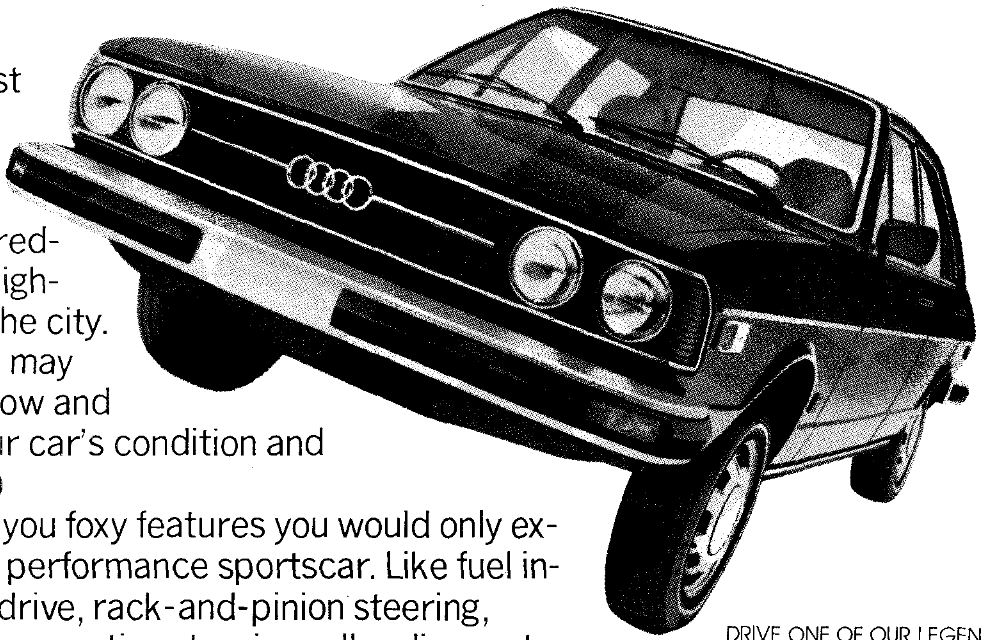

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

ANNA CHRISTIE—O'Neill's early and silly melodrama makes a creaking vehicle for Liv Ullmann. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, July 30.)

ANNIE—Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer, and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike, in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE BASIC TRAINING OF PAVLO HUMMEL—Al Pacino is superb in a revival of David Rabe's passionate play about the U.S. Army in Vietnam. Reopens Tuesday, July 19, after a brief vacation. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8.)

THE CHERRY ORCHARD—Chekhov's great comedy is worthily enacted by an exceptional cast; the ravishing settings and costumes are by Santo Loquasto, and the sometimes arbitrary and self-important direction is by Andrei Serban. Not to be missed. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 787-8080. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE CLUB—Eve Merriam's musical entertainment is set in a gentlemen's club in 1903, but the company consists of seven women, lightly disguised in top hats, white tie, and tails, who sing and dance to authentic, indelicate songs of the period. As feminist projects go, this one is unusually good-humored, and the singing, and especially the dancing, under Tommy Tune's direction, is proficient and pleasing. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

GEMINI—In Albert Innaurato's very funny comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social, but is actually sexual. With Danny Aiello as the father and Anne DeSalvo, Jonathan Hadary, and Robert Picardo, among other good actors. Peter Mark Schifter directed. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

HAPPY END—Bertolt Brecht and Kurt Weill set this musical about a Salvation Army lass who loves a gangster in what was for them, in 1929, an imaginary Chicago. The marvellous score includes such songs as "Surabaya Johnny" and "The Bilbao Song." Translation by Michael Feingold, direction by Robert Kalfin. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

I LOVE MY WIFE—Cy Coleman's winning music and Lenny Baker's clowning justify this mild musical examination of the sexual revolution in Trenton. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST—Line by line, Oscar Wilde's comedy is as funny as ever, but the unwieldy thrust stage of this theatre disperses it in all directions. The performance seldom achieves any unity of style, but Mary Louise Wilson is a wonderful Miss Prism, Patricia Conolly is exactly right as Gwendolen, and so is Munson Hicks as Algernon's servant, Lane. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE KING AND I—Yul Brynner is incandescent in this admirable revival of the Rodgers-Hammerstein musical. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MUMMENSCHANZ—A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players—Andrés Bossard and Bernice Schürch, from Switzerland, and Floriana Frassetto, from Italy. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

OTHERWISE ENGAGED—Tom Courtenay is the star of Simon Gray's comedy about a London publisher who asks less of life than life is determined to give him. An able cast backs up Mr. Courtenay, under the direction of Harold Pinter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE 2ND GREATEST ENTERTAINER IN THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD—Dick Shawn in a one-man show. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8.)

THE SHADOW BOX—An impressive Broadway début by a young playwright named Michael Cristofer. The subject of his play is the difficulty in our society of facing the intolerable fact that we die; contrary to what one might expect, the play is not in the least a gloomy one. The superior cast has been ably directed by Gordon Davidson. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

SIDE BY SIDE BY SONDHEIM—Thirty-odd ravishing songs by Stephen Sondheim, well sung by some English admirers of our local laureate. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

SLY FOX—A superb adaptation, by Larry Gelbart, of Ben Jonson's "Volpone." Uproarious shenanigans by, among others, Robert Preston, Jack Gilford, Bob Dishy, and John Heffernan. The direction is by Arthur Penn. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

SQUARE ROOT OF SOUL—This program of recitations by Adolph Caesar, of the Negro Ensemble Company, of poems and selected prose, mostly by black writers, has its good moments, but the evening as a whole is disappointing. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 8:30; and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday at 3:30 and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, July 10.)

UNSUNG COLE—And quite a lot of sung Porter,

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COVER: *André François*

DRAWINGS: *Sidney Harris, Charles Barsotti, William Steig, Edward Koren, Charles E. Martin, William Hamilton, Charles Addams, Tom Funk, Henry Martin, Mischa Richter, Lee Lorenz, James Stevenson, Sam Gross, Robert Weber, Barney Tobey, Dana Fradon, Al Ross, Arnie Levin, Jack Ziegler*

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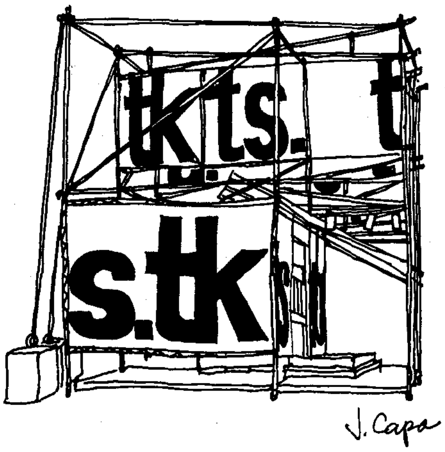
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

too, as presented by a young quintet (2 m., 3 f.), with results that are in-and-out good but always agreeable. Among the unsungs is a beautiful number, "If Ever Married I'm," excised *from* "Kiss Me, Kate," *and it* is very well done here by Maureen Moore. The other singers, all of them promising and attractive, are Gene Lindsey, Mary Louise, Anita Morris, and John Sloman. The program was conceived and directed by Norman L. Berman. Costumes by Carol Oditz. Lighting by Arden Fingerhut. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Closes Sunday, July 24.)

Your Arms Too Short to Box with God—A whirlwind of gospel-sing and (if there is such a thing) gospel-dance, taken by Vinnette Carroll from the Book of Matthew. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

Long Runs—**BUBBLING BROWN SUGAR:** Down Memory Lane in Harlem, which means the twenties, the Cotton Club, the Savoy, Ellington, Waller . . . A lane? A boulevard. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30). . . **CHICAGO:** A musical that has nothing to do with its name and that intermittently comes to life, thanks to Jerry Orbach. Bob Fosse directed and choreographed. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **EQUUS:** Peter Shaffer's continuously ex*citing dance of exploration through the mind* of a boy who loves horses, worships the quality of "horseness," and commits a dreadful crime in the name of that worship. With Leonard Nimoy, Ralph Seymour, and Beverly May. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 7,161 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FOR COLORED GIRLS WHO HAVE CONSIDERED SUICIDE:** The marvellous poems and prose of an American writer, Ntozake Shange, are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit for the cap*tivating result. Choreography by Paula Moss.* (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.). . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.). . . **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A new playwright named Bernard Slade has invented an Erector set of one-liners that should last a lifetime. With Hope Lange and Don Murray, directed by Gene Saks. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **SHENANDOAH:** Even thirty years ago, this would have been an old-fashioned musical. The star is John Cullum, who sings his dull songs beautifully. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE WIZ:** An all-black production of a musical version of "The Wizard of Oz," with gorgeous scenery and costumes, tiresome music, and several first-rate performances. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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MISCELLANY

Toller Cranston's The Ice Show—Starring Mr. Cranston, Jim Millns, and Colleen O'Connor. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, July 10.)

Beatlemania—A multimedia and live-music production about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon, Paul McCartney, and George Harrison. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Big Apple Circus—A tent circus sponsored by the New York School for Circus Acts. Comedy jugglers, acrobatic clowns, trapeze artists, and aerialists. Opens Friday, July 8, and will run through Sunday, Aug. 14. (Battery Park Landfill City. Thursdays at 1; Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 1 and 7:30; and Sundays at 1 and 4.)

DANCE

National Ballet of Canada—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through Saturday, July 23—Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, July 12-13, and Friday evening, July 15: "La Fille Mal Gardée.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, July 14: "Kettentanz," "Flower Festival Pas de Deux," "Monotones II," "Le Corsaire Pas de Deux," and "Mad Shadows" (New York première). . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, July 16: "Le Corsaire Pas de Deux" and "La Fille Mal Gardée.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, July 16: "Kettentanz," "Mad Shadows," and "Collective Symphony" (American première). (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is *therefore always advisable to call ahead.)*

Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—This ground-floor loft, as long as an alley, is owned by Rashied Ali, a respected, all-out musician who was John Coltrane's drummer during Coltrane's final, most exploratory period. A drum festival is currently in progress, involving John Betsch on Wednesday, July 6; John Lewis on Thursday, July 7; Zahir Batin on Friday, July 8; and J. R. Mitchell on Saturday, July 9. On Mondays, tenor saxophonist, composer, and arranger **FRANK FOSTER** presides over the **LOUD MINORITY,** a very loose, walloping twenty-two-piece band. Many of the numerous soloists are impressive, but the real stars of this enterprise are Foster's vital, bluesy charts. Music from about ten. Dinner.

Axis in SoHo, in the M. Elson Gallery, 463 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (228-0882)—Contemporary jazz and organic apple juice. Tenor saxophonist **DEWEY REDMAN** will head a foursome on Friday, July 8. Art Lande will contribute solo piano on Saturday, July 9. On Sunday, July 10, oboist Paul McCandless and bassist Glen Moore will work together. Friday and Saturday, July 15-16, will be given over to the **REVOLUTIONARY ENSEMBLE**—violinist **LEROY JENKINS,** bassist **SIRONE,** and drummer **JEROME COOPER.** Shows at nine and eleven-thirty.

Ballroom, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (473-9367)—Alternately bubbly and earnest singer David Summers finishes on Saturday, July 9. Pop singer Liz Corrigan will perform beginning Tuesday, July 12. Tuesdays through Thursdays at *eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and* Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dinner.

Bar None, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—Sort of thirties chophouse. The pianist **DARDANELLE** is on hand from seven until midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Her playing is genteel Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless, and delightful.

Beefsteak Charlie's, 55 *Fifth Ave., at 12th St.* (675-4720)—Situated amid the high-rise dorms of New York University, the pleasantly relaxed cocktail lounge of this restaurant lures in fine musicians and a healthy number of customers—many of them students. The present performer in the picture-window music corner is pianist **SAMMY PRICE,** who used to lead the Texas Blusicians (a recording-studio group from the forties that included Lester Young), and who remains the pride of Honey Grove, Texas (where he was born in 1908). Through Saturday, July 9. Blues singer Amina and her backup group will commence on Wednesday, July 13. Music from nine until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Here's the lineup: Wednesday and Thursday, July 6-7, **VASSAR CLEMENTS,** a Nashville legend and a thoughtful country fiddler who looks, in his short-sleeved knit shirt, more like a professional bowler than a musician, will be leading his band; on Sunday, July 10, British-blues pioneer John Mayall will bring in his latest group opposite rock-riffing violinist Scarlet Rivera and her band; Monday and Tuesday, July 11-12, soul singers Betty Wright and Vernon Burch will alternate. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar with an abundance of dark pine panelling, good musicians, and patrons who like to talk. On Wednesday, July 6, pianist **ROLAND HANNA** will team up with bassist **GEORGE MRAZ.** Thursday through Saturday, July 7-9, **JIMMY ROWLES,** one of the house favorites, will be working with a bassist; on Monday, July 11, pianist

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MIKE ABENE, bassist MICHAEL MOORE, and guitarist MIKE GARI will arrive. The Sunday chores are handled by BARRY HARRIS and his helpers. Music from ten most nights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—BOBBY SHORT and his loyal accomplices, bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Gene Gammage, wind up their season here on Saturday, July 9. On Monday, July 11, GEORGE SHEARING takes over the keyboard; his schedule will be Mondays through Fridays at nine-forty-five and eleven-forty-five. Dinner and supper.

C.B.G.B. & O.M.F.U.G., 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—A row of neon beer signs hangs overhead; lots of young, kinkily dressed patrons, band members, and friends of band members hang around. Music most nights from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

Cleo, 1 Lincoln Plaza, Broadway at 63rd St. (724-6301)—Hague and Hague—composer Albert Hague and his wife, singer Renée Orin—are presenting a program of Hague tunes. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty. Dinner.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—ADAM MAKOWICZ is a thirty-six-year-old Polish pianist who can play more notes than Art Tatum. He cannot, though, equal Tatum's touch, which remains an unclimbed pianistic peak. Blues pianist SAMMY PRICE performs Sundays. Music from eight to one. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Bobby Gordon, Vic Dickenson, Warren Vaché, Jr., Jim Andrews, Connie Kay, and Red Balaban (who owns the place) are the traditionalists who usually make up the house band. On Tuesday, July 12, HELEN HUMES will sing along with the regulars. The music begins after nine-thirty. On Sunday, July 10, SCOTT HAMILTON, a young, swing-inspired tenor saxophonist, will lead a quartet from eight-thirty; cornettist RUBY BRAFF will be the guest performer. Dinner.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Good things do come in small packages: five nights a week—Wednesday through Sunday, from ten to three—genuine swing music prevails inside this tiny bar. Drummer SONNY GREER, an eighty-one-year-old former Ellington associate (they started hanging out together in 1919); clarinettist and saxophonist RUSSELL PROCOPE, sixty-eight and an ex-Ellington section man; and pianist HOD O'BRIEN, who has temporarily replaced Brooks Kerr, are the players. It's fun to watch them goad each other on; the music is a pleasure. Mondays and Tuesdays, pianist AL HAIG, guitarist CHUCK WAYNE, and bassist Jamil Nasser get together at ten. On Sundays, singer and pianist DARDANELLE performs with her bassist, ERNIE FURTADO, from five to ten. Weeknights, from five to ten, trumpeter Gene Roland, pianist Loumell Morgan, and bassist Morris Edwards collaborate.

Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Brazilian guitarist Laurindo Almeida will be heading a jazz trio through Saturday, July 16. Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven, and twelve-thirty. No music Sundays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—ROY ELDRIDGE is supported five nights a week by the resident blowers—drummer Eddie Locke, bassist Ted Sturgis, trombonist Bobby Pratt, and clarinettist Joe Muranyi. JIMMY MC PARTLAND will fill in for Eldridge beginning Tuesday, July 12. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky heads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Cornettist RUBY BRAFF has rounded up drummer RONNIE BEDFORD, bassist JAY LEONHART, pianist Johnny Morris, and vibist Bill Molenhof to serve as his quintet in a salute to the music of Louis Armstrong. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A crowded and animated upper West Side music bar that draws rhythm-and-blues, jazz-rock, and disco-funk bands. Music from ten until three. Dinner.

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			6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Country-rocker Danny O'Keefe shares the bill with rock pianist George Fischoff through Thursday, July 7. Dan Hicks, a guitarist and a singer of some humor, will appear Friday through Sunday, July 8-10. Folkster Billy Vera begins a three-night stand on Thursday, July 14. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

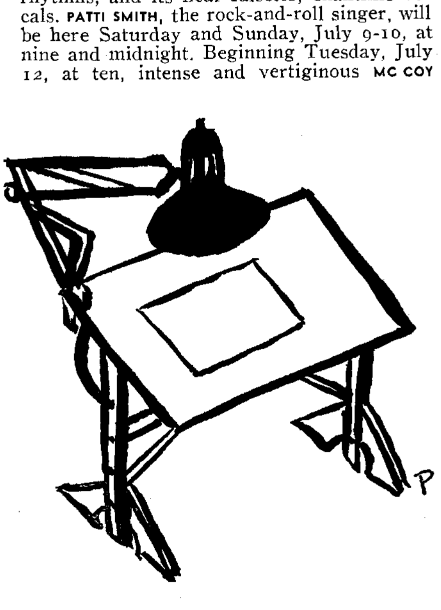
Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Perhaps the nicest cabaret in town. Judith Cohen, a short, wiry-haired, frenetic singer and comedienne who may *try* to be outrageous—she dauntlessly takes on the upper registers of her sandpapery voice, and she dresses her ample figure in tights and a slit skirt in a style that might be called Eighth Avenue Dishevelled—but her following is devoted, and happily approves everything she does. Through Saturday, July 9. Tuesdays and Wednesdays at ten, and Thursdays through Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Storyville, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—A very big, square, but nonetheless warm downstairs room. Through Saturday, July 9, SUN RA and his OUTER SPACE WORLD'S CONTINUUM ARKESTRA will go into orbit around these quarters. Music from ten to two-thirty.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—On Mondays, pianist DAVE MATTHEWS takes his twelve-piece band through some of his charts. On Wednesday and Thursday, July 6-7, alto saxophonist LEE KONITZ, always worth hearing, guides a nonet. Music from nine-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Bassist CECIL MC BEE leads his first-rate sextet (featuring saxophonist Chico Freeman) through Saturday, July 9. On Tuesday, July 12, alto saxophonists BOB MOVER and LEE KONITZ will move in with a quintet. Sundays and Mondays, guitarist JOE PUMA heads a trio. Music from nine-thirty Mondays through Thursdays, from ten on Fridays and Saturdays, and from eight on Sundays. Dinner.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Daphne HELLMAN'S ANGELS (harp, guitar, bass), powered by their nonpareil guitarist, EDDIE BERG, play in the bar Tuesdays from nine-fifteen to midnight. Downstairs, Wednesday through Friday, July 6-8, at ten-thirty, Talking Heads will perform its offbeat, repetitive, harpsichord-like harmonies, its simple, limited rhythms, and its near-falsetto, chantlike vocals. PATTI SMITH, the rock-and-roll singer, will be here Saturday and Sunday, July 9-10, at nine and midnight. Beginning Tuesday, July 12, at ten, intense and vertiginous MC COY TYNER will work with his sextet; Taksim, a Middle Eastern quartet led by saxophonist Sudan Baronian, will be added on Friday and Saturday, July 15-16. Snacks.



Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—The widely respected pianist BILL EVANS will play with his trio through Sunday, July 10; on Monday, July 11, alto saxophonist LEE KONITZ will bring in his nonet; and, starting Tuesday, July 12, trumpeter and flugelhorn ace ART FARMER will front a quartet that also includes pianist JIMMY ROWLES. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Convenient to a New York City truck route but not much else, this bar has red Afro-psychedelic walls, hundreds of gold Christmas-tree ornaments hanging from the ceiling, and a tiny (about five by ten feet) soul-food kitchen. Other assets include sturdy, animated piano-bass duos that hold forth every night from eight until two.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The music at this Columbia University haunt is now handled by guitarist TINY GRIMES and his trio on Tuesdays and Wednesdays; the West Enders, a jazz foursome, on Thursdays; Seleno Clarke and his R. & B. band Fridays and Saturdays; and a Dixieland group on Sundays. Music from nine-thirty to one-thirty every night but Monday.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Emerson, Lake & Palmer—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday through Saturday, July 7-9, at 8.

John Betsch Society—New York Jazz Museum, 236 W. 54th St. 765-2150. Saturday, July 9, from 2 to 5.

Boz Scaggs—Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Tuesday through Thursday, July 12-14, at 8.

The Manhattans, B.T. Express, and **Enchantment**—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Friday, July 15, at 7 and 11.

Ronnie Laws, Phyllis Hyman, and **Stuff**—Avery Fisher Hall. Saturday, July 16, at 8.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Milton Avery (1893-1965)—Sixty prints that constitute the artist's complete work in drypoint, lithography, and woodcut. Through July 27. (Pratt Graphics Center, 831 Broadway, at 13th St.)

Eva Hesse (1936-70)—Works done during the last few years of her life, showing how she broke away from the conventions of flat abstract painting, and from color itself, and entered her own realm of latex drapery, festoons of electrical wire, fibre-glass webs, and tangles of raw hemp. Through Friday, July 15. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

Michio Ihara—Abstract geometric sculptures made of thin, silvery rods welded together into airy towers. Through Friday, July 15. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Paul Klee (1879-1940)—Twenty-six drawings and watercolors executed during the last decade of his life, in a show that is running concurrently with one at the Guggenheim Museum. Through July 30. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

George Rickey—Eight stainless-steel kinetic sculptures, the largest thirty-five feet high. Through Sept. 24. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

Vincent Smith—Oils, drawings, and prints by an artist who specializes in African subjects, using tribal emblems, not to mention sand and gravel. . . . ¶ "Vandalism," a twenty-five-minute videotaped documentary shown here daily, 11 to 5, is a sobering catalogue of the senseless damage wreaked upon the city, especially upon its outdoor monuments and sculptures. Through July 29. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Nicholas Vasilieff (1887-1970)—A retrospective of paintings by this Russian-born artist. Through July 29. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

PHYLLIS YAMPOLSKY—Vermont landscapes painted in a stylized manner and in flat colors, giving the works a stencilled quality. Through Friday, July 15. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ALONZO**, 30 W. 57th St.: Works in a variety of mediums by John Day, who paints mysteriously lighted architecture; William Clutz, who does pastels of New York scenes; Legh Myers, who carves complicated abstractions from single pieces of marble; and others. Through July 28.... **CASTELLI**, 420 West Broadway: Recent works by a dozen or so of the gallery stars—Lichtenstein's life-size painting of an entablature, for instance; a fluorescent arrangement in lime-green and pink by Flavin; a shaped, striped canvas by Noland; and an ugly red skull by Warhol. Through Sept. 17.... **CATHEDRAL MUSEUM OF RELIGIOUS ART**, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St.: Anna Walinska has nineteen paintings dating from the fifties and sixties. Also on view are paintings by Robert Buecker and sculptures by Dorothy Dehner and Lily Ente. Through Sept. 15. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 9 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 5.)... **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Eighteenth-century Latin-American decorative art. Through Aug. 7. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)... **CRISPO**, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by, among others, Demuth, O'Keeffe, and Matta. Through July 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)... **GREY ART GALLERY OF NEW YORK UNIVERSITY**, Washington Place, just east of Washington Square: Works on paper by such artists as Baskin, Dove, Martin, and Miró. Through Aug. 26. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5, and Wednesday evenings until 8:30.)... **HEIDENBERG**, 50 W. 57th St.: The current selection includes works by Yrjö Edelmann, a Finnish artist who makes paper sculptures (people, landscapes) and uses them as models for his paintings; Robert Natkin, who superimposes abstract forms on a gingham-like background; and Henry Moore, who is represented by a 1950 watercolor that is crowded with sculptural ideas. Through July 29.... **HOFFMAN**, 429 West Broadway: Paintings by five artists, including Harmony Hammond and Arlene Slavin, and sculptures by George Kuehn. Through Sept. 7.... **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Gifford Beal, Marsden Hartley, Jerome Myers, and other early-twentieth-century American painters. Through Friday, July 15.... **MEISEL**, 141 Prince St.: Frank Roth, Tino Zago, Ed Meneeley, Theodoros Stamos, and Oded Halahmy. Through July 29.... **NICHOLLS**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: The contemporary art scene is the common subject of this group of cartoons and magazine covers by Charles Addams, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Arthur Getz, Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, Mary Petty, George Price, Charles Saxon, William Steig, James Stevenson, Richard Taylor, and Barney Tobey. Through July 29.... **O.K. HARRIS**, 383 West Broadway: This year's summer invitational includes two triangular wooden lattices by Arie Galles; three-dimensional collages by Stephen Bundy in which random objects—a wedge, a spindle, a screen-door spring—are combined with drawings of the same objects; and sculptured pieces made up of lengths of rubber hose bundled in hopsacking by Robert Hammond. Through July 22. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5.) ... **SACHS**, 29 W. 57th St.: The works on view include an inviting landscape by Daniel Brustlein, whose cartoons, signed "Alain," graced these pages until about ten years ago, when he retired to Paris to paint. Through July 29. (Open Tuesdays through Thursdays.)... **SHEPHERD**, 21 E. 84th St.: About eighty nineteenth-century French paintings (all of them predating Impressionism). Through Friday, July 15. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)... **UNITED STATES COURT HOUSE**, 40 Centre St., on Foley Square: Forty-three members of the Organization of Independent Artists are showing their works in the lobby of the Federal Courthouse and in the lunchroom on the fifth floor. Nearly all the works are wholly abstract. Through Sept. 16. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5:30.)... **WASHBURN**, 42 E. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings of nineteenth-century summer retreats—in the Catskills, Massachusetts, Newport, the White Mountains—by such artists as John

What Did Your Mirror Reveal This Morning?

This morning started out like any other. You put on the coffee and set out the juice glasses. Then, as always, you went to freshen up to greet the day and your family pleasantly. Looking in the mirror as you brushed your hair, you suddenly realized that you looked older. Somehow you hadn't noticed before. But you couldn't help wondering if other people were aware of the change.

Now you and your mirror have come face-to-face with the truth, it's time you discovered a secret known to fortunate women from many parts of the world, the secret of a mysterious beauty fluid that can help you look younger by creating a moist climate for your skin. This skin-loving liquid is known in the United States as Oil of Olay beauty lotion.

Simply smooth Oil of Olay over your face and throat to let it begin to work so that it can help you look younger. Watch the precious fluid disappear into your skin. Oil of Olay penetrates remarkably quickly, bringing pure moisture, tropical oil and precious emollients to ease dryness. Dryness, of course, can so easily make you look older, as it makes little wrinkle lines more obvious. The very first day you use Oil of Olay, those lines can become less noticeable. Even though they may not comment, the change will be apparent to other people.

The skin-cherishing beauty fluid works mysteriously as a partner with nature to help maintain your skin's natural moisture balance and let your skin become softer, smoother, younger looking.

Within moments after applying the beauty fluid, your face takes on a renewed lustre and radiance, a kind of marvelously dewy glow. Remember that look? Isn't it a joy to see it again?

When will you choose to use the precious beauty fluid? Exposure to wind and sun, some cosmetics, even sudden temperature changes can cause your skin to feel dry and look older, just as certainly as the passing years do. So whenever your skin feels dry, it may be telling you that it would welcome Oil of Olay.

If you're like most dedicated users, you will want Oil of Olay to be part of your morning and evening beauty ritual. Oil of Olay, faithfully every morning, either to let your skin live in its own moist climate or under your cosmetics. Because the beauty fluid penetrates so quickly and doesn't leave a greasy after-feel, you'll find it marvelous under makeup. Again, faithfully every night, so that Oil of Olay can cherish and pamper your skin into quiet hours of night.

Remember what your mirror revealed this morning? How reassuring to know that with Oil of Olay your mirror can soon reflect a younger look. What a lovely way to face the day.

BEAUTY SECRET. Perhaps the sudden realization that you looked older than you realized has prompted you to plan an overall self-improvement program, complete with diet, exercise and time set aside for intensive grooming. When you're exercising, giving yourself a manicure or while you're figuring out your calorie count for the day, is a good time for an extra application of Oil of Olay®

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

William Hill and his son John Henry Hill, James Augustus Suydam, and William Stanley Haseltine. Through July 22.... **WEYHE,** 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: Graphics, drawings, and watercolors by John Sloan, Rockwell Kent, Howard Cook, and others. Through July 29.... ¶ Many galleries are closed in the summer. Others pull from their stock and mount shows of gallery artists, sometimes varying the content from week to week. Following is a purely arbitrary list of galleries that are open: **ALEXANDER,** 20 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.)... **COOPER,** 155 Wooster St. (Closed Mondays.)... **DINTENFASS,** 50 W. 57th St.... **ELKON,** 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.... **ESMAN,** 29 W. 57th St.... **FORUM,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.... **FRUMKIN,** 50 W. 57th St. (Opens at noon.) ... **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St.... **PACE,** 32 E. 57th St.... **PEARL,** 29 W. 57th St.... **RENÉ,** 6 W. 57th St.

NEW TALENT SHOWS—At the **DRAWING CENTER,** 137 Greene St., where unknown artists can show their works to professional curators three times a week, a selection from the works inspected last winter includes some bold, black-on-white abstracts by Mel Kendrick; drawings and a map of the city done on a typewriter with black, red, and green ribbons by Christopher Knowles; imaginary portraits, including Saint-Exupéry and an odd Abe Lincoln, by Olli Lyytikäinen; and a delicate pattern of stripes that might be a picket fence in a fairy-story illustration by Carole Ashley. Through Aug. 27. (Open Saturdays; open Wednesday evenings until 9.)... **GENESIS,** 41 E. 57th St.: Among those with works on view are Diane Burko, who paints spectacular snow-clad mountain ranges; James Jenkins, who makes eerie, other-worldly landscapes and figures of various materials, paints them with Day-Glo, and encloses them in lighted boxes; Todd Slaughter, who turns out small bronze sculptures, partly abstract and partly realistic; and Jerrald Balance, who paints oddly lighted abstract landscapes in oil on Plexiglas. Through Saturday, July 9.... **HUNDRED ACRES,** 456 West Broadway: A small wood sculpture of a crooked pencil drawing a crooked line by Rick Parker; a set of small, mysterious narrative oils by Randy Dudley; ceramic stools with attached ceramic ladders by Jerry Janosco; and an everyday crutch glorified with an overall glistening Byzantine mosaic by Robert Kerns. Through Friday, July 15.... **TRUMAN,** 38 E. 57th St.: Included are works by Tom Williams, who somehow makes appealing objects of tin cans and nails; Sonya Rapoport, who adds her own color to a computer printout that melds archeological data and American Indian designs (an experiment that, it is hoped, will explain Indian pottery designs); Stephen Larese, whose neat paper boxes unfold like abstract flowers; and Marc Boone, who gave up on the trumpet and is now trying to depict in paint the notes he used to blow. Through Aug. 25. (Open Tuesdays through Thursdays.)

SCULPTURE—A show of plans for outdoor sculptures, including Anne Healy's model for a hundred-foot tower of open scaffolding with colored panels set into it, like floors, at various levels, to be built next year for a Detroit hospital; a sort of web, made of two-inch white tape and occupying one whole end of the gallery, by Athena Tacha; and photographs of earth works by Mary Miss and Lloyd Hamrol. Through July 29. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

PAUL CAPONIGRO—Landscapes, many of the British Isles, plus several still-lifes. Through Friday, July 15. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

WILLARD VAN DYKE—Prints made between 1930 and 1937 by a founding member of the f/64 Group, who went on to discover his true métier in films. Through Saturday, July 16. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

EDWARD WESTON (1886-1958) / **GEORGE N. BARNARD** (1819-1902)—More than fifty vintage prints. / Photographs of the Civil War, including several of Atlanta after Sherman's troops burned it nearly to the ground. Through Sept. 24. (Helios, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **CASTELLI UPTOWN,** 4 E. 77th St.: Color photographs and graphics by, among others, Neal Slavin, Eve Sonneman, and David Hockney. Through Friday, July 8. ... **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53rd St.: An exhibit of photographs devoted entirely to the American county courthouse. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times. ... **SOHO CENTER FOR VISUAL ARTISTS,** 114 Prince St.: An exhibit of works by eighteen photographers, all of them recipients of public-service grants. The group includes Lisette Model and Garry Winogrand. Through July 26. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Thracian Treasures from Bulgaria" is an exhibition of exactly that, often wrought out of silver and gold. Through Sept. 4.... ¶ An exhibit covering nearly every aspect of the career of Edgar Degas, from early portraits to pastels of dancers and bathers. Also works by other artists (Ingres, Delacroix, Renoir, Hokusai) which are said to have influenced Degas. Through Sept. 4.... ¶ Paintings and graphics by Childe Hassam. Through Sept. 11.... ¶ A sumptuous exhibit of clothing and accessories from Russia that focusses on the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries and ranges from regional peasant costumes to the wedding dress of Catherine the Great. Through Aug. 30.... **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Theo Westenberger, Lydia Hammond, and Coreen Simpson. Through July 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Prints and books published by the Paris art merchant Ambroise Vollard (1867-1939), who printed editions of, among others, Braque, Toulouse-Lautrec, Cézanne, and Picasso. Through Sept. 6.... ¶ Recently acquired works in a broad range of styles by Morris Louis, Roy Lichtenstein, John Clem Clarke, Susan Rothenberg, and others. Through Aug. 16.... ¶ Nineteen portraits, many of renowned men, as drawn by Gauguin, James Wyeth, Giacometti, Rivers, and others. Through July 17. ... **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Group show centering on pictures of courthouses. Through Sunday, July 10. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)... **NOTE:** The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 10. Informal concerts of classical and popular music Fridays and Saturdays at 8.

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A show of sixty-seven Paul Klee works executed between 1895 and 1940. Through Sept. 5. A complementary exhibit is at the Serge Sabarsky Gallery, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.... ¶ The paintings and sculptures of forty modern European artists in a show that observes the museum's fortieth year. Through Sept. 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A retrospective of the works of Richard Diebenkorn, tracing his development from youthful eclecticism to total abstraction, back out into semi-figurative works, and finally into total abstraction again, as he explores a distinctive, personal landscape of his own. Through July 17.... ¶ The years 1890 to 1910 are covered in an exhibit of nearly three hundred paintings, graphics, and photographs by Thomas Eakins, Mary Cassatt, Charles Dana Gibson, Gertrude Käsebier, and others. Through Oct. 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 2 to 9, with no admission charge Tuesdays after 6; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.... ¶ Wednesday evenings, from 6 to 9, the Mostly Mozart Trio performs classical, jazz, and popular music in the sculpture garden.)

WHITNEY DOWNTOWN MUSEUM, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—A show of works by leading Pop artists—Dine, Oldenburg, Warhol, and others—together with works from the fifties that prefigured Pop Art. Through Aug. 15. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—"Two Centuries of Black American Art" includes paintings, sculptures, drawings, prints, crafts, and decorative objects, dating from 1750 to

Sure to become a favorite for its sleek, clean lines and easy comfort: our mandarin-collar robe and v-neck gown (not shown) both with an Oriental touch of batik bordering. In dynasty red polyester from Travel Lite Boutique Loungewear. For P,S,M,L sizes. Robe, 45.00. Gown, 29.00. Lingerie. Add 1.35 outside delivery area and sales tax where applicable. Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, New York and all stores.

BONWIT TELLER

1950, by such artists as Joshua Johnston, Horace Pippin, Palmer Hayden, Alma Thomas, and Romare Bearden. Through Sept. 5. . . . ¶A show of prints in which a single theme is elaborated into a series. There are twelve artists, including Brice Marden, Sol LeWitt, Alice Martin, and Sylvia Mangold. Through Sunday, July 10. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays. Hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhaustive array of maps, ranging from a 1507 world map to maps made by computers. Through Aug. 7. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—An exhibit of sixteen large wooden models, built to scale, of villas, palaces, and churches designed in the sixteenth century by Andrea Palladio. In addition, photographs of the buildings as they appear today. Through Sept. 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

JAPAN HOUSE, 333 E. 47th St.—An exhibition of *no* woven silk robes and carved masks that were used in theatrical performances dating back to the seventeenth century. Through July 17. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective of the prominent American sculptor Chaim Gross includes as well drawings, watercolors, prints, and tapestries. Through Oct. 24. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—A survey of the library's medieval and Renaissance illuminated manuscripts. . . . ¶A display of some of John Ruskin's correspondence, manuscripts (one written and illustrated when he was nine), drawings, and personal possessions. . . . ¶Forty-five books (including the only complete copy of "Morte d'Arthur") printed by William Caxton. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5.) Through July 30.

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—A comprehensive exhibit of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century folk-art objects (frakturs, rugs, furniture, paintings, weathervanes, pottery) assembled from the collections of the museum's members. Through Sept. 3. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

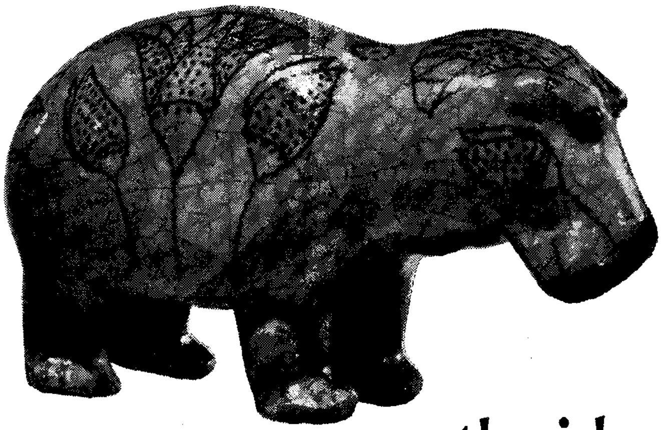
MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—A small display of some of the paper cutout toy theatres published in England between 1811 and 1890. Through Oct. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Diaries kept by writers (Virginia Woolf, Sean O'Casey, Herman Melville, and William Inge among them) from the seventeenth century on make up the latest show from the Berg Collection. Through Sept. 16. (Open daily, except Thursdays and Sundays, 10 to 6.)

MUSIC

IN THE COUNTRY

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 28—Friday, July 8, at 7: An all-Bach program performed by Pinchas Zukerman, violin; Eugenia Zukerman, flute; Jules Eskin, cello; and John Gibbons, harpsichord. . . . ¶Friday, July 8, at 9: Leonard Bernstein directing the Boston Symphony in a Bach-Haydn program, with Benita Valente, soprano; Gwendolyn Killebrew, mezzo-soprano; Daniel Collins, countertenor; Kenneth Riegel, tenor; John Cheek, baritone; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶Saturday, July 9, at 8:30, and Sunday, July 10, at 2:30: Pinchas Zukerman conducting two all-Bach programs and acting as soloist. . . . ¶Friday, July 15, at 7: John Oliver directing the Tanglewood Festival Chorus in a varied program. . . . ¶Friday, July 15, at 9: Seiji Ozawa conducting the Boston Symphony in an all-Mozart program, with Reri Grist and Elizabeth Parcells, sopranos; Neil Rosenshein, tenor; and Mac Morgan, narra-



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The variety will be extraordinary: ancient jewelry in gold and silver; Oriental and European porcelain; early American glass in crystal and rare colors; bronze from Egypt, Greece, China, and the medieval world; silver, pewter, brass, and pottery from Colonial America.

These copies, often produced by the same techniques used for the originals, are made by artist-craftsmen working under the Museum's direct supervision. The care taken in production frequently limits the quantity, and the majority of reproductions can be bought only by mail or at the Museum. (Above: Hippopotamus, bright blue faience decorated with lotus flowers. Length 8", $19.75 plus $1.25 shipping.)

To receive all of the advance announcements to be issued during the next year, send the coupon below with one dollar to cover mailing.

On September 1, you will receive the 116-page Christmas Catalogue. The brilliant array of new presents includes an Egyptian jasmine flower necklace; a golden Buddha; a medieval silver bowl; stained glass; jade and bronze horses from ancient China; an 18th-century porcelain dinner service; new needlework kits from the *Unicorn Tapestries;* snowflakes, stars, and bells in gold and silver; and an unparalleled selection of Christmas cards. An additional 24-page full-color catalogue introduces the Museum's Costume Institute "originals"—line-for-line recreations of designs from the past which bring unusual flair to contemporary fashion. Among these is the first copy ever made of the fabulous Imperial Russian "100,000 gold ruble" shawl. This outstanding reproduction in fine wool challis, with its bold stripes and intricate floral patterns retains the more than 50 colors of the original. It measures 21" x 96"; the price is $35.00.

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART
255 Gracie Station, New York 10028 N297

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tor. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 16, at 8:30: Neville Marriner conducting the Boston Symphony in an all-Mendelssohn program, with Tamás Vásáry, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 17, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa directing an all-Haydn program, with Joseph Silverstein, violin; the Misses Grist and Killebrew; John Aler, tenor; Victor Braun, baritone; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

Caramoor Festival—Friday, July 8, at 8:30: Brian Priestman conducting the Caramoor Festival Orchestra in a program entitled "Vienna—Waltzes and Other Pleasures," with Mary Costa, soprano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 9, at 8:30: Brian Priestman conducting a program called "Baroque with a Dash of Stravinsky," with Paula Robison, flute. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 10, at 5:30: A recital by the Cantilena Chamber Players, with Elaine Bonazzi, mezzo-soprano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 16, at 8:30: Alexander Gibson conducting the Caramoor Festival Orchestra in a program entitled "A Celebration for the Silver Jubilee of Queen Elizabeth II," with Peter Frankl, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 17, at 5:30: Tashi. (Katonah, N.Y.; festival ends Sunday, Aug. 21. On Saturdays and Friday, July 8, buses leave from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, two hours before the scheduled times of the performances; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets and buses, call 914 232-4206.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—The New York City Ballet in a four-week season (tentative schedule) that ends Saturday, July 30. Wednesday evening, July 6: "Chaconne," "Dances at a Gathering," and "Fanfare.". . . ¶ Thursday matinée, July 7: "Fanfare" and "Union Jack.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, July 7: "Coppélia.". . . ¶ Friday evening, July 8: "Chaconne" and "Union Jack.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, July 9: "Coppélia.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, July 9: "Four Temperaments," "Dances at a Gathering," and "Stars and Stripes.". . . [NOTE: A special concert will be given by James Taylor on Sunday, July 10, at 7.]. . . ¶ Tuesday evening, July 12: "Coppélia.". . . ¶ Wednesday evening, July 13: "Jewels.". . . ¶ Thursday matinée, July 14: "Coppélia.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, July 14: "Four Temperaments," "Chaconne," and "The Concert.". . . ¶ Friday evening, July 15 (a benefit performance): "Bournonville Divertissements" and "Vienna Waltzes.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, July 16: "Fanfare," "Dances at a Gathering," and "The Concert." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, July 16: "Jewels." (Saratoga Springs. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2. Through Monday, Sept. 5. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 9: Eight soloists from the Royal Danish Ballet. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 12-16: Cultural Center of the Philippines Dance Company. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays at 7:30 and Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 3. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

American Dance Festival—Wednesday, July 6, at 8: Beverly Brown Dancensemble. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 8-9, at 8: Maria Benitez' Estampa Flamenca. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 10, at 5:30: Lakshmi. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 15-16, at 8: Nikolais Dance Theatre. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 17, at 5:30: Harry, Senta Driver's company. (Palmer Auditorium, Connecticut College, New London, Conn.)

SPORTS

Automobile Racing—At Watkins Glen: Sunday, July 10, at 2.

Baseball—YANKEES at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Cleveland, Wednesday and Thursday, July 6-7, at 8. . . . METS at Shea Stadium: Vs. Montreal, Friday, July 8, at 8:05; Saturday, July 9, at 4:05; and Sunday, July 10, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Chicago, Tuesday and Wednesday, July 12-13, at 8:05, and Thursday, July 14, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Pittsburgh, Friday, July 15, at 5:35

(twi-night doubleheader), and Saturday, July 16, at about 4 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities will start at 2:45, and will include "Memorable Moments of World Series History," with appearances by Willie Mays, Don Larsen, Bill Mazeroski, Bill Wambsganss—you remember Triple-Play Bill—and other former major-league stars).

Racing—At **BELMONT:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, July 30. The Dwyer Handicap, Saturday, July 9; the Astoria, Monday, July 11; the Sword Dancer Handicap, Wednesday, July 13; and the Sheepshead Bay Handicap, Saturday, July 16. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1:10, and Saturdays between 11 and 1:15.)... **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Monday, Sept. 5. The Monmouth Oaks, Saturday, July 16. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 12:05.)... **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weeknights at 7:45; through Monday, Sept. 5. The Sunrise Handicap, Saturday, July 9.... **BOWIE,** Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, July 23.

Pro Tennis—World Team Tennis—At **FELT FORUM,** Madison Square Garden: New York Apples vs. San Francisco, Wednesday, July 13.... ¶ New York Apples vs. Indiana, Saturday, July 16. (Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts.)... **NASSAU COLISEUM:** New York Apples vs. San Diego, Friday, July 15. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I.) Matches begin at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 725-0070.

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 13. ... **HISTORIC TRACK,** Goshen: Daily at 1:30; through Friday, July 8.... **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 19.... **MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK,** East Rutherford, N.J.: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, July 30.

Yachting—America's Cup observation trials. (Newport. Starting Saturday, July 16.)... ¶ Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. Saturday, July 16, through Saturday, July 23.)

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 755-4100, for news. The same number may be called for information about all free entertainment in the city.)

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of a revived production of the Brecht-Weill **THE THREEPENNY OPERA.** Philip Bosco is the dreaded Captain Macheath, and Ellen Greene is his faithful, traitorous Jenny. The first of two Beaumont Theatre productions being presented in the Delacorte Theatre this summer. (Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Sunday, July 24. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

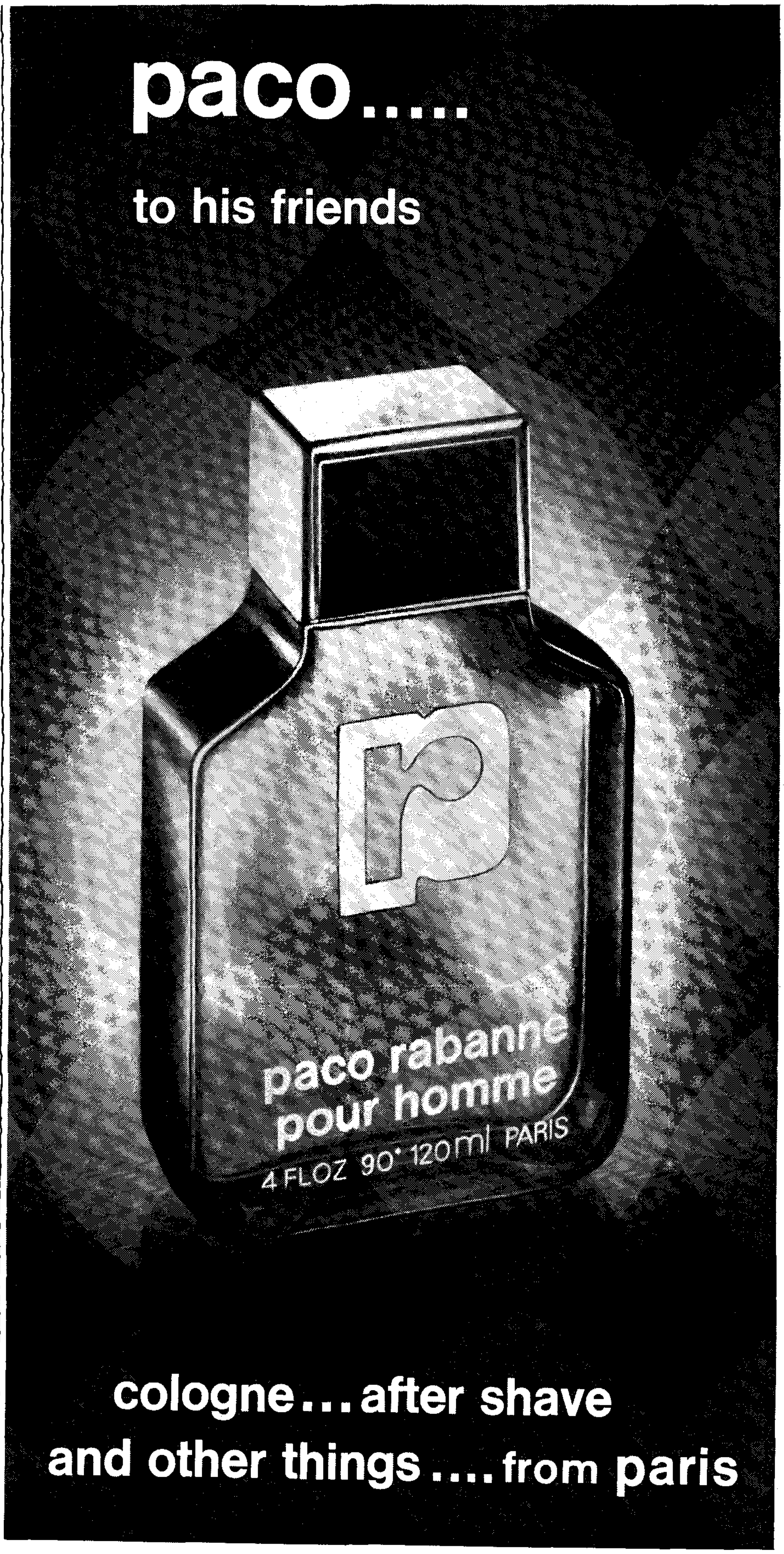
Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Concerts. (Wednesdays, Fridays, and Sundays at 8; through Sunday, July 31.)

Central Park Mall—Vincent La Selva directing the New York Grand Opera Company in the first two in a series of four performances. Thursday, July 7, at 7:30 (rain date, Tuesday, July 12): "La Traviata."... ¶ Thursday, July 14, at 7:30 (rain date, Tuesday, July 19): "Madame Butterfly."

Wollman Rink—Opening performances in the Dr Pepper Central Park Music Festival, running through Saturday, Aug. 27. Wednesday, July 6, at 7: Manhattan Transfer and the Stan Rubin Big Band.... ¶ Friday, July 8, at 6:30: John Sebastian.... ¶ Saturday, July 9, at 6:30: Dan Fogelberg and Fools Gold.... ¶ Monday, July 11, at 6:30: Firefall and Little River Band.... ¶ Wednesday, July 13, at 6:30: Richie Havens.... ¶ Friday, July 15, at 6:30: Southside Johnny & the Asbury Jukes and Ronnie Spector. (For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of **FINIAN'S RAINBOW,** with Beth Fowler. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 221-1000.)

Deep Breathing—The roadways in Central Park are closed to automobiles in favor of strollers and bicyclists from 10 to 4 Mondays through Fridays, and from 7 to 10:30 Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, as well as all day Saturdays and Sundays.



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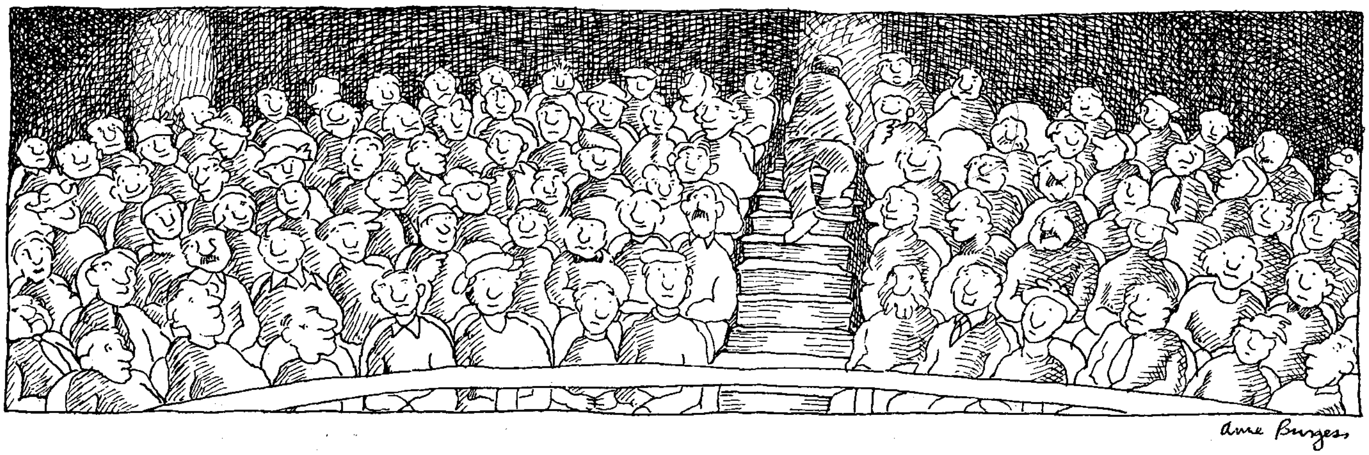
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



THE MOVIE HOUSES

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10	11	12	13	14		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through July 12: "Nashville" and "Buffalo Bill and the Indians."
From July 13: "Black Sunday."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through July 12: "The Late Show" and "Harry & Tonto."
From July 13: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"Annie Hall."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Star Wars."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Deep."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"A Bridge Too Far."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"We All Loved Each Other So Much."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"New York, New York."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Annie Hall."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Cría!"

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Pardon Mon Affaire."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Other Side of Midnight."

59th St. East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Savage Is Loose."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through July 7: "Conversation Piece."
From July 8: "Nasty Habits."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
Through July 13: "Jabberwocky."
From July 14: "I Never Promised You a Rose Garden."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Exorcist II: The Heretic."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"A Bridge Too Far."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"A Bridge Too Far."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Exorcist II: The Heretic."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Cousin, Cousine."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Deep."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through July 12: "Bound for Glory."
From July 13: "Black Sunday."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through July 14 (tentative): "Annie Hall."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"A Bridge Too Far."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Star Wars."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Sorcerer."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Rollercoaster."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"The Rescuers."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through July 12: "The People That Time Forgot" and "At the Earth's Core."
From July 13: "The Island of Dr. Moreau."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Between the Lines."

Renoir Cinema, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Square. (873-8702; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through July 8: "Viva la Republica!"
July 9-11: "Lucia."
July 12-14: "The Man from Maisinicu."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
Through July 12: "Greetings" and "Hi, Mom!"
From July 13: "Nasty Habits."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Annie Hall."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "3 Women."
Theatre 2: "The Rescuers."
Theatre 3: "High Street."
Theatre 4: Through July 12: "Wizards" and "The Phantom of the Paradise." From July 13: "Welcome to L.A."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"For the Love of Benji."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"MacArthur."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"New York, New York."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through July 12: "Jaws" and "The Big Bus."
From July 13: To be announced.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Homage to Chagall—The Colours of Love."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Black and White in Color."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Man on the Roof."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"We All Loved Each Other So Much."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through July 11: "Cousin Angelica" and "Don't Cry with Your Mouth Full."
From July 12: "Stroszek."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through July 7: "3 Women."
From July 8 (tentative): "Nasty Habits."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Exorcist II: The Heretic."
Theatre 2: "The Rescuers."
Theatre 3: "The Deep."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"Effi Briest."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through July 12: "Annie Hall" and "Take the Money and Run."
From July 13: "Black Sunday" and "The Shootist."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Through July 7: "A King in New York" (1957), directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin; and "The Front" (1976), directed by Martin Ritt, with Woody Allen.
July 8-9: "Brewster McCloud" (1971), directed by Robert Altman, with Bud Cort and Sally Kellerman; and "Beyond the Valley of the Dolls" (1970), directed by Russ Meyer.
July 10-11: "McCabe & Mrs. Miller" (1971), directed by Robert Altman, with Warren Beatty and Julie Christie; and "The New Land." (†)
July 12: "Sylvia Scarlett" (†) and "Freud." (†)
July 13-14: "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie" (1972), in French, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Fernando Rey, Stéphane Audran, and Delphine Seyrig; and "The Ruling Class" (1972), directed by Peter Medak, with Peter O'Toole and Arthur Lowe.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
July 6: "Shame" (1968), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Liv Ullmann, Max von Sydow, and Gunnar Björnstrand; and "The Passion of Anna" (1970), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Liv Ullmann, Bibi Andersson, Max von Sydow, and Erland Josephson.
July 7: "The Kid" (1921), directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Mr. Chaplin and Jackie Coogan; and "Three's a Crowd" (1927), directed by, and with, Harry Langdon.
July 8: "The Man Who Fell to Earth" (1976), directed by Nicolas Roeg, with David Bowie, Rip Torn, Candy Clark, and Buck Henry; and "The Day the Earth Stood Still" (1951), directed by Robert Wise, with Michael Rennie, Patricia Neal, and Hugh Marlowe.
July 9: "The Music Lovers" (1971), directed by Ken Russell, with Richard Chamberlain and Glenda Jackson; and "Savage Messiah." (†)
July 10: "The Magic Flute" (1975), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman; and "Yolanta" (1964), the opera, performed in Russian by members of the Bolshoi Opera.
July 11: "Let's Talk About Men" (1965), in Italian, directed by Lina Wertmüller, with Nino Manfredi; and "I Vitelloni." (†)
July 12: "Double Indemnity" (†) and "Five Graves to Cairo." (†)
July 13: "Sally of the Sawdust" (†) and "Million Dollar Legs." (†)
July 14: "Our Hospitality" (†); and "Grandma's Boy" (1922), directed by Fred Newmeyer, with Harold Lloyd.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through July 7: "Yessongs" (1975), a filmed

rock concert, with Rick Wakeman, Steve Howe, John Anderson, Alan White, and Chris Squire; and "Zachariah" (1971), directed by George Englund, with John Rubinstein and Elvin Jones.

July 8-9: "Zabriskie Point" (†); and "200 Motels" (1971), with Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention.

July 10-11: "Cabaret" (1972), directed by Bob Fosse, with Liza Minnelli, Michael York, and Joel Grey; and "The Blue Angel." (†)

July 12: "Hollywood Boulevard" (1977), directed by Joe Dante and Allan Arkush, with Candice Rialson; and "Jackson County Jail" (1976), directed by Michael Miller, with Yvette Mimieux.

July 13-14: "The Story of O" (1975) and "Emmanuelle" (1974), both films in French, directed by Just Jaeckin (both X-rated).

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through July 9: "Meet Me in St. Louis" (1944), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Judy Garland and Margaret O'Brien; and "The Wizard of Oz" (1939), directed by Victor Fleming, with Judy Garland, Bert Lahr, and Ray Bolger.

July 10-11: "The Good Earth" (†) and "Northwest Passage." (†)

July 12-13: "Goodbye, Mr. Chips" (†) and "Mrs. Miniver." (†)

From July 14: "Anchors Aweigh" (†) and "On the Town." (†)

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Through July 9: "Bringing Up Baby" (†); and "Stage Door" (1937), directed by Gregory La Cava, with Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn, Adolphe Menjou, and Franklin Pangborn.

July 10-12: "Providence" (1977), directed by Alain Resnais, with Ellen Burstyn, Dirk Bogarde, John Gielgud, David Warner, and Elaine Stritch; and "Z." (†)

From July 13: "Flash Gordon in the Purple Death from Outer Space" (1940), directed by Ray Taylor, with Buster Crabbe, Carol Hughes, and Frank Shannon, a feature film taken from the twelve-episode serial "Flash Gordon Conquers the Universe;" and "Just Imagine" (1930), directed by David Butler, with El Brendel and Maureen O'Sullivan.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

July 6: "The Goddess" (1958), directed by John Cromwell, with Kim Stanley, Lloyd Bridges, Patty Duke, Betty Lou Holland, and Elizabeth Wilson; and "Platinum Blonde" (1931), directed by Frank Capra, with Jean Harlow, Robert Williams, Loretta Young, Claude Allister, and Halliwell Hobbes.

July 7: "Catherine the Great" (1934), directed by Paul Czinner, with Elisabeth Bergner, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Flora Robson, and Gerald du Maurier; and "The Private Life of Don Juan" (1934), directed by Alexander Korda, with Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., Merle Oberon, and Benita Hume.

July 8-9: "The Birds" (†); and "Psycho" (1960), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Anthony Perkins, Vera Miles, John Gavin, and Janet Leigh.

July 10-11: "One Hour with You" (†) and "The Love Parade." (†)

July 12-13: "The Lady Eve" (†) and "Sullivan's Travels." (†)

July 14: "Ministry of Fear" (†) and "Scarlet Street." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

ROY AND NIUTA TITUS AUDITORIUM, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—July 7 at 2:30: "Outside the Law" (1930), directed by Tod Browning, with Mary Nolan, Edward G. Robinson, and Owen Moore; and "The Iron Man" (1931), directed by Tod Browning, with Lew Ayres and Jean Harlow. . . . ¶ July 7 at 6: "White Tiger" (1923), directed by Tod Browning, with Priscilla Dean, Matt Moore, and Wallace Beery. . . . ¶ July 7 at 8:30: "The Man Under Cover" (1922), directed by Tod Browning, with Herbert Rawlinson, Czech inter-titles; and "The Iron Man.". . . ¶ July 8 at 2:30: "Outside the Law;" and "The Untameable" (1923), directed by Herbert Blanche, with Gladys Walton. . . . ¶ July 8 at 6: "While Paris Sleeps" (1932), directed by Allan Dwan, with Victor McLaglen and Helen Mack. . . . ¶ July 9 at noon: "Sword of Lancelot" (1963), directed by Cornel Wilde, with Mr. Wilde and Jean Wallace. . . . ¶ July 9 at 2:30: "The Man Under Cover.". . . ¶ July 9 at 5: "Outside the Law.". . . ¶ July 10 at noon: "Man of a Thousand Faces" (1957), directed by Joseph Pevney, with James Cagney, Dorothy Malone, and Jane Greer. . . . ¶ July 10 at 2:30: "The Trap" (1922), directed by Robert Thornby, with Lon Chaney and Irene Rich. . . . ¶ July 10 at 5: "Hallelujah!" (1929), directed by King Vidor, with Daniel Haynes. . . . ¶ July 11 at noon: Three short films—"Colour Box" (1935), "Listen to Britain" (1942), and "Toscanini: Hymn of the Nations" (1945). . . . ¶ July 11 at 2:30: "The Shock" (1923), directed by Lambert Hillyer, with Lon Chaney and Virginia Valli. . . . ¶ July 11 at 6: "The Conflict" (1921), directed by Stuart Paton, with Priscilla Dean, Czech inter-titles; and "The Untameable.". . . ¶ July 12 at noon: Three short films—"Colour Box," "Listen to Britain," and "Toscanini: Hymn of the Nations.". . . ¶ July 12 at 2:30: "Le Drame de Shanghai" (1938), in French, directed by G. W. Pabst, with Louis Jouvet; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ July 12 at 6: "'49-'17" (1917), directed by Ruth Ann Baldwin, with Jean Hersholt. . . . ¶ July 14 at 2:30: "The Trap.". . . ¶ July 14 at 6: "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" (1923), directed by Wallace Worsley, with Lon Chaney and Ernest Torrence. . . . ¶ July 14 at 8:30: "The Shock." (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

ANCHORS AWEIGH (1945)—This Gene Kelly-Frank Sinatra musical has so much energy and spirit that you may feel it could be wonderful if it weren't so stupidly wholesome, and if you could just *do* something about Kathryn Grayson and José Iturbi—like maybe turn Terry Southern loose on them. The sugary wholesomeness was the stock in trade of the producer Joe Pasternak; characters in his movies always look scrubbed and sexless, and act embarrassingly young. Pasternak doesn't destroy Kelly's bounding vitality, however; this was the hit movie that made him a hugely popular star. He and Sinatra play sailors on shore leave in Hollywood who get involved with Grayson, a singer working as an extra and living with her chubby-faced angelic little brother (Dean Stockwell). In the worst sequence, Sinatra sings Brahms' "Lullaby" to Stockwell. Kelly has three big dance numbers, including the famous Jerry the Mouse cartoon dance, and he and Sinatra perform together amiably. With Pamela Britton, Edgar Kennedy, Grady Sutton, Rags Ragland, Billy Gilbert, and Sharon McManus—the little girl who dances with Kelly. George Sidney directed, Kelly choreographed, with Stanley Donen assisting. The songs are mostly by Sammy Cahn and Jules Styne. (Regency; starting July 14.)

ANNIE HALL—Woody Allen's newest film—very funny, very close to his own bone. The hero, called Alvy Singer and played by Mr. Allen, is a skinny redhead whose anxieties are not small ones. His beguiling girl is played by Diane Keaton, for whom Mr. Allen has written a splendidly funny and loving part. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/25/77.) (Gramercy, Fine Arts, and Greenwich. . . . ¶ Olympia; through July 12. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St.; through July 14, tentative.)

AT THE EARTH'S CORE—With Doug McClure, Peter Cushing, and Caroline Munro; directed by Kevin Connor. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; through July 12.)

BETWEEN THE LINES—Directed by Joan Micklin Silver, from a screenplay by Fred Barron, about a spirited underground Boston weekly called the *Back Bay Mainline*. Mrs. Silver's film is anecdotal and illustrative, crammed with good characters. The plot is engagingly unaggressive and unsystematic, leading to a slimy climax in which the newspaper is bought by a ruthless smoothie in a tie and a suit who is ready to sack and replace the whole raffish staff. (5/9/77) (Waverly.)

THE BIG BUS (1976)—With Stockard Channing and Joe Bologna, directed by James Frawley. (Playboy; through July 12.)

THE BIRDS (1963)—Some of the special effects are amusing, and a few are perverse and frightening, but the effects take over in this Hitchcock scare picture, and he fails to make the plot situations convincing. The script (by Evan Hunter) is weak, and the acting is so awkward that often one doesn't know how to take the characters. With Rod Taylor, Tippi Hedren, Suzanne Pleshette, and Jessica Tandy. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 8-9.)

BLACK AND WHITE IN COLOR—Directed by Jean-Jacques Annaud; at first anecdotal, then ironic and sharp and charming. The scene is West Africa in 1915, when the local French and German garrisons learn that they are at war. The hero is a good-looking, decisive French geographer called Hubert (Jacques Spiesser), who turns a tribe into a pukka regiment. In French. (5/23/77) (Paris.)

BLACK SUNDAY—What if a terrorist Black September group were to try to blow up the eighty thousand-odd spectators and the President at a Super Bowl game in Miami? Robert Shaw plays, very well, an Israeli tracking down the assassins; an emaciated Bruce Dern plays one of the would-be killers. The effect of this best of the batch of what-if films is So what? Directed by John Frankenheimer. (4/4/77) (Art, 72nd Street East, and Olympia; starting July 13.)

THE BLUE ANGEL (1929)—An almost legendary film. As Lola Lola, Marlene Dietrich is a rather coarse and plump young beauty—the incarnation of sex without romance or sentiment. Emil Jannings is the inhibited, tyrannical teacher who succumbs to her. Directed by Josef von Sternberg. In German. (Cinema Village; July 10-11.)

BOUND FOR GLORY—As Woody Guthrie, David Carradine has an ornery intransigence that gives the film a core, and the re-creation of the late thirties is superbly lighted and shot (by Haskell Wexler). There's real love in director Hal Ashby's staging of the incidents, and the entire film shows taste and good will. Though it doesn't build dramatically—it straggles just when you want it to soar—it's by no means a negligible piece of work. (12/13/76) (72nd Street East; through July 12.)

A BRIDGE TOO FAR—A film too long. Inaccurate, to boot. About Arnhem in the Second World War, with a list of stars of whom only Laurence Olivier is worth your ticket money; it was not to honor star reputation and gore that Arnhem was endured, but this film makes heroes of celebrities and bloodshed. (6/20/77) (Eastside Cinema, Columbia I, Columbia II, and U. A. East.)

BRINGING UP BABY (1938)—Lunatic comedies of the thirties generally started with an heiress. This one starts with an heiress (Katharine Hepburn) who has a dog, George, and a leopard, Baby. Cary Grant is a paleontologist who has just acquired the bone he needs to complete his dinosaur skeleton. George steals the bone, Grant and Baby chase each other around, the dinosaur collapses—but Grant winds up with Hepburn, and no paleontologist ever got hold of a more beautiful set of bones. The director, Howard Hawks, keeps all this trifling nonsense in such artful balance that it never impinges on the real world; it may be the American movies' closest equivalent to Restoration comedy. With Charles Ruggles as an explorer, Barry Fitzgerald as a drunk, May Robson as a dowager, Walter Catlett as a sheriff, and Fritz Field as a frenzied psychoanalyst. George is played by Asta, of "The Thin Man" series. The screenplay is by Dudley Nichols and Hager Wilde, from Wilde's story. This picture was the taking-off point for Peter Bogdanovich's comedy "What's Up, Doc?" (Thalia; through July 9.)

BUFFALO BILL AND THE INDIANS (1976)—A Robert Altman film, drawn from Arthur Kopit's play about frontier legend and how it is fed, perhaps, by wish. The setting is a Wild West Show. Buffalo Bill is played by Paul Newman, with age lines of makeup and a

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wig of long, fair hair; Sitting Bull (Frank Kaquitts) is a totemistic figure, almost mute throughout; Annie Oakley is played by Geraldine Chaplin. Everything that Altman photographs is about stage heroics. Buffalo Bill is growing old, but refuses to take it in. There is a key scene between Buffalo Bill and Sitting Bull in which the actually dead Sitting Bull appears and disappears in apparition. This is not a picture about sociological differences between white men and Indians; it is about their different sorts of dream. (6/28/76) (Art; through July 12.)

CONVERSATION PIECE—The theme is "Death in Venice" all over again, with Burt Lancaster playing Aschenbach to Helmut Berger's garish, grownup Tadzio, but the director, Visconti, is in a jovial mood, and the dignified older man—a retired American professor—isn't destroyed; on the contrary, he is recalled to life. Visconti pictures have often had an undercurrent of silliness, and in this one the silliness is very close to the surface; however, there's something admirable about the director's allowing his sexual and political obsessions to be displayed so openly. As the Tadzio figure, Konrad, who moves into an apartment in the professor's house, Berger flaunts the mannerisms that many other actors avoid. A petulant little nymph, Konrad is being kept by a venomous, tantrummy Countess (Silvana Mangano), but he's also supposed to be a revolutionary, and she represents the Fascist industrial world. In Visconti's view, Konrad is a victim of those to whom he sells his favors, and at the end he stands revealed as a saint. It's an idiosyncratic film—an old man's film (partly directed from a wheelchair)—and it is very likable. In Italian. (9/29/75) (D. W. Griffith; through July 7.)

COUSIN ANGELICA (1974)—Carlos Saura's wonderful picture is the first film made in Spain from the position of the people who lost the Civil War. It happens in two interwoven epochs: the outbreak of the war and the seventies. José Luis López Vázquez plays both the boy and the middle-aged man, in a reflection of the way we all embody the selves we will be at eight or forty-eight or eighty. His beloved is Angelica (María Clara Fernández), first seen (in 1938) as a little girl in a sailor suit who is the child of Francoist parents, later (in the seventies) seen as a daughter of the original Angelica. Happiness billows through this picture, a sanctified fancy about memory. In Spanish. (5/23/77) (Cinema Studio; through July 11.)

COUSIN, COUSINE (1976)—Jean-Charles Tacchella's cheerful film about a big family and two Rabelaisian apostates within it. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

CRÍA!—A moving Spanish film, set in Madrid, with Ana Torrent as a nine-year-old called Ana. Her mother and her adult self are both played with great beauty by Geraldine Chaplin. Carlos Saura directed, and wrote the screenplay himself. Surrounded by deaths—of her mother, her father (discovered by her in bed with her mother's best friend), her guinea pig—the child has a delicate sense of play; there is a marvellous scene in which she and her sisters dress up and make up and talk as they imagine grownups do when alone together. In Spanish. (6/6/77) (Plaza.)

THE DEEP—Don't plunge. From the Peter Benchley novel, with Robert Shaw, Jacqueline Bisset, and Nick Nolte; directed by Peter Yates. (7/4/77) (34th St. East, Loews Tower East, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

DON'T CRY WITH YOUR MOUTH FULL (1975)—With Annie Colé, directed by Pascal Thomas. In French. (Cinema Studio; through July 11.)

DOUBLE INDEMNITY (1944)—Billy Wilder's cold, gripping, clever film from James Cain's story, with Barbara Stanwyck and Fred MacMurray and Edward G. Robinson. We are in the chill of a world of life insurance and of greedy people living lives of sophisticated violence in smart little eggbox apartments. Barbara Stanwyck is pure ice, perfectly cast. A freezing picture, very efficient. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 12.)

EFFI BRIEST (1974)—The best and most elegant of all the films by the young West German prodigy Rainer Werner Fassbinder. Set in a small German town stamped with the Prussian determination of the Bismarck period. Effi is played by Hanna Schygulla, a member of Fassbinder's phenomenal acting troupe. Here she plays a girl of seventeen who is married off to a baron with a face like a knife edge (Wolfgang Schenck). After Effi has been his wife for a while, the general agreement is that he would have done better to have married her mother, whom he courted "twenty years ago." Not much of a start for a teen-ager. Fassbinder has an interesting attitude toward Effi, whose beauty and vivacity he communicates, but he also knows that she is ambitious in puny ways that run along the tracks of Prussian convention. His device of using a staring, distant camera to photograph scenes and then making them discrete by using title cards that bleach to white is like a hand of benediction on the story. In German. (6/27/77) (New Yorker.)

EXORCIST II: THE HERETIC—With Linda Blair, Richard Burton, Louise Fletcher, and Max von Sydow; directed by John Boorman. (Cinema II, Beekman, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

FIVE GRAVES TO CAIRO (1943)—Erich von Stroheim struts his stuff as Field Marshal Erwin Rommel in an ingeniously plotted melodrama about why the Germans lost at El Alamein. Billy Wilder, who directed and, with Charles Brackett, also wrote the script, based on a play by Lajos Biro, must have had something a little grander in mind; the cleverness lacks lustre. With Franchot Tone, Anne Baxter, Peter Van Eyck, Akim Tamiroff, Miles Mander, Ian Keith, and Konstantin Shayne. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 12.)

FOR THE LOVE OF BENJI—Directed by Joe Camp. (Guild.)

FREUD (1962)—John Huston's conscientious attempt to tell us how young Dr. Freud came to develop the theory of psychoanalysis. The picture suffers from a certain patness and from Montgomery Clift's failure to embody the truly heroic central figure. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 12.)

GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS (1939)—James Hilton's gentle tribute to his schoolmaster father became an American best-seller when that old sentimentalist Alexander Woollcott touted it on the radio. M-G-M bought the novel and sent Sam Wood to England to film it. Robert Donat's portrait of the frightened young junior master, stiff and forbidding in his twenties, who is humanized by marriage and mellowed by sixty years of contact with youth, won him an Academy Award. Greer Garson, in her screen début, played his warm and gracious wife. An overripe little boy named Terry Kilburn played the ubiquitous Little Colley. It's an ingratiating, bittersweet record of a good life, though the movie clogs the nose more than necessary. (Regency; July 12-13.)

THE GOOD EARTH (1937)—Prestigious boredom, and it goes on for a very long time. M-G-M sent an expedition to China which brought back two million feet of atmospheric shots and eighteen tons of costumes, native animals, dismantled farmhouses, and a village shrine. Then five hundred California acres were landscaped and terraced to simulate a Chinese farm, locusts were rented for a scourge, and Occidentals were chosen for the leads, with Orientals cast in the supporting roles. Luise Rainer, who had taken an Academy Award for her Anna Held in "The Great Ziegfeld," won another for her affecting performance as the stoic O-Lan, the wife of Wang (Paul Muni), who becomes infatuated with Lotus, the dancer (Tilly Losch, who does a lot of finger-twirling). Walter Connolly plays a scoundrelly uncle, and Charley Grapewin is the family patriarch. The babies are actually Chinese. From Pearl Buck's novel; directed by Sidney Franklin, with his usual lack of distinction. (Regency; July 10-11.)

GREETINGS (1968)—A pleasantly tawdry mixture of an underground film, a skin-flick, and a college revue, with a draft-evader hero and good-humored, casually obscene performances from a whole gallery of talented performers, including Robert De Niro, Gerrit Graham, and Allen Garfield. Directed by Brian De Palma, who made the whole thing on a shoestring of less than forty thousand dollars. (8th St. Playhouse; through July 12.)

HARRY & TONTO (1974)—Directed by Paul Mazursky and written by him with Josh Greenfeld. Harry (Art Carney) is a limping old man with a buoyant spirit who buys cheap food for himself and good liver for his cat, a heavyset marmalade companion called Tonto. The old Lear has three disappointing children strung across the country, and after visiting them he decides that they represent a rope on his liberty. The narrative sounds sentimental, but the film isn't. (St. Marks Cinema; through July 12.)

High Street—With Annie Cordy and Mort Shuman, directed by André Ernotte. (Quad Cinema.)

Hi, Mom! (1970)—A breezy, cant film by Brian De Palma, about—well, what's happening, and this is where it's at, and right on. A white boy back from Vietnam and dully crazed by New York capitalism takes to making blue movies and then acts with a modish revolutionary theatrical company called "Be Black, Baby." The inanities are sometimes funny, sometimes pretty forced. (8th St. Playhouse; through July 12.)

Homage to Chagall—The Colours of Love—A documentary, directed by Harry Rasky, with narration by James Mason. Joseph Wiseman is the voice of Marc Chagall. (Little Carnegie.)

I Never Promised You a Rose Garden—With Bibi Andersson and Kathleen Quinlan, directed by Anthony Page. (Cinema I; starting July 14.)

The Island of Dr. Moreau—With Burt Lancaster and Michael York, directed by Don Taylor. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; starting July 13.)

Jabberwocky—An agreeably deranged English film, directed by Monty Python's Terry Gilliam, with Python's Michael Palin playing a dim-looking youth called Dennis Cooper. It is set, vaguely, in the Middle Ages, which is to say in the middle of demolition, muddle, and mayhem. Highly recommended. (5/9/77) (Cinema I; through July 13.)

Jaws (1975)—Don't bite. (Playboy; through July 12.)

The Lady Eve (1941)—A frivolous masterpiece. Like "Bringing Up Baby," "The Lady Eve" is a mixture of visual and verbal slapstick, and of high artifice and pratfalls. Barbara Stanwyck keeps sticking out a sensational leg, and Henry Fonda keeps tripping over it. She's a cardsharp, and he's a millionaire scientist who knows more about snakes than about women; neither performer has ever been funnier. The film, with screenplay and direction by Preston Sturges, is full of classic moments and classic lines; it represents the dizzy high point of Sturges's comedy writing. With Charles Coburn, Eugene Pallette, William Demarest, and Eric Blore. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 12-13.)

The Late Show—The writer-director, Robert Benton, has followed the rules of the detective-movie genre, but he's also added something: the detective (Art Carney) is overweight, old, and scared. Lily Tomlin is the woman who hires him; Eugene Roche is a fence who loves his stolen goodies; Bill Macy is a scrounging bartender; Joanna Cassidy is a lying, cheating charmer; Howard Duff is a penny-ante detective; and John Considine is a sleekly handsome strong-arm man. They're all originals. (2/7/77) (St. Marks Cinema; through July 12.)

The Love Parade (1929)—Lubitsch's first true sound film, but he wasn't technically sure enough of himself to give the picture much confidence. Maurice Chevalier, Jeanette MacDonald. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 10-11.)

Lucia (1974)—A long trilogy by Humberto Solas, a young man who has been called Cuba's Eisenstein. The first episode is melodramatic; the second, about the disorganized hatred felt for the dictatorial President Machado, is intellectually fine and visually lyric; the third is an ironic fable about a Castro-period husband who literally walls up his beautiful new wife and nearly goes crazy with jealousy when a handsome teacher arrives to take her through the revolutionists' literacy program. In Spanish. (Renoir Cinema; July 9-11.)

MacArthur—With Gregory Peck in the title role, directed by Joseph Sargent. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Music Hall.)

The Man from Maisinicu—A Cuban film, directed by Manuel Perez. In Spanish. (Renoir Cinema; July 12-14.)

Man on the Roof—Based on a Maj Sjöwall-Per Wahlöö book. With Carl-Gustaf Lindstedt, directed by Bo Widerberg. In Swedish. (Cinema 3.)

Million Dollar Legs (1932)—One of the silliest and funniest pictures ever made: a lunatic musical satire on the Olympics, with W. C. Fields, Jack Oakie, Andy Clyde, Ben Turpin, and Lyda Roberti singing "It's Terrific." The Mankiewicz brothers (Herman J. and Joseph L.) worked together on this one, and Edward Cline directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 13.)

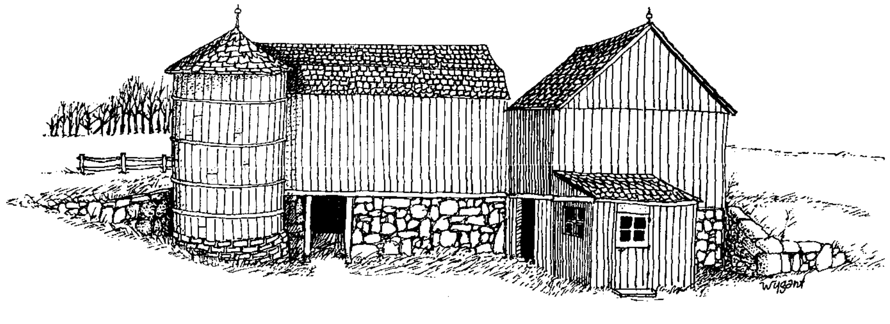
Ministry of Fear (1945)—Very little of Graham Greene's mystery novel survives in this unmemorable Paramount picture, directed by Fritz Lang. As melodramas of the period go, however, this one is better made than most. Ray Milland has just been released from an insane asylum, where he was confined for murdering his wife, when he is drawn into a plot by a gang of German spies who are after defense plans. The heroine is the unimposing Marjorie Reynolds; the villain is that falsetto cutthroat Dan Duryea. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 14.)

Mrs. Miniver (1942)—M-G-M's wartime salute to gallant England, engineered to make the audience choke up. The theme is the gentry under fire, with, at the same time, some regard for the old nobility and a smile for the quaint antics of the servants under stress. Greer Garson is the excruciatingly proper paragon-heroine, courteous and controlled in every crisis, and Walter Pidgeon is her husband. William Wyler directed this generally offensive picture, adapted from a novel by Jan Struther; shamelessly, it ends with the heroic characters singing "Onward, Christian Soldiers," in a partially destroyed church. With Dame May Whitty, Teresa Wright, Richard Ney, Henry Wilcoxon, Helmut Dantine, Reginald Owen, and Peter Lawford. (Regency; July 12-13.)

Nashville (1975)—Robert Altman's crowning work so far. The rangy story is set in Nashville, Tennessee; the twenty-four characters are simultaneously caught up in the country-and-Western music industry and in local politicking on behalf of a Wallace-like Presidential candidate. Altman uses improvisation, many cameras, and multitrack sound recordings to the hilt. Wonderful performances by Ronee Blakley, Lily Tomlin, Barbara Harris, and Henry Gibson. "Nashville" is not the explanation of America to itself that it purports to be, but it is exhilarating in its detail. (Art; through July 12.)

Nasty Habits—At its best, a movie of high wit and inspired silliness. Adapted from "The Abbess of Crewe," Muriel Spark's 1974 Watergate travesty set in a convent, the film features a coiffed little wolf pack—Glenda Jackson as Nixon, Geraldine Page and Anne Jackson as Haldeman and Ehrlichman, and, in an inspired bit of casting, Sandy Dennis as their flunky, John Dean. As Kissinger, Melina Mercouri doesn't help much, but the scenarist, Robert Enders, has added a Gerald Ford figure—Anne Meara, who is such a brassy, good-humored top banana that everything she does is funny. The script tapers off toward topicality and obviousness, but Michael Lindsay-Hogg's directing has a balmy gracefulness to it. With Edith Evans. (2/21/77) (D. W. Griffith; starting July 8. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; starting July 8, tentative. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; starting July 13.)

The New Land (1973)—At the end of "The Emigrants," the viewer wanted to go on and discover if the survivors of the mid-nineteenth-century emigration from Sweden found what they had hoped for. In this second half, the master director Jan Troell shows what happened to them in Minnesota. Together, the



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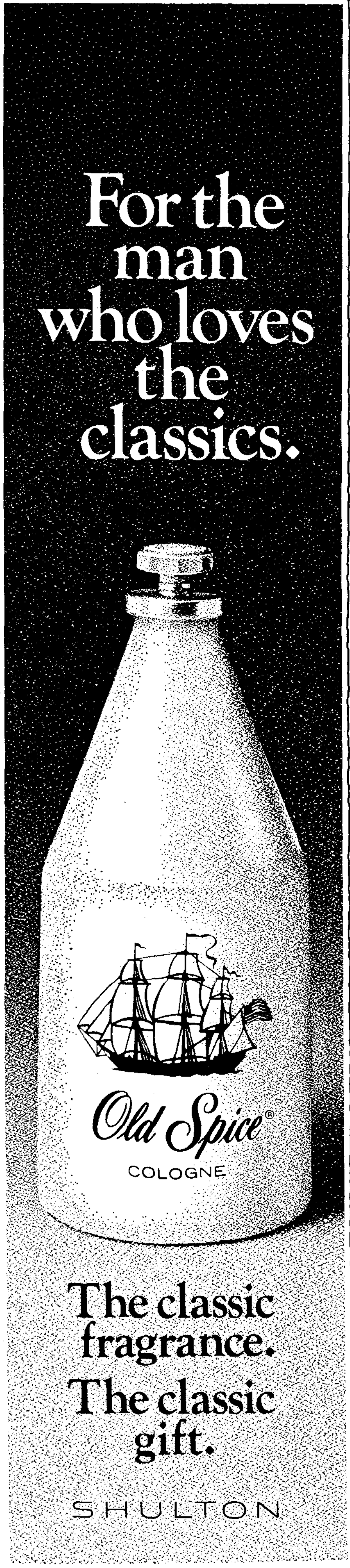
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two halves offer the pleasures of a rich, overflowing epic novel. Max von Sydow and Liv Ullmann have never been better—that's saying a lot. With Eddie Axberg and Monica Zetterlund. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 10-11.)

New York, New York—A piece of cheek, pilfering the title of a famous Bernstein-Comden-Green song. It begins on V-J Day; Liza Minnelli is a struggling singer, Robert De Niro is a struggling saxophonist, both parts written so as to represent the Hollywood chestnut that ruthlessness is necessary for success. The best thing about this movie is De Niro's firm, swift performance. Directed by Martin Scorsese, who made the fine "Mean Streets." (7/4/77) (Trans-Lux East, and Ziegfeld.)

Northwest Passage (1940)—Plodding adventure story with a rather queasy point of view. Even those Boy Scouts who revel in the hardships of the stalwart martinet Major Rogers (Spencer Tracy) and his Rangers in this pre-Revolutionary story may become uncomfortable when these heroes attack and burn a village of sleeping Indians. Directed by King Vidor, from the novel by Kenneth Roberts. With Walter Brennan, Robert Young, Ruth Hussey, Nat Pendleton, and an endless Technicolor landscape of the Lake Champlain district. (Regency; July 10-11.)

One Hour with You (1932)—Lubitsch directed this remake of his 1924 picture "The Marriage Circle;" George Cukor was taken off the film, and Lubitsch moved in, to work with his usual fun and sense of light chic. Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier play a genially married couple disturbed by a flirt played by Genevieve Tobin. But only temporarily, of course. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 10-11.)

On the Town (1949)—Gene Kelly, Frank Sinatra, Betty Garrett, Ann Miller, Jules Munshin, Vera-Ellen, Florence Bates, and Alice Pearce in the Comden and Green musical, with the Bernstein score. Not as good as all that may make it sound. Kelly and Stanley Donen directed. (Regency; starting July 14.)

The Other Side of Midnight—Derived from the Sidney Sheldon novel. With Marie-France Pisier, John Beck, Susan Sarandon, and Raf Vallone; directed by Charles Jarrott. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Coronet.)

Our Hospitality (1923)—Buster Keaton in a comedy about feuding families (based on the Hatfields and the McCoys), set in the nineteenth century and considered by some to be one of his perfect films. With Natalie Talmadge (Keaton's wife), and Keaton's father, Joseph Keaton, as a railroad engineer. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 14.)

Pardon Mon Affaire—With Jean Rochefort, Victor Lanoux, and Claude Brasseur; directed by Yves Robert. In French. (Baronet.)

The People That Time Forgot—With Doug McClure and Patrick Wayne, directed by Kevin Connor. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; through July 12.)

Phantom of the Paradise (1974)—This satire of horror movies is also a rock musical comedy, and it has a kinetic, breakneck wit. The writer-director, Brian De Palma, is a genuinely funny man, with a gassy, original comic temperament; he creates a new Guignol, in a modern idiom, out of the movie Guignol of the past. Creepy Paul Williams plays Swan, of Death Records; William Finley is the idealistic young composer who becomes the Phantom; and talented Jessica Harper is his ladylove. The singer, Beef, is played by Gerrit Graham, who gives the single funniest performance. (Quad Cinema; through July 12.)

The Rescuers—A full-length animated film from the Disney studios. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

Rollercoaster—Directed by James Goldstone, a film that rides suavely on the innate terror that people have about rides in amusement parks. George Segal is an amusement-park safety inspector thankful to be yanked away from the—to him—infinite horrors of anti-smoking electric-shock therapy in order to investigate catastrophes caused by bombs laid on roller-coaster tracks. In Sensurround, which underscores the queasiness of riding the Big Dipper and the Ferris wheel. This isn't a disaster film: no dwelling on squelched bodies, and a certain amount of Hitchcockian suspense in broad-daylight chases among holiday-making crowds. (6/20/77) (86th St. East.)

Sally of the Sawdust (1925)—D. W. Griffith directed W. C. Fields in this film, which was Fields' first success with the movie public. It's an adaptation of Fields' stage hit "Poppy," and he plays Professor Eustace McGargle, the con man with a heart of gold. (Fields appeared in a sound version of the same material in 1936.) Griffith was working for a studio and didn't have control of this production (nor much dexterity at this type of comedy). It doesn't have a great deal to recommend it besides Fields, although the cast includes Alfred Lunt. Sally is the unexciting Carol Dempster. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 13.)

The Savage Is Loose (1974)—George C. Scott, Trish Van Devere, and John David Carson, as their son, are shipwrecked on a jungle island, and so is the audience. Agonizing. (59th St. East.)

Savage Messiah (1972)—Another of Ken Russell's unstable satires on romantic artists: it's Henri Gaudier-Brzeska's turn this time. Russell makes prankish, venomous jokes about the Vorticists, the suffragettes, and sensual art lovers. As the hero, Scott Antony is like a young, even less talented Rock Hudson or Stewart Granger, but as his platonic lover, Sophie Gaudier-Brzeska, Dorothy Tutin is a brilliant shrew—comic, high-powered, and erotically nasty. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 9.)

Scarlet Street (1946)—Fritz Lang directed this American version of Renoir's "La Chienne;" in the American setting it's a sordid, low-life melodrama about illicit love, and it never takes root—it's not one of Lang's best American movies. (It was originally banned in New York State—that is, denied a license—as "immoral, indecent, corrupt, and tending to incite crime," a judgment that seemed off the wall even then.) Edward G. Robinson is a frustrated, gray-haired cashier married to a nagging widow (Rosalind Ivan); his only pleasure is in painting on Sundays. He falls for a tart (Joan Bennett) and sets her up in a Greenwich Village apartment, on stolen money. But the tart is in love with a lout (Dan Duryea), who beats her. The script, by Dudley Nichols, is heavy-handed, and Lang's emphatic style pounds the ironies and the murder-plot devices home. (Robinson kills the girl and Duryea is electrocuted for the crime.) Robinson's paintings are actually by John Decker. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 14.)

The Shootist—The setting is a Nevada town in 1901. John Wayne is a legendary Western gunslinger suffering from cancer in this movie that aspires to be a classic. Wayne wears a noble hat and acts with dignity, but the script, by Miles Hood Swarthout and Scott Hale, is a mechanical demonstration of how greedy and unfeeling the townspeople are, and Don Siegel's directing lacks rhythm—each scene dies a separate death. Lauren Bacall is unnecessarily tight-faced as a widow; as her adolescent son, Ron Howard overdoes the anguish of learning to become a man, and as the town doctor who treats Wayne, James Stewart talks too loudly, as if he thought we'd all gone deaf. With Richard Boone, Sheree North, Scatman Crothers, Hugh O'Brian, Richard Lenz, and Harry Morgan. (Olympia; starting July 13.)

Sorcerer—With Roy Scheider, directed by William Friedkin. (Loews Ciné.)

Star Wars—A film, written and directed by George Lucas (of "American Graffiti"), about an interstellar war in a galaxy inhabited by tiny, chattering, evil beings, by Tenniel creatures of high individuality (a henna-dyed wolf-man, snakes with the look of mathematicians), by a gold-plated robot, and by a computer that looks like a mixture of hair-dryer and mailbox. Witty and fun, with spectacular optical effects. (6/13/77) (Murray Hill, and Loews Orpheum.)

Stroszek—With Bruno S. and Eva Mattes, directed by Werner Herzog. In German and English. (Cinema Studio; starting July 12.)

Sullivan's Travels (1941)—Preston Sturges's comedy about a popular Hollywood director (Joel McCrea), who feels that his hits, such as "Ants in the Pants," aren't worthy of a war-devastated world. To research his next project, a relevant film to be called "Brother, Where Art Thou?," he gets dressed as a tramp and goes out to investigate the lower depths. Sturges is more at home in slapstick irony (as in "The Lady Eve") than in the mixed tones of this comedy-melodrama, but it's a memorable film nevertheless. With Veronica Lake, underacting with perfect composure. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 12-13.)

Sylvia Scarlett (1936)—This Katharine Hepburn film, directed by George Cukor, was not a success—and, fascinating as it is, you'll know why. Taken from a Compton MacKenzie novel, and set in Cornwall but actually shot on the California coast, it features an oddly erotic transvestite performance—Miss Hepburn is dressed as a boy throughout most of the film—and a peculiarly upsetting love affair between Edmund Gwenn, as her con-man father, and an uncouth young tease (Dennie Moore). The movie seems to go wrong in a million directions, but it has unusually affecting qualities. Cary Grant and a fearfully smirky Brian Aherne are the male leads, and the beautiful Natalie Paley is the bitch-villainess. The extraordinarily free cinematography is by Joseph August; no other Cukor film of the thirties ever looked like this one. But this is a one-of-a-kind movie in any case: when the con artists weary of a life of petty crime, they become strolling players, and at one lovely point, Hepburn, Grant, Gwenn, and Miss Moore sing a music-hall version of "By the Beautiful Sea." (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 12.)

Take the Money and Run (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (Olympia; through July 12.)

3 Women—Robert Altman's dream film about three women whose identities merge, one into another, and flow together. Shelley Duvall plays a beautiful know-it-all girl who is an attendant in a health spa for the aged. Sissy Spacek plays the novice she breaks in, and Janice Rule plays a silent artist who paints lunging profile figures on the sides of swimming pools. (4/18/77) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; through July 7.)

I Vitelloni (1953)—Fellini made this warm observation of overgrown Italian loafers. The warmth doesn't prevent his view from being accurately acid about these adolescents pushing thirty who sponge off their parents and (all but one) lack the stomach to quit their aimless provincial lives. Fellini, as usual, wonderfully touches melancholy with farce. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 11.)

Viva la Republica!—A documentary survey of Cuban history. (Renoir Cinema; through July 8.)

We All Loved Each Other So Much—An Italian film by Ettore Scola that is a comic commemoration of some of the reasons we find Italians congenial: bombast, the gift for abusive lifelong friendship, puff-chestedness, dignity in making gaffes, a talent for chaos, a genius with babies, intense solemnity about professionalism. Vittorio Gassman plays a well-heeled lawyer, Nino Manfredi plays a hospital orderly, Stefano Satta Flores plays a film buff blanched and bespectacled from all the films he has watched. In Italian. (6/6/77) (Sutton, and Paramount.)

Welcome to L.A.—The writer-director, Alan Rudolph, is literary in a sub-literate way; he overvalues mournful poetic thoughts. And Richard Baskin, whose suite of rock songs "City of the One Night Stands" was the starting point for this sick-soul-of-Los Angeles movie, growls his guru-wisdom lyrics on the sound track. Their whimsical, laid-back alienation is stagnant and irritating; the picture seems drugged. Keith Carradine, Geraldine Chaplin, Lauren Hutton, Harvey Keitel, John Considine, Sissy Spacek, Sally Kellerman, and others perform attentively, but they're undirected. (3/21/77) (Quad Cinema; starting July 13.)

Wizards—A full-length animated cartoon by the unique Ralph Bakshi, of "Fritz the Cat" and "Heavy Traffic." This new color film, graphically innovative, is a fable about a future world divided between the forces of a good brother and a bad. The first cartoon that has the quality of a good epic. (Quad Cinema; through July 12.)

Z (1969)—A political thriller (based on the Lambrakis affair) that is one of the most exciting melodramas ever made. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, Irene Papas. Directed by Costa-Gavras. In French. (Thalia; July 10-12.)

Zabriskie Point (1970)—Antonioni's enervated view of American youth. A lifeless movie with a zombie romance, but with a very pretty apocalyptic finish. (Cinema Village; July 8-9.)

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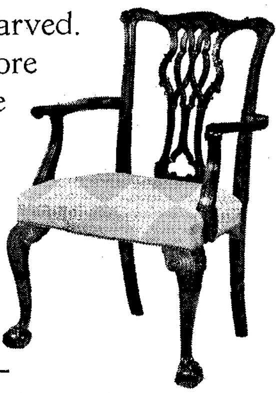

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

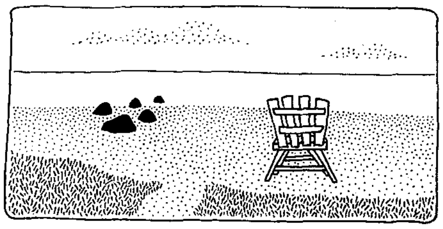
Notes and Comment

WE have a colleague who has taken to riding a bicycle to the office, and on several recent mornings we have watched her swoop around the teeming corner of Forty-fourth Street and Sixth Avenue on her way to our building's freight elevator, which, with her bike, she rides to the nineteenth floor, where she works. This woman has worked with us for some time and is both completely urban and not in the first bloom of youth, but she sits a bicycle with the feckless insouciance of an eleven-year-old gliding down a country lane. The other day, when we expressed some concern about her safety, she showed signs of exasperation. "It's good exercise," she said, "and it keeps your nervous system in tune. If you understand how to cope with the hazards, there's nothing to it." We asked her to tell us how to do that. An hour or so later, the following message appeared in our "in" basket:

Ad-Hoc Bicycle-Riding Advice (good from the West Village, vicinity of Abingdon Square): I avoid the gentle hills and vales of lower New York by cycling along the upland ridge, which is Eighth Avenue up to Thirty-fourth Street; turn east on same; and proceed north again on Sixth Avenue. One thing to watch out for is De Martino's fish truck, which is invariably parked diagonally to the curb on the east side of Eighth just above Sixteenth Street, tending to force you out into the taxi stream. I always travel up the easternmost lane. This is the so-called bus lane on Eighth, but I take it anyway, because the cars know that it's the bus lane and seem to stay away from it, but *I* know that the buses on Eighth tend to travel in packs and you can frequently go all the way up to Thirty-fourth without encountering one. If a bus shows up, I have found a crisply delivered "Watch it, pal!" to be a relatively effective admonition when you are parallel with the vehicle, and holding your breath the best defense when you are behind it. Holding your breath is not a bad idea in general. You will find that this not only protects your lungs from pollution but improves stamina and, if carefully controlled, leads to creative hallucinating. Beginners, of course, should not hold their breath for more than a block at a time. I have seen a few cyclists in those gauze masks that cyclists in Tokyo are said to wear, but I find the idea depressing.

Another thing to watch out for is potholes. The city is supposed to be filling these up, and they *have* filled some of them up, but there are so many potholes to fill that the city can't take a lot of time smoothing the filled ones over nicely, like someone icing a birthday cake for a friend, so you need to be on the lookout not only for the potholes but for the *nouveau* ex-potholes as well. You must keep your eyes on the terrain at all times. The rest of the time, you must watch out for parked cars. Yes, *parked* cars! There is a special brand of loony in New York who likes to sit in his car and watch in his rearview mirror for a cyclist. Here comes one now! Time to open the front door and get out and stretch. These people like it best if the bus parade is just coming up on your left flank. I have seen them exchange knowing nods and smiles with the bus drivers during such episodes. Sometimes, all you can do is stop and get off until these civilities have been completed.

The trip home is on Fifth Avenue, and is downhill a good part of the way. Since the trip to the office is on level ground, this downhill return is a strange physical phenomenon—rather like the sensation you sometimes get during a storm at sea, when the ship seems to be dropping much farther than it eventually rises—but it's a fact, and not worth analyzing unless you are of a metaphysical turn of mind. It's nice to be able to coast at the end of the day, and the only really unnerving part of the trip is getting past the hordes of homeward-bound, taxi-coralling shoppers at the confluence of Lord & Taylor, Altman's, and Ohrbach's, between Thirty-ninth and Thirty-fourth Streets—which is, unfortunately, the steepest part of the descent. You get to thinking the way Hemingway thought when he ran with the bulls at Pamplona. And that is not very good. A little farther on, there is a nice segue through a traffic island north of Twenty-third Street, at Madison Square. If you're lucky, the setting sun will be right where it should be to produce the effect that students of urban aesthetics refer to as "the magic moment," when the buildings in the city stand out with a timeless and thrilling clarity. The magic moment lasts about a minute and a half, and Madison Square is one of the best places to experience it. There are beautiful buildings there—particularly the tower of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. A. J. Liebling wrote a reminiscent piece about it a number of years ago. The tower figured in a science-fiction serial he had read as a child. His reminiscence was subtitled "To Him She Clung"—a reference to the embrace of the hero and heroine of the serial, who were trapped in the tower after some disaster had befallen the city. The phrase apparently got stuck in Liebling's mind, and he ineradicably planted it in mine, so that each time I whiz by the Metropolitan Tower in the timeless light I look up and mutter, "To him she clung"—thus far, fortunately, without accident.



Across Eleventh Street and into the heart of my home territory, the West Village. And the last thing to watch out for is flying "spaldeens." These are small rubber balls manufactured by the

Spalding company. There are a lot of children abroad at this hour, and a good many of them are bouncing spaldeens off the bricks of the town houses on West Eleventh Street. I can spot these ballplaying children from quite a long way off, and I think that they can spot me. I slow down. They step off the pitcher's mound and eye their colleagues. I speed up. They wind up. I slow down. A glazed look comes into their eyes. While they are making up their minds whether or not to enliven their day by beaning me, I can usually slip on by without an exchange of opinions on the relative idiocies of adult bicycle-riding and twilight stoopball. By the time I arrive home, I have had enough retrothrust and close capework to satisfy the most masochistic of adventurers. Why don't you give it a try?

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Ellis Island

TWENTY-SEVEN and a half acres of ruins and overgrown greenery, Ellis Island sits like a piece of earth that has been neither wholly swallowed nor wholly expelled by the maw of Upper New York Bay. Historians are not sure what the Indians called it, but the Dutch, after they bought it, in 1630, seem to have called it Oyster Island. Under the British, it was known sometimes as Dyre's Island, sometimes as Bucking Island, and sometimes as Gibbet Island, because a pirate was hanged there, but Samuel Ellis, a Colonial farmer, gave it the name that stuck. New York State bought the island in 1808 and soon turned it over to the federal government, which used it for a variety of purposes, mainly military, through most of the nineteenth century. In 1890, when the federal government was about to take full responsibility for controlling immigration—a responsibility it had been sharing with the states—it designated this stepping-stone into the harbor as an immigration station, and two years later Ellis Island became the first stop for most new arrivals from Europe. When a steamship entered the Narrows, it would be boarded by immigration and health officials, who would check the first-class and second-class passengers, so that relatively prosperous foreign visitors could debark directly on Manhattan. Hoi polloi, the masses of foreigners travelling steerage, would be ferried to Ellis Island, there to be admitted or held for further examination or sent back where they came from. In 1897, a fire destroyed the immigration depot, but it was quickly rebuilt. It is estimated that the total number of people who entered the country through Ellis Island was about twelve million. It is said that almost half of our present population has some tie with somebody who was admitted through Ellis Island. Mass immigration ended in 1924, and with it ended the busiest time for what many passengers had feared as the "Island of Tears." Afterward, the island served as a Coast Guard station and as a holding point for people who weren't trusted inside the country—people awaiting deportation, or, in the Second World War, "enemy aliens." In 1954, the island was vacated, and it was allowed to decay. Grass grew knee-high outside some thirty buildings of brick and stone, and windows gaped open where the buildings had been vandalized. Paint flaked, plaster fell away, and the halls through which immigrants had been herded by the hundred were empty.

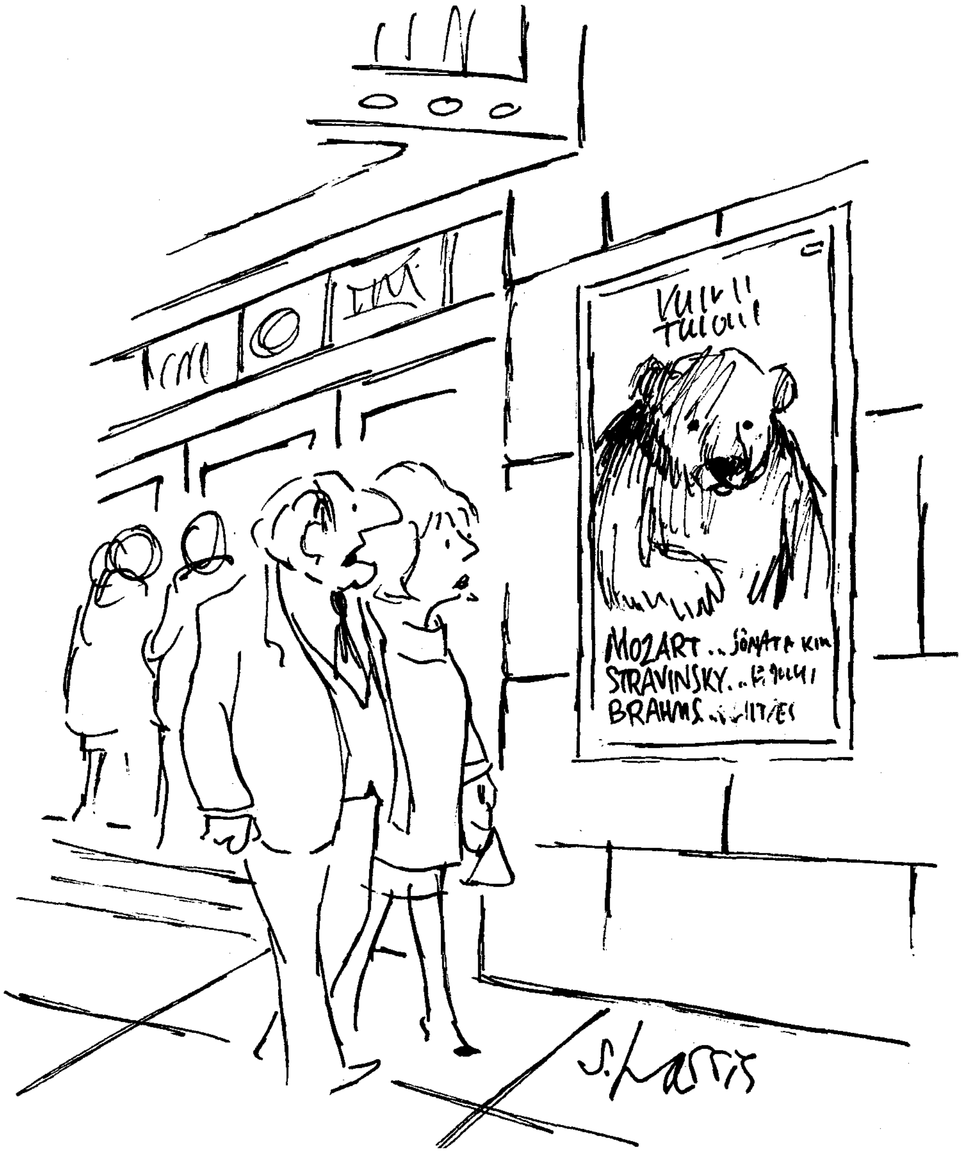
Last year, the government opened the island to warm-weather visits by the public. A brochure of the National Park Service, which is responsible for the island, says, rather romantically, "By listening hard, we may still hear the echoing sound of many languages being spoken in the now quiet halls of the 'Island of Tears.' " Actually, though the ruins are handsome and probably *would* make a good spooky place to wander around in, the Park Service doesn't allow such freedom. Visitors are met by fledgling Park Service guides as soon as they step off the Circle Line boat that carries them there from Battery Park, and the guides keep them firmly in tow. On a recent Saturday, one very earnest fellow asked his group of tourists to please, *please* stay with him, because he would hate it if one of them should step in a hole or be hit by a falling piece of plaster. Both dangers were slight in the areas he led the group through, since a good number of these areas were protected with special plywood passageways constructed by the Park Service.

The guides on Ellis Island are full of facts. When the steerage passengers debarked, a guide will say, they were taken first to a large room where they could leave their baggage, then upstairs to the vast Registry Room, where they would undergo medical and statutory examinations. The scene was one of long lines, babbling voices, and immense confusion. The most deeply dreaded test was the eye test, in which a person's eyelids would be pulled back with a buttonhook so that an inspector could check for trachoma. If there was any sign of this infectious disease, the person's coat would be marked in chalk with an "E" (for "Eye"), and he would be sent back to Europe. The statutory inspectors would ask each person such questions as "Can you read and write? . . . Do you have a job waiting for you? . . . Who paid for your ticket? . . . How much money do you have?" It was a disastrous mistake to say that one had a job waiting, for recruitment of foreign labor was against the law, and the immigrant would be deported. Unaccompanied women were given special attention, because it was feared they would become prostitutes. The great majority of the newcomers got through the examinations in a single day; a lesser number would have to stay longer on the island, either in a dormitory or, if they were sick, in a hospital. Charitable agencies kept offices on the island, and they often helped people get in touch with friends or relatives who had already made it through. If a woman said she had a *fiancé* waiting for her, he would be summoned, and the authorities often married them on the spot; some unexpected matches were made this way. During their stay on the island, many Europeans were introduced to white bread; some of them mistook it for cake, hoarded it for days, and then were disappointed by the hard, dry lumps they were left with. In the end, all but a few would be given landing cards, and there would be a choice: either the ferry to Manhattan or a railroad trip, via a New Jersey ferry, to a destination inland. Further confusion was possible at this point: there is a story of fifteen Italians who wanted to go to Amsterdam Avenue in Manhattan and wound up in Amsterdam, New York.

The Park Service took a poll of visitors last year and found that most of them would like to see the Ellis Island immigration facilities fully or partly restored, some of them would like to see the facilities left as they are, and a few would like to see them razed. Suggestions for new ways to use the island have included turning it into a resort, a university, a drug-rehabilitation center, and a red-light district. In its present run-down state, the place allows for a pleasant, if guided, tour of about an hour. Perhaps the best moment comes at the end, when the visitor waiting for the boat back to the Battery has a chance to contemplate the view of Manhattan—a view that takes in the western shore all the way from the financial district to the skyscrapers of midtown. It is a stirring view, if not as overpowering as the one from Brooklyn Heights or from the Staten Island ferry, and it still holds that promise of prosperity which many would-be Americans must have heard when they set out from Europe.

The Thracians

WE'VE been learning about the mysterious Thracians lately, thanks to Mr. Alexander Minchev, a slight, engaging bespectacled archeologist and scholar who is the travelling curator of the dazzling exhibit "Thracian Treasures from Bulgaria," now on view at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Mr. Minchev, who is Deputy Keeper of the Varna Museum and a specialist in Thracian jewelry, arrived here several weeks ago with more than five hundred ancient artifacts—pots, jugs, bowls, drinking cups, armor, weapons, figurines, ornamental plaques, and jewelry—that have been dug from Thracian burial mounds during the last half century. In general, the exhibit presents a chronological view of the rise and fall of Thracian culture, but several major finds—the Varna, Vulchitrun, and Panagyurishte Treasures—have been arranged in individual glass cases. We began our brief tour of Thracian civilization with a look at the latest museum *Bulletin*, which informed us that the earliest Thracians—a Neolithic people—appeared in southeastern Europe around 6000 B.C., but that the people we now think of as Thracians arrived a few thousand years later; that they left no written language; and that they were mentioned admiringly by Homer in both the Iliad and the Odyssey. (Rhesos, the Thracian king who arrived at Troy with golden armor and big white horses, was a Trojan ally, and Homer is suspected of being pro-Trojan in his sympathies.) With these facts in mind, we introduced ourself to Mr. Minchev, who was waiting for us in front of a magnificently sinister bronze helmet, dating from the sixth century B.C., that dominates the first room of the exhibit. We asked him for more information on the Thracians, and he replied, in excellent English, that it was somewhat thin. "Our main sources are archeological finds and Greek and Roman authors such as Homer, Herodotus, Xenophon, and Pliny," he said. "Ancient Thrace took in the southern part of modern Bulgaria, northeastern Greece, European Turkey, and a section of southeastern Yugoslavia. The Thracians mentioned by Homer were a warlike horse-loving people who swept into the country around 2800 B.C., intermarried with the inhabitants, and evolved a common Indo-European language and a common set of customs and religious beliefs. The reason we don't know much about the Thracians is that very few traces of their language exist. Their historical epics—which probably paralleled those of Homer—have vanished completely. What few inscriptions survive are written in the Thracian language using the Greek alphabet. We have about a hundred words of Thracian left; mostly, they are plant names written by Greek authors, or geographical names. Thracian men were warriors and hunters; Thracian women did the heavy work—farming and livestock raising. Unlike most of the surrounding peoples, the Thracians—and the Illyrians, to the west of them—were not basically slave-owning societies. What slaves there were were practically members of the family. The principal Thracian god was the Thracian Horseman, a mounted figure who was given a different name in each locality. Thracians also worshipped Orpheus—he was the son of a legendary Thracian king—and Dionysus, the god of wine. The Greeks and Romans hired Thracian horsemen as cavalry and Thracian peltasts—warriors who carried light wicker shields—as infantry. Herodotus, who visited the country around 450 B.C., reported that Thracians considered warfare the only proper way to earn a living. The ancient Thracian capital has not been found; scholars think that it is somewhere in the area where the frontiers of Greece, Bulgaria, and Turkey meet. A later capital, dating from the fourth century B.C., was discovered twenty-five years ago in central Bulgaria. It has streets, a fortified palace, canals to carry drinking water, and a clay-pipe sewage system. Thracian rulers were fond of precious metals; they operated gold mines in the Pangaeus Mountains, and



"Still *another* legendary Russian pianist?"

their burial mounds contain the oldest gold artifacts known in Europe."

Mr. Minchev led us over to a glass case that displayed two wide gold bracelets, two tiny gold animals, a hollow gold sceptre, several strings of gold beads, and a cluster of odd-shaped gold ornaments. "In 1972, a young workman was digging a telephone-cable trench in the industrial zone of Varna when he noticed the gleam of metal," Mr. Minchev said. "He stopped his digging machine, gathered up the pieces, and took them to the curator of a neighborhood museum. The curator called me at the Varna Museum, and a colleague and I went out to see what had turned up. We could hardly believe our eyes. The pottery and the copper axes that were found with the gold were eventually dated from about 3600 B.C., which makes the pieces here in this case among the oldest European gold artifacts ever discovered. Their workmanship made us realize that the prehistoric Thracians were richer and more sophisticated than we had ever suspected."

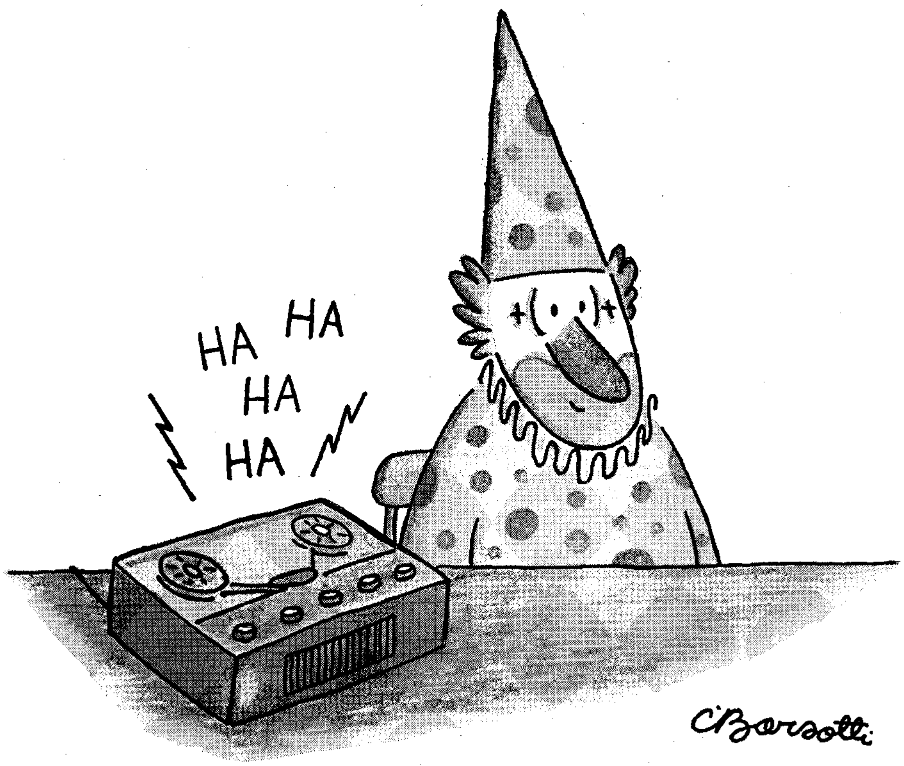
We moved on to the Vulchitrun Treasure, a magnificent group of thirteen gold vessels that were made around 1200 B.C.—about the time Thracian gold made its appearance at Troy. "This group was found in 1924 by some men who were digging up a vineyard," said Mr. Minchev. "It is now owned by the Sofia Archeological Museum." We looked at a large, graceful two-handled vessel and four smaller cups that matched it, a curious fluted vessel with three teardrop-shaped compartments, and seven round lids of various sizes, and asked Mr. Minchev how they had been used. "This entire set was probably used in a religious ritual," he said. "The ritual liquid would have been divided and distributed in the vessels; the so-called lids are really cymbals that accompanied music, probably played on a flute."

We moved past several cases of small, exquisite Iron Age objects—a tiny geometric bronze stag, a fluted silver mug, a cluster of baroque gold earrings, a gold pectoral ornamented with stylized birds, a silver-gilt plaque of a lion attacking a stag, and a cheerful Medusa—and paused before three magnificent silver-gilt horn-shaped rhyta, or drinking vessels. One was ornamented with a galloping horse, one with a sphinx, and one with a bull. "These rhyta date from the fourth century B.C.," said Mr. Minchev. "Two of them have Greek inscriptions—a fact that reflects the increasingly close ties between Thrace and Greece. Starting in the seventh century B.C., the Greeks established a chain of cities along the Thracian coast; Greek merchants traded with the Thracian tribes of the interior; Greek commanders hired Thracians as soldiers; Thracians, in turn, sold their children to the Greeks as slaves; and the local craftsmen who made precious objects began to copy Greek designs."

In the next room, we encountered the pièce de résistance of the exhibit—the staggering Panagyurishte Treasure, which consists of seven gold rhyta in the form of animal and human heads, an elaborate gold amphora-rhyton decorated with a scene of seven warriors attacking a palace, and a platelike gold phiale, or drinking bowl, ornamented with acorns and three rows of Negro heads. "In the Hellenistic period, when these things were made, the Negro was regarded as an exotic and fashionable curiosity, and that is why these heads were used as decoration," said Mr. Minchev. "This treasure is a drinking set probably ordered by a Thracian king from a craftsman at Lampsacus, on the Asiatic side of the Dardanelles. The weights are inscribed on each vessel in the monetary unit of that city."

We looked at artifacts from the Roman period: chariot ornaments bearing the heads of maenads; votive stone bas-reliefs showing the Thracian Horseman in full gallop; and a tiny clay statue of a Thracian god wearing the distinctive hooded cape of a Thracian shepherd. Then we paused in front of a massive silver-and-iron portrait helmet of a young man; he had short brown hair crowned by a silver wreath, strong, fleshy features, rather small eyes, and full, sensual lips. "This is the only real portrait of a Thracian we have," said Mr. Minchev. "It was made during the first century A.D., at a time when the Romans had divided Thrace into three provinces and Thracian culture was declining. Fortunately, there are still several thousand burial mounds in Bulgaria that have not been excavated, so perhaps we'll find something else this summer."

As we turned to go, we realized who it was that the brooding silver-and-iron Thracian face resembled. Rocky.



Garland Jeffreys

WE have just had two enjoyable encounters with Garland Jeffreys, a thirty-four-year-old New York songwriter and performer. The first was at a concert in Alice Tully Hall, at Lincoln Center. We had heard his recordings—particularly a song called "Wild in the Streets"—but had never seen him perform. He came onstage wearing black pants and a tailored gray pin-striped jacket (he removed it during the performance), a black T-shirt, and a tan Stetson hat. He danced around the stage for about five minutes before singing anything. The audience stood up and cheered him. He danced on as if unconscious of the cheers. Then he started to sing. He sang songs—all of them his own compositions—about New York, about his mother and father, about interracial love, about growing up in New York, about his own efforts

Fight Night

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to succeed as a songwriter, about teen-age rebellion, and about politics. He sang some of the songs to a rock-and-roll beat and some to a reggae beat. Whatever beat he used, he used it very well, and we came away from the concert feeling pleased and excited.

A few days after this, Garland Jeffreys invited us to drive out with him to Sheepshead Bay, in Brooklyn. He grew up there, and he wanted to show us part of his old neighborhood. He picked us up in a big black car, and he told the driver to go by the Belt Parkway. We got our first closeup look at Garland Jeffreys. He is a light-skinned black man with gray-green eyes and curly brown hair. On this occasion, he was wearing black pants, a regular black shirt, a blue plaid tie, and the same jacket and hat that he had worn onstage. He said to us, "I'm going to take you by my high school. I went to Abraham Lincoln High School. Then I'm going to take you by my house. We can't go in, though. My folks aren't in town. They're taking a trip across the country in a car. My folks are named Carmen and Ray. They are the nicest people."

On the Belt Parkway, just before we reached the exit to the Abraham Lincoln High School, we saw some children playing baseball. He said, "I used to play ball right here when I was little. I was a member of the Saint Mark's Little League. I played ball here from the time I was eight. My father was a great baseball player."

Then we came to the school. We saw some people dressed in various sports uniforms standing around the grounds. "I ran track here," he said.

"Were you any good?" we asked.

"No," he said, and he laughed. "There were always cats there who were faster than me."

We drove up to the front of the school. It looked like many pictures of American high schools. He looked around and said, "Things have really changed around here. See all these apartment buildings?" He pointed to some apartment buildings just across the street from the school. "Well, they were not here. There wasn't anything around here except a little candy store across the corner. Oh, hell, let's go on."

Garland Jeffreys directed the driver to go on to Brighton Beach. He wanted to pass by a billiard parlor where he used to play billiards, and he wanted to stop off at Irving's Delicatessen, where he and his friends used to buy sandwiches after they were through playing billiards. At the delicatessen, he bought some meats—corned beef and brisket—and potato salad, and some celery tonic, and we ate them in the car.

As we drove on, he said, "Do you see that sign?" We looked at a sign that said "Brighton Beach—Private." He said, "When I was little, I used to wonder why my friends could go into that place and I couldn't. I didn't know what was going on. I used to do everything I could to get into that place. But just look at it. It's a nothing place. I didn't know that then."

We drove to a section of Brighton Beach where there were some prosperous-looking houses. He said, "I used to come to this part of town three times a year. Trick-or-treating, Happy Thanksgiving, and shovelling snow."

Then we drove to Sheepshead Bay and passed a restaurant called Lundy's. He said that his grandfather had been the headwaiter there in the twenties and thirties and that his two uncles and his father had worked there as waiters. We drove by another restaurant, called Pips, where he said he himself used to be a waiter when he was a teen-ager. We drove by a Roman Catholic church, and he said he and his family were its only black members. We drove by a store where he said he bought his first tropical fish. We drove by a drugstore called Kips, where he said he had been a delivery boy. We drove by Ethel's Shop, where he said his mother bought her clothes. We drove by Bay Florist, where he said he had bought his mother flowers for Mother's Day when he was a boy. And we drove by a restaurant called Subway Hero Sandwiches, where he said he and his dad used to stop by for a hamburger and French fries when it was called the Yankee Diner.

Then we drove up to the house he grew up in. It is a nice, comfortable-looking three-story red brick house. It was late afternoon, and all the other houses looked busy with dinnertime. He reminded us that his parents were driving across the country. He said, "I can't go in. When I left home, they took my keys away." He laughed. Then he said, "I love this house now, but when I was growing up I used to wonder how come we couldn't live in an apartment. I used to want to live in an apartment so bad. When I was real little, I used to leave from here early in the morning and go to the schoolyard. I was forever in the schoolyard. I used to be playing ball, getting a sandwich at the corner, and then hanging out with my friends. We used to sing a lot. My favorite song to sing was called 'The Huckle Buck.' That was my song."

After this, we ran into some friends of his parents. They embraced Jeffreys. They told him that his mother is very proud of him and that she speaks of him all the time. They also told him that ever since his parents went away all their friends have been regularly receiving postcards with amusing anecdotes about their trip. He said, "Yeah, I get postcards, too," and he removed from his jacket pocket a postcard from his parents. It said, "Hi!!! We spent 2½ weeks in Houston with Ray and Cora. Had a very nice time there. We are leaving Dallas on way to El Paso. Will get in touch soon. Give love to Carole. Love, Mom and Dad."

AVELINO ARREDONDO

THE event took place in Montevideo, in 1897.

Every Saturday, in the way of the honest poor who know they cannot invite people home or else are trying to escape home, a group of young men occupied the same side table at the Café del Globo. They were all from Montevideo, and they had found it hard at first to make friends with Arredondo, a man from the interior, who neither confided in others nor encouraged others to confide in him. A little over twenty years old, he was lean and dark, rather short, and maybe a bit clumsy. His would have been an almost anonymous face had his eyes—at one and the same time sleepy and lively—not rescued it. He worked as a clerk in a drygoods store on Buenos Aires Street, studying law in his spare time. When the others condemned the war that ravaged the country and that, according to general opinion, the president was prolonging for unworthy reasons, Arredondo remained silent. He also remained silent when they made fun of him for being stingy.

In June, a short while after the battle of Cerros Blancos, Arredondo told his companions that they would not be seeing him for a time, since he had to travel to Mercedes. The news stirred no one. Somebody told him to watch out for the gaucho rabble of Aparicio Saravia, the rebel leader of the Whites. With a smile, Arredondo answered that he was not afraid of the Whites. The other man, who was a White himself, said nothing.

His goodbye to Clara, his fiancée, Arredondo found harder. He made it in almost the same words he had used with his friends, warning her not to expect letters, as he would be very busy. Clara, who was not in the habit of writing, accepted the explanation without a protest. The two were very much in love.

Arredondo lived on the outskirts of town. He was looked after by a mulatto woman who bore the same surname as he, since her forebears had been slaves of his family many years earlier, at the time of the Great War. Clementina was completely trustworthy, and he ordered her to tell anyone who came looking for him that he was away in the country. He had already collected his last pay from the drygoods store.

He moved into a back room of his house—one that opened onto the third of its three patios. It was a pointless measure, but it helped him to initiate his self-imposed reclusion. From the narrow iron bed, in which he was beginning to take naps again, he looked with a touch of melancholy at a bare shelf. He had sold his books—even his textbooks. All he had left was a Bible that he had never read before and that he would never finish reading.

He leafed through it page by page—sometimes out of interest, sometimes out of boredom—and he took upon himself the task of learning by heart some chapter or other of Exodus and the end of Ecclesiastes. He made no effort to understand what he read. He was a freethinker, but he never let a single night pass without saying the Lord's Prayer, which, on coming to Montevideo, he had promised his mother he would do. To fail in this filial promise, he thought, might bring him bad luck.

Arredondo knew that his goal was the morning of the twenty-fifth of August. He knew the exact number of days he had to get through. Once his goal was attained, time would cease, or, rather, nothing that happened after that would matter. He awaited the date like someone awaiting a boon or a liberation. He had let his clock run down so as not to be forever looking at it, but every night, on hearing the twelve dark strokes of midnight on a town clock, he tore a leaf out of the calendar and thought, *One day less.*

In the beginning he worked to build up a routine—brewing maté, smoking Turkish cigarettes that he rolled himself, reading and rereading a set number of pages, trying to converse with Clementina when she brought him his meals on a tray, and, before putting out the candle, repeating and embellishing the speech he planned to give. Talking to Clementina, a woman well along in years, was not at all easy, for her memory had remained rooted in the countryside and in its daily life. Arredondo also laid out a chessboard, on which he played haphazard games that never came to a conclusion. He was missing a rook, which he replaced with a bullet or with a two-cent coin.

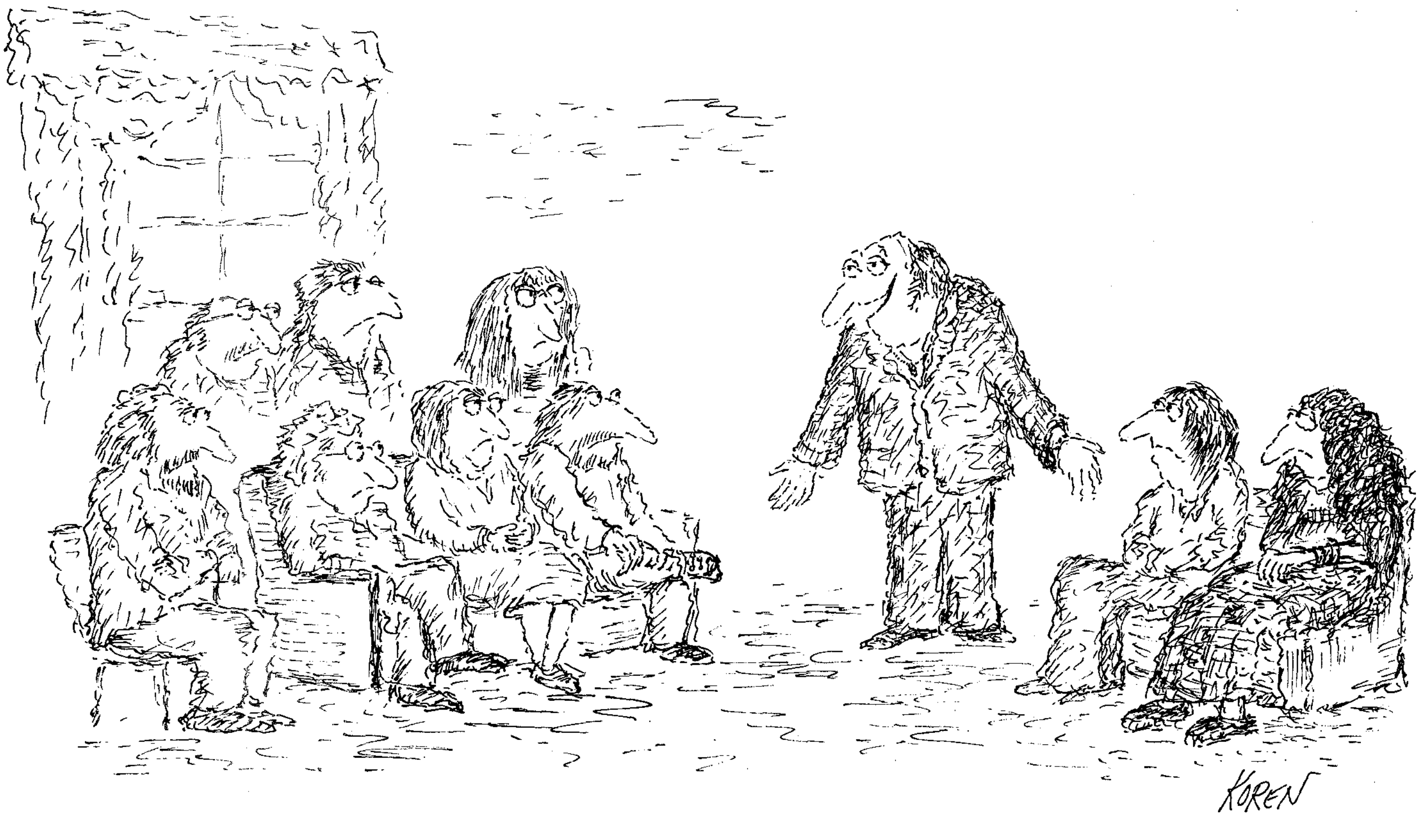
To fill time, he cleaned his room every morning, chasing away spiders with a dustcloth and broom. The mulatto woman did not like his doing these menial tasks, which were her domain and which, in addition, he was not especially good at. He would have preferred waking with the sun already high, but his habit of getting up at dawn was stronger than his will. He missed his friends a good deal but, without feeling bitter about it, he knew that, given his invincible reserve, they were not missing him. One evening, one of them came to ask for him and was turned away from the door. Clementina did not know the caller, and Arredondo never learned who it was. He had been an avid reader of newspapers, and now he found it hard giving up these museums of ephemeral tidbits. He was not a man cut out for deep thinking or for deliberating.

His days and his nights were all the same, but Sundays weighed most on him. Toward the middle of July, he suspected that it had been a mistake to parcel out time, which in some way bears us along. Presently, he let his imagination wander over the length and breadth of Uruguay, then running with blood—over the rolling fields of Santa Irene, where he had flown kites; over a certain pinto, which by now would be dead; over the dust raised by cattle when they are herded by drovers; over the weary stagecoach that came from Fray Bentos once a month with its hoard of trinkets; over the bay of La Agraciada, where the Thirty-Three, the country's national heroes, had disembarked; over the Hervidero; over the hill ranges, the woods, and the rivers; over the Cerro, where he had climbed up to the lighthouse, thinking that on either bank of the Plate there was no other hill like it. From this hill overlooking the bay of Montevideo his thoughts passed on to the hill of the Uruguayan national emblem, and he fell asleep.

Every night the breeze off the sea brought a coolness propitious to sleep. He was never wakeful. He loved his fiancée completely, but it had been said that a man should not think about women—above all when they are not there. Life in the country had accustomed him to chastity. As for this other business, he tried to think as little as possible about the man he hated. The din of the rain on the flat roof kept him company.

To a man in jail or to a blind man, time flows downstream, as if along an easy slope. Halfway through his reclusion, Arredondo experienced more than once that almost timeless time. In the first patio there was a cistern with a frog in it. It never occurred to Arredondo to think that the frog's time, which borders on eternity, was what he himself sought.

WHEN the date was not far off, his impatience began again. One night, unable to bear it any longer, he went out into the street. Everything



"I'd like to thank all my friends for their tremendous love and criticism."

• •

seemed different, larger. Turning a corner, he saw a light and entered a saloon. To justify his presence, he ordered a bitter rum. Some soldiers, leaning on the wooden bar, were holding forth.

"You know it's absolutely forbidden to give out news of battles," one of them said. "Listen to what happened yesterday evening. This will amuse you. A few of us were passing by *La Razón*, when we heard a voice inside defying the order. Losing no time, we marched in. The office was pitch-dark, but we riddled with bullets whoever was doing the talking. We wanted to drag him out by the heels. When it was quiet, we searched the place for him, but what we found was one of those machines they call a phonograph, which speaks by itself."

All of them laughed. "What do you think of a dodge like that, farmer?" the soldier said to Arredondo, who had been eavesdropping. Arredondo kept silent.

The uniformed man brought his face close to Arredondo's and said, "Quick! Let me hear you shout, 'Long live the president of our country—Juan Idiarte Borda!' "

Arredondo did not disobey, and amid mocking applause he managed to reach the door. He was in the street when a final insult was hurled at him. "Fear's no fool," he heard. "It kills anger." Arredondo had behaved like a coward, but he knew he was not one. Slowly he made his way back home.

On the twenty-fifth of August, Avelino Arredondo woke up at a little after nine. He thought first of Clara and only later of the date. "Goodbye to waiting," he told himself then, relieved. "Today's the day."

He shaved without hurrying, and in the mirror he found his everyday face. He chose a red necktie and put on his best clothes. He ate a late lunch. The overcast sky threatened drizzle. He had always imagined the sky would be bright and blue. A touch of sadness came over him as he left his damp room for the last time. In the arched entranceway he met Clementina and gave her his few remaining pesos. On the sign over the hardware store he saw the colored diamond shapes, meaning paint was sold there, and he reflected that for over two months he had not given them a thought. He walked toward Sarandí Street. It was a holiday and very few people were about.

The clock had not struck three when he reached the Plaza Matriz. The "Te Deum" was already over. A group of dignitaries—government officials, Army officers, and prelates—was coming down the slow steps of the church. At first sight, the tall hats—some still in hand—the uniforms, the gold braid, the arms, and the tunics created the illusion that the group was large; in reality, there were no more than about thirty people. Arredondo, who felt no fear, was filled with a kind of respect. He asked someone which was the president.

"You see the archbishop, with his mitre and crosier—the one beside him," he was told.

Arredondo drew a revolver and opened fire. Idiarte Borda took one or two steps, fell headlong, and said distinctly, "I've been shot!"

Arredondo gave himself up to the authorities. Later, he was to declare, "I am a Colorado, a Red, and I say it with pride. I've killed the president, who betrayed and tainted our party. I broke with my friends and my fiancée, so as not to implicate them. I did not look at the newspapers, so that nobody could say they had incited me. I claim this act of justice as my own. Now—let me be judged."

This is the way it probably happened, although in a more involved fashion; this is the way I imagine it happened. —JORGE LUIS BORGES

(*Translated, from the Spanish, by Norman Thomas di Giovanni.*)

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GOLD CHAIN AND CROSS lost around Cedar Creek on June 11. Valuable momentum, reward.—*Adv. in the Southern Illinois University Daily Egyptian.*

It's *so* hard to get back once you lose it.

OKINAWA'S WIFE

THE Colonel stands at the open freezer, peering in. His wife sits at the kitchen table, pen in hand. "Twelve lamb chops," the Colonel says. His wife writes this down. They are inventorying the contents of their freezer.

The Colonel is retired, but he keeps busy. He dusts his collections and organizes household tasks. He is a gourmet cook.

"Eighteen rainbow trout," the Colonel says.

"How many?" his wife says. She loses papers, makes mistakes, cannot read her own writing. The Colonel slams the freezer door and goes outside.

He scrutinizes his swimming pool for pollen, insects, leaves. As it is enclosed within a screened patio, its surface is quite clean, but he grabs his net anyway and skims. Earlier, at the laundromat where he does the laundry, a big black woman wearing a tattered yellow T-shirt was doing her wash. When she turned around, he saw "Yves Saint Laurent" printed across the front of her shirt. A bad sign, the Colonel thinks. He walks over to the electric fence surrounding his property and touches it. It gives him a shock, but only in this way can he be absolutely certain that the current is on.

The Colonel's wife hasn't moved from the kitchen table. She has nothing to do. He has encroached on my life, she thinks.

She has been trying to find something that will occupy her. She has sent for a course. Now she pulls the course from its hiding place behind the refrigerator. She reads: "Do not underrate your abilities. YOU CAN DO ANYTHING. It all depends on your self-confidence quotient." She has already taken the self-confidence-quotient test. Her score was in the middle range. "You show sufficient flexibility to grow," someone at the school wrote in the margin of her test.

The course is for a career in testimonials. I have spent my life consuming, she thinks; I know products. She enjoys trying things out and making judgments. She likes to see which product washes brighter, to compare flavors, freshness, crispness, durability. There is a good career awaiting me, she thinks.

Currently, she is testing perfumes. The school sent her thirty tiny vials of perfume, each a different scent. She dabs one on her wrist and sniffs. Then, trying to be spontaneous, she writes down in a notebook whatever adjectives come to mind. "Sultry," she writes. "Tempting. Seductive. Totally feminine."

The Colonel reappears. She drops the samples into her pocket and closes her notebook.

"What's that smell?" the Colonel asks.

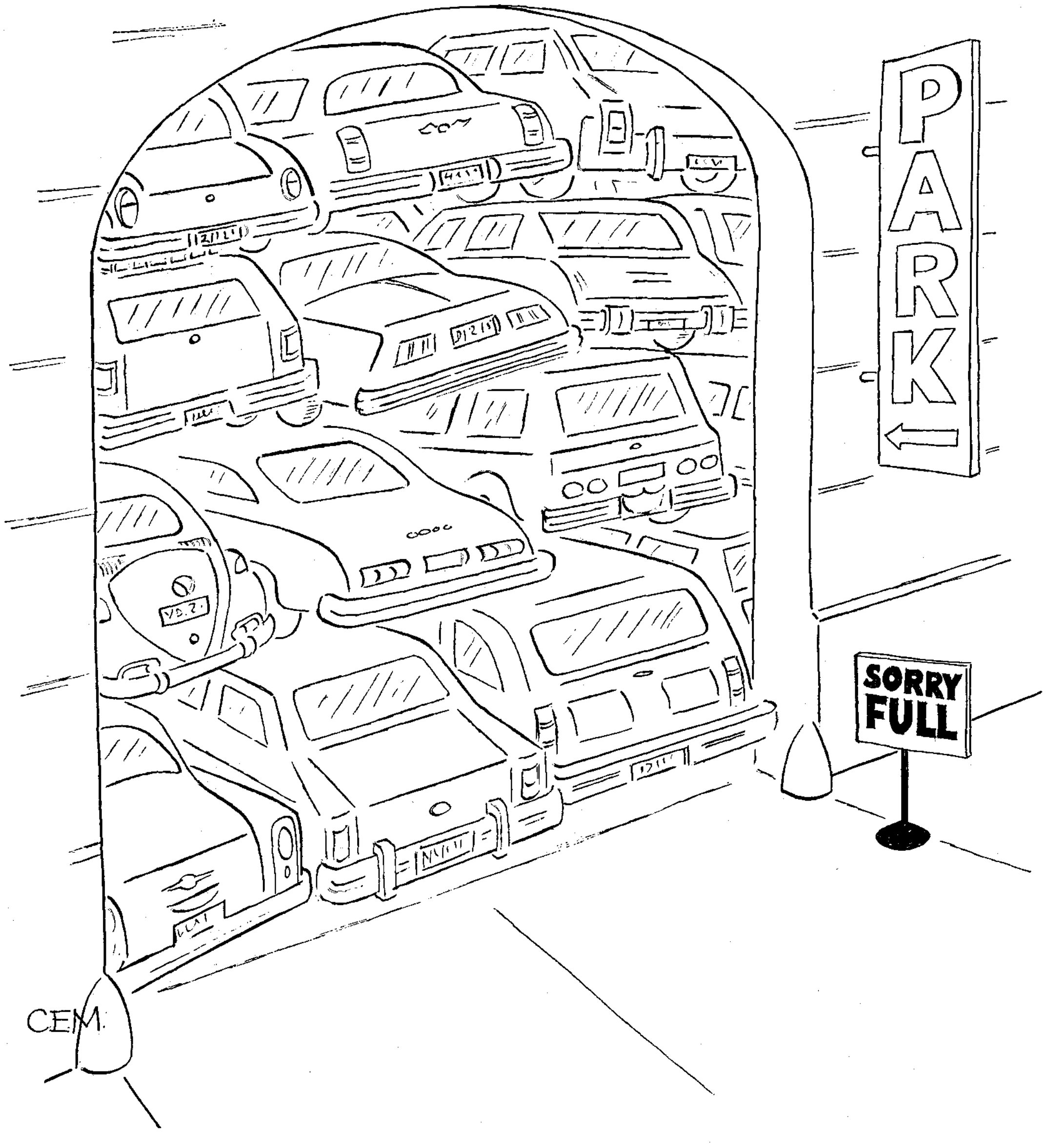
"Nothing," the Colonel's wife says.

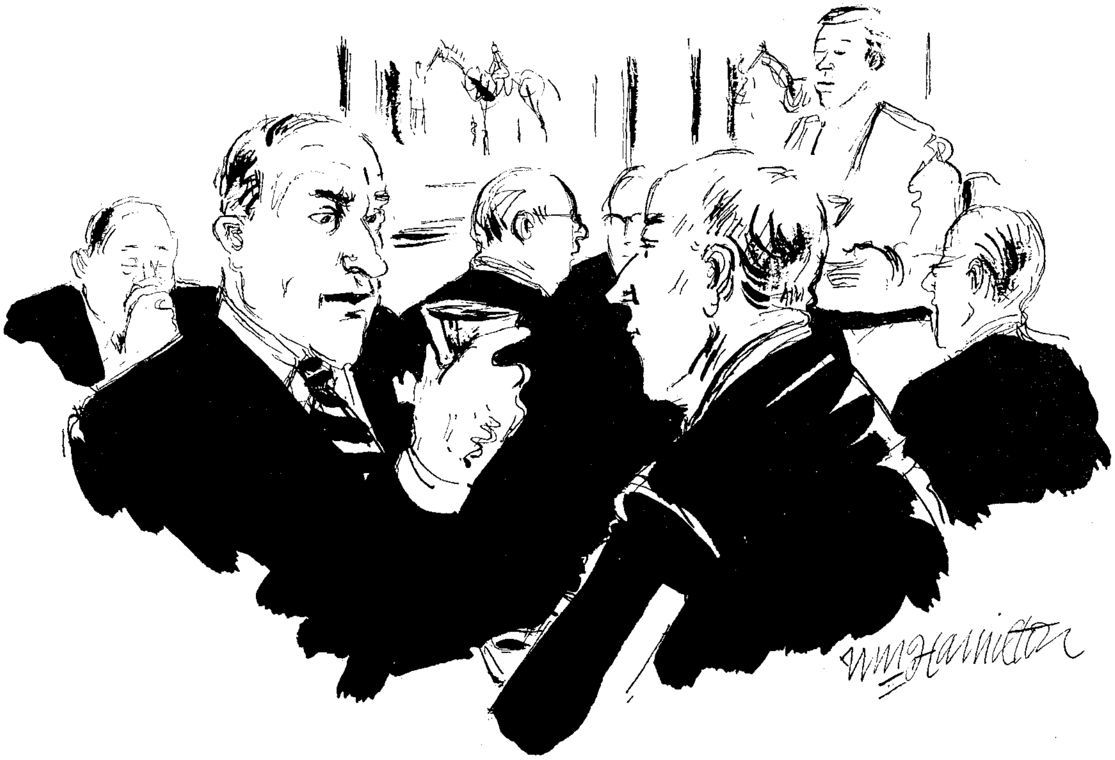
With a sigh, the Colonel starts to prepare lunch. A chart tells him what meal is scheduled; another breaks down each dish into its components, so that the required ingredients can be stocked in advance and rapidly assembled. Spices and herbs are alphabetized; canned foods are stacked according to subject matter. The Colonel stands at the cutting board, chopping and mincing. He rolls out a pastry crust; he flutes and fills. Today he is making a spinach quiche.

While they eat, they discuss a masquerade party to which they have been invited. The Colonel wants to go as Death. "The thing is, I want to look ordinary. Not strange or even grotesque—just ordinary. But then how will anyone know what I am?"

"Death should look peculiar," the Colonel's wife says. They argue during lunch.

The Colonel is glad when the meal is over. He carries each dish to the sink separately and washes it by hand. The dishes are collector's items—no two alike—picked up over the years in Oriental cities. For most of his military career, the Colonel was stationed in the Orient. He likes to think of his years there, one by one, and recall his accomplishments: a mountain levelled, a lake turned into a prairie, an island sliced in two. He was with the Army Corps of Engineers. His men gave him a





"I've learned a lot in sixty-three years. But, unfortunately, almost all of it is about aluminum."

book of poems when he retired. The inscription on the flyleaf says, "To a can-do officer."

He finishes the dishes, goes to his study, and closes the door. He turns on the radio. Phones ring and a man says, "This is Donnie, your host, welcoming you to another afternoon of 'Tell It Like It Is.' This is your show, friends. Keep it coming. We want to know what's on your mind." A phone rings. "Hello, you're on the air," Donnie says.

"This is Sour Balls," a man says. A rule of the show is that callers must use assumed names. "Eliminate the middleman and the world would be a better place. That's my opinion for what it's worth." Another phone rings. "This is Fried Apples, Donnie," a woman says. "Wouldn't it be nice if all the streets had inspirational names. Think how you'd feel if you could tell people, 'I live on Consideration Drive.' "

For weeks, a debate has been raging on the show: How can the quality of life be improved? On this topic, the Colonel has called in twice. "People need to feel appreciated," he said the first time. "Don't wait until someone is dead to say something nice," he said the second. Now he phones in again. "This is Okinawa," he says. "Although the quality of life continues to decline, it is no reason to go under. Keep busy. Acquire a new skill. Make yogurt. Bake your own bread." The Colonel describes his technique for breadmaking. "It is guaranteed to dispel gloom," he says.

I doubt it, the Colonel's wife thinks. She is in the kitchen, listening on the other radio. She would like to go on the air and tell people how unhappy she is, but she is too proud.

The Colonel is in high spirits after the show. As soon as he hung up, first Marian's Baby and then Disgusted called the program to thank him for his suggestions and vow to bake bread. When I say something, people listen, he thinks. Only one thing worries him: the possibility that someone will ask him for consumer advice.

When it comes to shopping, the Colonel's wife is ascendant. The Colonel wants everything he sees. "There is nothing worse than an impulse buyer," his wife always says. That afternoon, at the shopping center, he hides behind a rack of dresses, studying her technique. He watches the way she handles a blouse, holding it up and squinting at it, and the way she puts it down and walks away from the counter without buying. He picks up a boot and fondles it. His wife, at another counter buying slippers for the grandchildren, looks over. "They're tacky," she says sharply. The Colonel drops the boot and sidles away, blushing.

Far from tacky, they are all the rage, he thinks later. He is dusting his screens, his lacquered trays, and his fans, studying each object for tarnish and fray. He plumps the pillows on the couch and glances at the end tables—bamboo fishing baskets that he varnished, turned upside down, and topped with glass. I have an eye for making things from other things, the Colonel thinks. No one ever called these tables tacky.

A large painted wooden plate has broken in two. He picks up the pieces and studies the break suspiciously. He takes them to his study and opens his book on gluing. He closes the book and sits down. On his desk is a list of chores. I am a can-do officer, he tells himself. He looks at the list. "Reduce beef stock," he reads. "Sharpen knives."

He thinks again of the black woman with "Yves Saint Laurent" on the front of her T-shirt. What next, he wonders. He gets out his West Point yearbook and turns its pages. With a yellow felt-tipped pen, he has X'd out the pictures of the dead. He tries to imagine himself lying in a coffin. Will his uniform still fit? Perhaps he should take it to a tailor. Even though he has specified the mode of burial, he doesn't trust his wife to carry out his wishes. He pictures his dead self in a tattered T-shirt with somebody else's name on the front. His eyes fill with tears.

THE Colonel's wife is in the kitchen, wrapping the slippers for the grandchildren. She wraps each pair separately, pinks a fancy edge on the gift paper, and ties elaborate bows. She decorates the brown-paper wrapping with pieces of felt cut into flowers, arrows, and hearts. With a set of Magic Markers, she writes the name of a child on each package in a fancy script, every letter a different color.

The slippers are going to California, where their daughter, Sally Ann, lives. Sally Ann's husband works at Disneyland, repairing the replicas. Currently, he is tufting the great apes. The Colonel's wife wishes that Sally Ann's husband would transfer to Disney World, in Florida. In her most recent letter to Sally Ann, she wrote, "Here in west

Florida, the children get bused to various cultural centers. Last week, they went to the state park and watched the copperheads shed their skins." Sally Ann wrote back, "We toured the old M-G-M studio for six hours. The children learned a lot. Quiz them on any aspect of the lives of the early stars and they will have an answer."

The Colonel's wife finishes wrapping the slippers. She admires her handiwork. Each package is prettier than the one before. But as she stacks them on the hall table she thinks, They won't wear them.

She returns to the kitchen, swallows six iron pills, and gets out her perfume testers. "Sultry," she writes. "Compelling. Glamorous. Enticing." She wonders if her son, Dwight D., is all right. It is some time since she has heard from him, for he is in show business and moves around a lot. He is the only comedian in the country who tumbles down a flight of stairs while telling a joke. He began working on the act as a child in Okinawa. "There's enough sorrow in the movies without having sorrow in life," he would say, even then. "Was my timing right? Did my esses sound like hisses?" He was determined to succeed.

Dwight D. looks spectacular onstage. He wears a white suit, white shirt, white tie, and white cape. The stairs on which he performs are white. He climbs them slowly, pausing on each step as if to say something, then seeming to change his mind. In this way he creates suspense. At the top, he faces the audience and starts to tell a joke. But as the joke builds he begins to totter. Without a pause, he continues to tell the joke, teetering, swaying, almost falling down the stairs. Just as he is about to give the punch line, he tumbles. The Colonel's wife worries about Dwight D. He was too immature for first grade, she thinks; I should have kept him out a year.

The Colonel, rushing in to make supper, is startled to see his wife sitting in the dark. It is past the time when he usually starts cooking. He turns on the light and glances at his chart; an elaborate crab casserole is scheduled. Flustered, he starts to dice an onion. His wife watches him for signs of inefficiency.

They talk about Dwight D. while they eat. "He's a hard worker," the Colonel says. "But people just don't seem to find his act funny."

"It was those early years in Okinawa," the Colonel's wife says. "He never learned to interact."

"He had plenty of opportunities," the Colonel says.

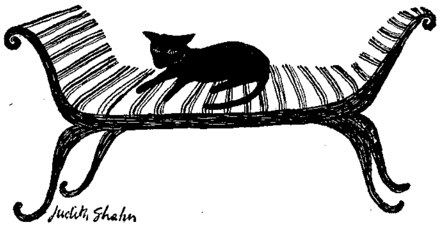
"He was fearful," she says.

"Fearful of what?" the Colonel says. He watches her eat, wondering how she likes the crab casserole. He is too proud to ask. As he is clearing, he says, "How did you like the crab casserole?"

"Crab? Was that crab?" she says.

THE Colonel's wife completes her perfume-reaction test and sends it in. The school assesses her work thus far: "Your credibility factor continues weak. Practice sincerity." She is disappointed. She expected the perfume-reaction test to qualify her for a career. Now the school has sent another test. This one measures creative capacities. She sits at the kitchen table. In front of her are several small jars containing makeup. A chart shows her where to highlight, what to conceal.

She works on her face, drawing circles on her cheeks and filling them in with rouge. She studies the effect and writes, "Looks nice, a rejuvenating quality is noticeable." These comments lack conviction, she thinks. She doesn't know what will become of her if she fails this test. She looks in the mirror again and starts to write, "Looks nice." But she has already written that.



She creams her face and starts over, applying large quantities of foundation and rouge. "A very unusual effect," she writes. "A face upon another face, a Mona Lisa smile." She puts down her pen. If Sally Ann moved to west Florida, the Colonel's wife could take care of the children during the day, while Sally Ann completed her education. She superimposes circles of rouge on the circles of rouge. "An overall effect of beauty," she writes. I look like a clown, she thinks. She tosses the jars of makeup into the garbage disposal and listens to it grind. Then she moves about the kitchen slowly, looking for stains, a spot of grease, crumbs.

She turns on the radio. The Colonel is saying, "Death is inexorable, Ginger Marmalade. Look it in the eye, meet it head on. There is nothing to be afraid of. Ike used to say, Guard your rear and leave the worrying to others. That's been my credo all my life."

The Colonel hangs up, and his wife dials the station. Donnie says, "Hello, you're on the air."

"This is Okinawa's Wife. If he's so brave, why does he triple-lock the doors? There are knives everywhere. A central alarm system is on at all times, wired to our local precinct. If he's so brave, why is he always running out to the electric fence to make sure the current is on?"

She hangs up and waits for the Colonel.

—SYBIL CLAIBORNE

STILL

I hear callers in the trees
but I stay in one place,
knowing motion is nothing
if I can't stand like this,
hour after hour.

In this immobility a fire inflates,
and so much turbulence within the static—
the owls call, still in their trees.
They can see in the night, they don't need to move.
I don't move myself—the river moves

somewhere, the clouds without sound
move and move. They drift and disband.
The dogs are still, except for their jaws,
which click in the night.
They smell the darkness, they don't need to move.

My work is to stand still and see everything.
My work is to rethink the immobile,
the owl and dog, and without moving release them,
release myself, let everything live again,
recalled into movement and loved, wholly still.

—DANIEL HALPERN

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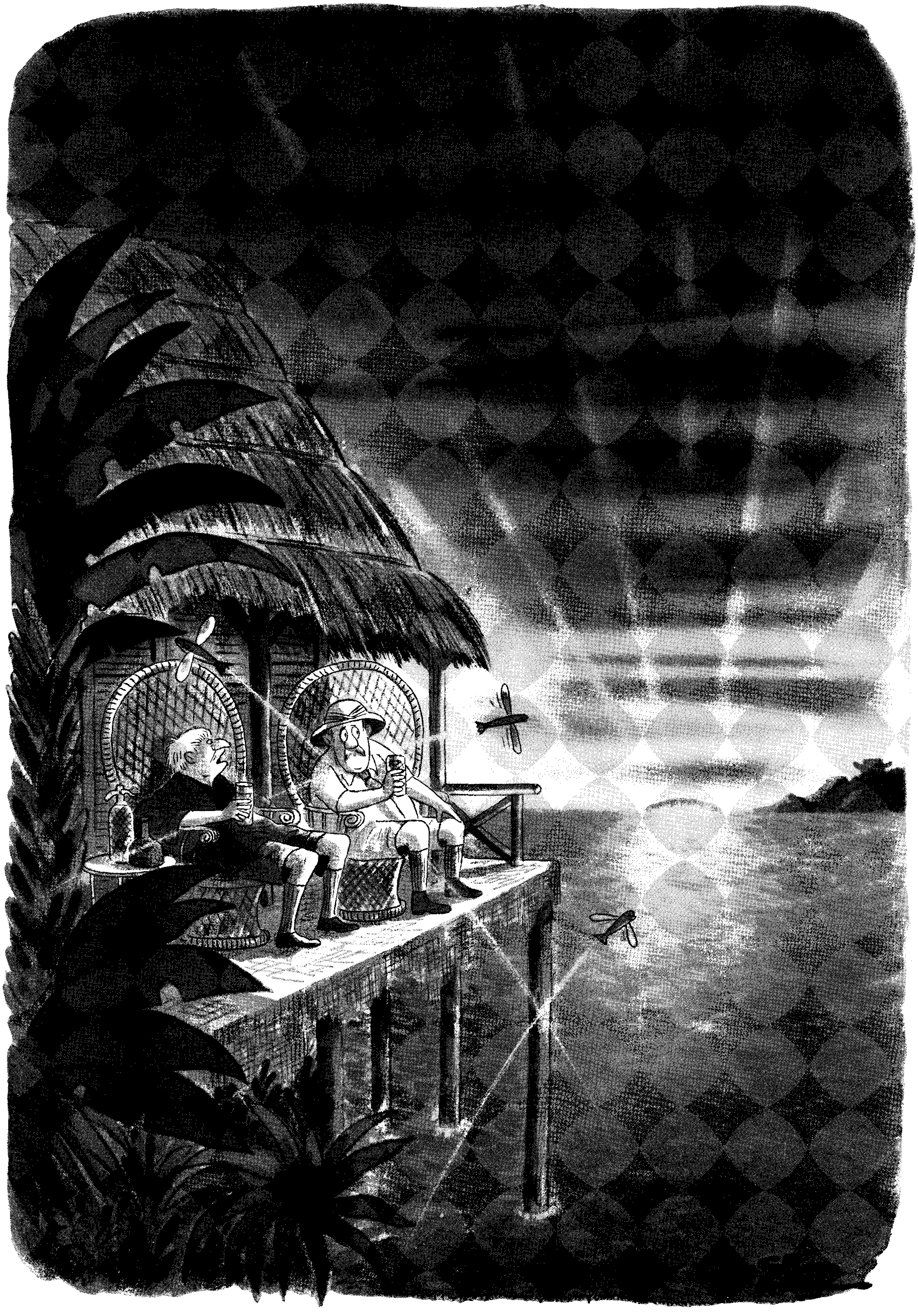
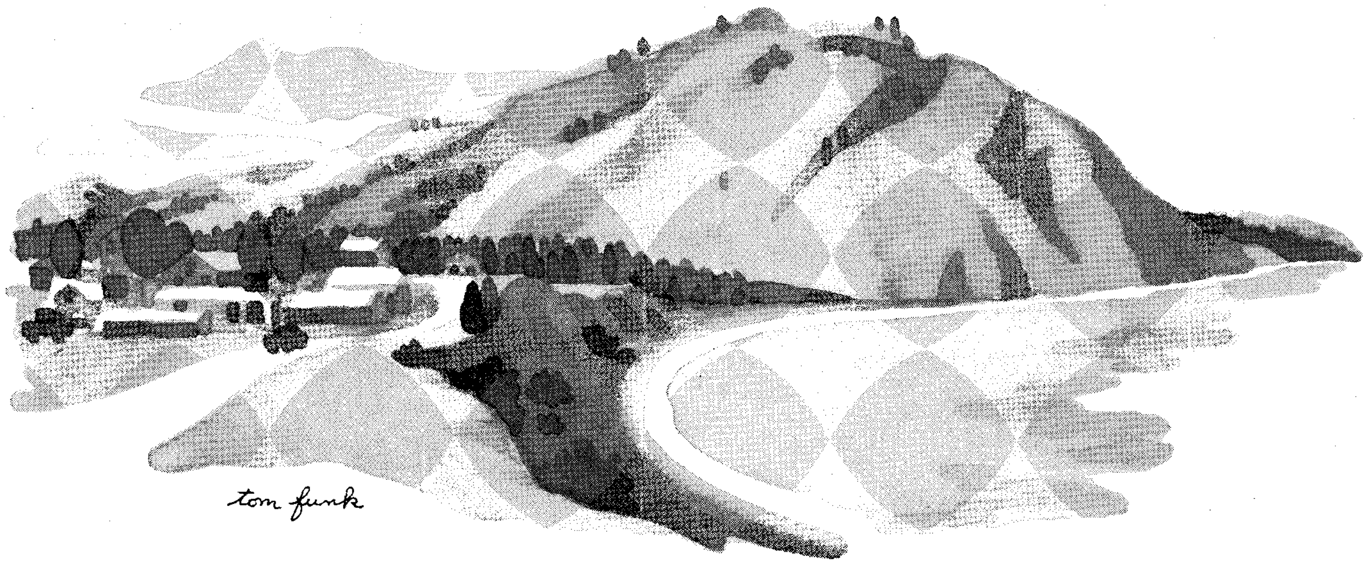


"One gets used to the flying fishes, but that bloody dawn coming up like thunder is driving me crackers."

A REPORTER AT LARGE

COMING INTO THE COUNTRY—IV



ON the twelfth of June, 1950, there was a motion before the Common Council of Eagle, Alaska, that "a mowing machine" be acquired "to clean the streets." Seconded. Carried. As bush communities in Alaska go, Eagle is a trig town. It has a reputation for grace and beauty. This is not always evident to the eye of the outsider, which tends to alight on yards full of old tires, fencing, caribou racks, dogsleds, snowshoes, lynx pelts, pole wood, fifty-five-gallon drums, cans, kayak frames, kerosene heaters, cast-iron grain mills, tarpaper, fuel cans, six-cell batteries, corrugated roofing material, and rotting fish compost in open pits. The inhabitants have the aesthetic disadvantage of being human beings. Where people exist, things are gross. In Short Hills, New Jersey, and Greenwich, Connecticut, the lovely creatures on the combed lawns are spared their own grossness because they pay not to see it, they do not picnic at the town dump. There are community dumps in Alaska, too, but much of what might go there lingers in the yard because one day it could be needed. If, to some extent, the people of the bush array themselves in squalor, it surely does not exceed what everyone creates but most don't see.

The center of town, in fact and in function, is the well house, because few people have their own water. It is a white frame blockish structure, taller than wide or deep, with a pagoda roof, and a firebell cupola up against the sky. The windmill standing beside it has a long history of lassitude, a record expressible in revolutions per month. March 26, 1951: "Tank very low but today some wind arrived allowing an extra half-foot of water to be collected." November 26, 1917: "No wind during past month and tank dry." In present times, the windmill sings castrato. A Jacuzzi submersible pump, hidden in the well house, tops up the twenty-thousand-gallon cedar tank. Water comes out of a hose and nozzle of the type used for pumping gasoline. Firefighting equipment is piled up in the well house, and so are kerosene pots for mercy flights (for spacing around the airfield to light emergency landings). The outer door opens out, and shuts like a book with an inner door that opens in. After these two comes a small foyer, then another door, which leads to the water. All this to keep back the cold. Coldest part of Alaska. The low last year was minus seventy-two. (The high was ninety-three. Hottest part of Alaska.) The deep cold comes in waves, spells, snaps—and really long ones are rare. From late in December, 1917, until early in February, 1918, the air was never warmer than forty-six below. If you want to be very sure of encountering someone, know his habits and meet him at the well house. A prominent citizen of Eagle (the description will not reveal him, because in Eagle there is no other kind) recently did just that, with intent to take advantage of the complex doors. A's wife was in B's cabin. B kept a 12-gauge shotgun, loaded with rock salt, leaning by the door. A knew about the salted shotgun. He studied B's habits, and when B went to the well house A locked him in with three doors. Then A, picking B's cabin lock, recaptured his wife,

who walked down the street with
  him hand in hand,
enjoyin'
  the sportin' life.

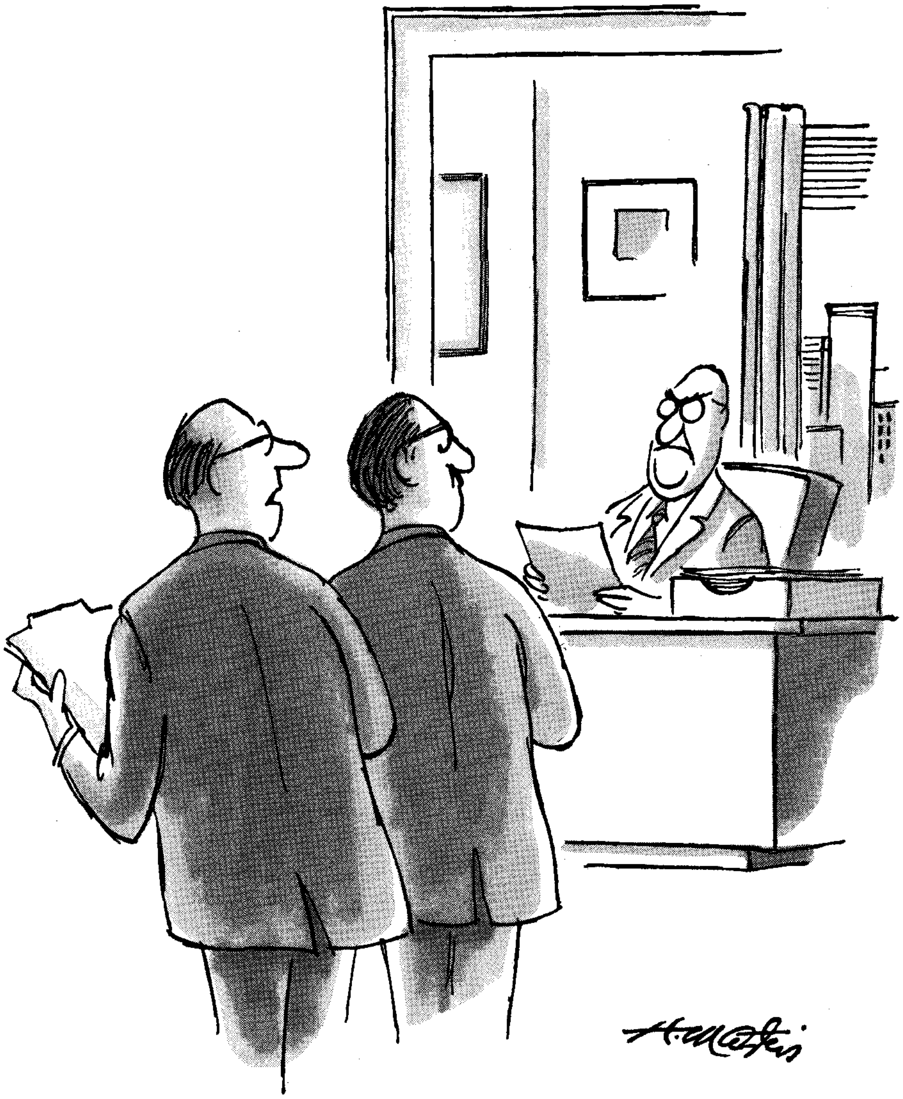
Killing frosts can come at any time of year. Vegetable gardens will have bonfires along all four sides. Up the Yukon five miles and behind the first bend, the tributary Eagle Creek cuts a wide V into the jagged mountains. One distant peak—without a name, like the others—sits exactly in the trough of the V: a sort of gunsight mountain. Even in the floodings of solstitial light, it will turn, from time to time, pure white. If Eagle is, as it has been said to be, the best-looking town in Alaska, it is infinitely outclassed by its setting—high on its bend in ten visible miles of river, among heathery soft and purplish stands of cottonwood, stream-course white spruce, and, on the uplands, black spruce only eight inches in diameter but two and a half centuries old. Near the summit of Eagle Bluff, soaring fourteen hundred feet above the town, the flag of the United States flies eight thousand seven hundred and sixty hours a year. A huge rugged cross was hauled up there and erected, but it lacked the endurance of the flag and lies toppled on a ledge below.

The city's budget this year is thirty-seven hundred dollars. That should mow a lot of streets. There are people, as in any town, who wonder where it all could go. Its highest and best use is self-preservation, for the courthouse

(1901), the well house (1903), the old log church (1900) are settling with dignity into their own foundations, and while state and federal money might help with the larger places, any number of cabins and buildings are of similar age. Eagle was the first incorporated city in interior Alaska, and Theodore Roosevelt's picture is on the courtroom wall, because he signed the papers that made it so. Eagle was a city before Fairbanks was a tent. Anchorage was thirteen years unborn. On the bench in Eagle, James Wickersham, United States District Judge, presided over three hundred thousand square miles of land. Eagle may have an A-frame here and there, two gas pumps, and a couple of picture windows looking out past biffies at the Yukon, but in many of its essentials its appearance is long unchanged. It much resembles itself in, say, 1905.

Leaflets were tacked up around town that year showing a resolute character holding a pistol aimed at the viewer. They were titled "Western Philosophy," and said, in intimidating black-letter type, "LIVE EACH DAY SO THAT YOU CAN LOOK EVERY DAMN MAN IN THE EYE AND TELL HIM TO GO TO HELL." The intent may have been to buck up the miners, a few of whom had hearts of gold but in other respects were equally yellow and soft. "OTT & SCHEELE, General Merchandise," said a big sign over the door of what is now the Eagle Roadhouse. At the top of a post in front was a kerosene lamp. The North American Trading & Transportation Company did business out of a corrugated-tin building put up in 1899. A store of the rival Northern Commercial Company (a structure now vacant) was just up the street from the Riverside Hotel, the Coffee House, the Laundry and Baths, the Olympia Bar, and Henry Raymond's combined Saloon and Chamber of Commerce. On May 22, 1905, there was a motion before the Common Council that women be prohibited from frequenting saloons. Seconded. Carried. The women wore long dresses with full sleeves, pinned their hair up, and sometimes carried parasols. The men, with any sense of occasion, wore ties and vested dark suits. There were many sod-roofed log cabins. Three hundred people lived in the town. The Merlys' place was here, and the Ivys', the Stouts', George Beck's. The hall of the Improved Order of Red Men, which still stands on Third Avenue, was the scene of the gatherings and dances and assorted activities of "acknowledged conservators of the history, the customs, and the virtues of the original American people." The Improved Order of Red Men was dedicated to "friendship, brotherly helpfulness, fraternal love, and good fellowship," and was for whites only. Its charter purpose was that the "memory of primitive red men will be preserved to the latest period of recorded time." On November 27, 1905, an ordinance was passed by the Common Council "to restrict and regulate the disposition of intoxicating liquors within the town of Eagle." Everyone voted aye. The community had a handwritten newspaper, the *Eagle City Tribune*. The first typewriter arrived that year. Lumber was cut for the making of culverts. An ordinance forbade throwing garbage over the riverbank. (It remains, by and large, in force.) The Heath Hotel was near the Grotto Restaurant was near the United States Customs House. The customs agent is preserved in a photograph that looks very much like his present counterpart, John Borg.

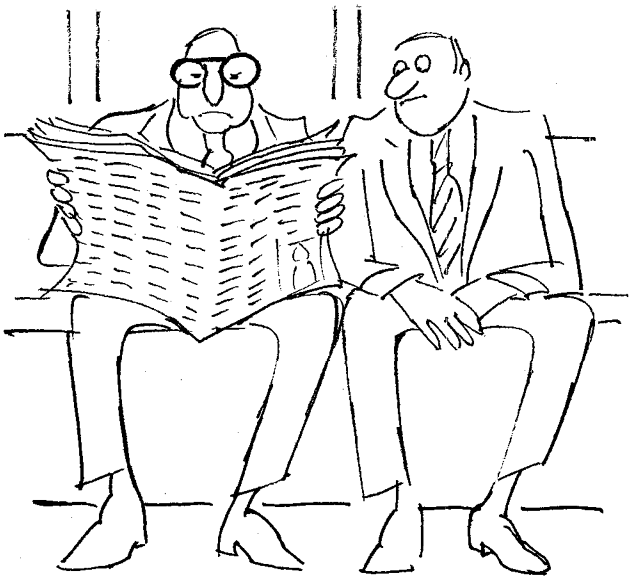
The log church, close by the river, was the purview of the Reverend and Mrs. James Woolaston Kirk, who came into the country in 1899. Their first services were held in a saloon. Their first pulpit was covered with wolfskin. They brought with them a bell cast in Albany. (It is still here.) They did not espouse the Western Philosophy. They were from Philadelphia, and they meant to put some of Rittenhouse Square down on the bank of the Yukon. Dr. Kirk was tall, with opalescent eyes under brows that lifted like spires. Mrs. Kirk was spruce and petite and from the front row of a good long history of choirs. When the couple arrived in Eagle, the miners took one look and instantly got the picture, warning each other that the "minister" and his wife were obviously professional



"That's Mr. Brock. He didn't have a happy New Year, a happy Valentine's Day, a happy St. Patrick's Day, a happy Easter, a happy Father's Day, a happy Halloween, a happy Thanksgiving, or a merry Christmas. He did *have, however, a safe and sane Fourth of July."*

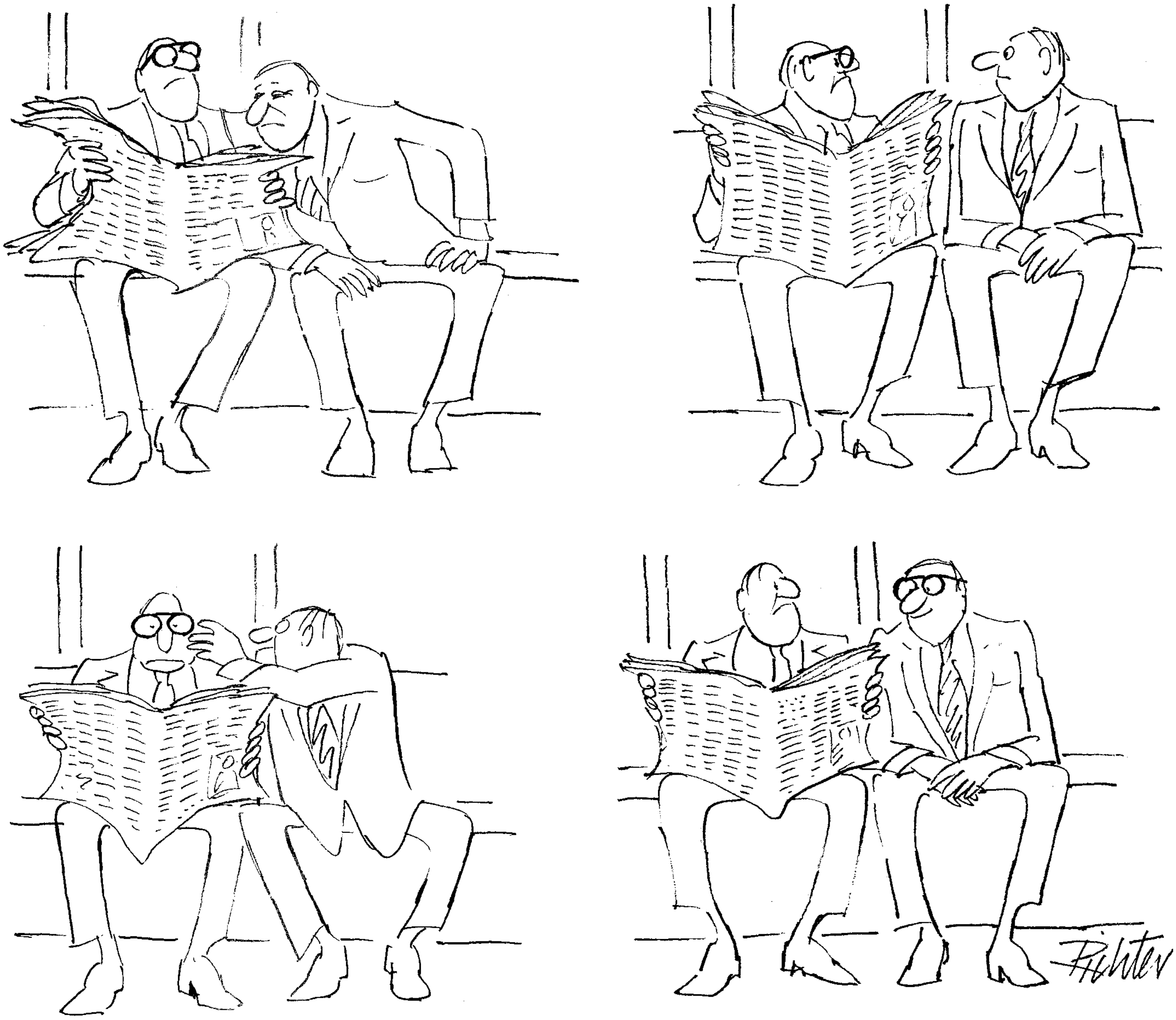
grafters. Mrs. Kirk was forming her impressions, too. She wrote that she was "heartsick when I saw those bold, degraded persons, calling themselves women, who were in the place bent on lowering all standards of morality. I never before saw iniquity in its unblushing hideousness, for wickedness does not stalk abroad in the big city, where the law protects the safety and morality of its citizens." (In December of the following year, Margaret Johnson was fined a hundred and fifty dollars "for the crime of keeping a Bawdy House," and put in jail until all was paid—"not to exceed eighty-five days.") Mrs. Kirk had with her a foot-pumped organ. She could swell a room with hymns. She also had the first dustpan and brush ever seen in the interior. She had crystal and china and napkin rings. When miners came into her cabin, tears sometimes collected in their eyes. The miners were homesick. Winter and summer, life in the gold camps and on gold claims was spare and sometimes bitter. They came to her, confided in her, and asked her to play the hymns. "Once, I was worth three hundred thousand dollars, had a fine home and a noble wife," one miner told her. "All are gone and I am here to get money enough to educate my two daughters, but if the whole camp was compelled to put up ten dollars in gold dust or be shot we would all have to die." Mrs. Kirk prayed and played for him. A young man came to her once depressed and suicidal. She played the intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana," and after a time he got up and went back to work feeling better. "Although the Fortymile and Birch Creek districts are among the oldest of the gold-placer producers of Alaska," Alfred H. Brooks was reporting at the time, "investigations show that they are by no means exhausted and that, with the introduction of improved methods of mining, they will continue to yield good returns." Brooks, whose name would rest in the Brooks Range, was the U.S.G.S. Geologist in Charge of the Division of Alaskan Mineral Resources, and he was quite right, of course, but the good returns did not apply to all. While Brooks was fostering new successes, the failures went off to Mrs. Kirk.

When miners and prospectors, in the eighteen-nineties, had begun appearing in the country in rush quantities, there was—on the American side of the boundary—little order and less law. The War Department, imagining a need for both, sent Captain P. H. Ray on a journey of reconnaissance in 1897. Ray travelled up the Yukon on a cargo-carrying riverboat that was hijacked when it reached Circle City. The miners took the supplies, because they were otherwise going to starve, and they scrupulously paid a price they thought fair. (The boat had been saving its goods for Dawson, in Canada, which glittered with economic inflation.) Ray continued upriver. When he wrote his report, he said there were eighteen thousand people in the region, "which on our side of the boundary is without semblance of law, civil or military." There was a need for Army installations, he said. "A turbulent element is coming into the country that will have to be controlled." He recommended, among other things, a military garrison at the mouth of Mission Creek. It was a good site—fairly level and well-wooded ground on a high bank of the Yukon—close to the international boundary. Ray had scarcely left the country when twenty-eight miners platted a townsite on the same bend of the river where he had said the fort should be. If they were not the first real-estate speculators in the Territory of Alaska, they were somewhere high on the list. They might have called the place, say, Rustic Wilderness, but they happened to glance up at the white-headed birds that lived on the river bluff that would dominate the town, and decided to name it for them.



For a hero dead in the Philippines, the Army base was called Fort Egbert. Police work became the least of its preoccupations. The Army Signal Corps wanted to extend its great web to cover all America, including the upper Yukon. Communications in Eagle were nothing to write home about. After the Eagle post office was established, in 1899, the Post Office Department, in Washington, decided to establish a winter mail route across the Alaska Range from Valdez, on Prince William Sound, to Eagle, on the Yukon. A carrier, with eleven horses and a sack of mail, set out in October for the north. Eleven horses died. The carrier kept going, of course, and in the dead of winter he finally came walking into Eagle. The trip had cost the government three thousand dollars. In the sack were three letters. The Signal Corps meant to improve on that with instantaneous messages, by overland wire, from Eagle to all the world. Laying the wire was a project weirdly analogous to the building of the Trans-Alaska Pipeline, in that it required the clearing of a tortuous route north from Valdez (now the pipeline's southern terminus), with camps set up along the way and crews working the equivalents of overtime and double time. The crews were soldiers, earning thirteen dollars a month. Their boss was Lieutenant William Mitchell, twenty-one years old. He was on his way to fame in the air, to a court-martial, to a vindicating posthumous medal, but this was two years before Kitty Hawk, and all he had on his mind was how to move men and materials through several hundred wilderness miles where men and mules carrying heavy loads sank deep into muskeg. Mitchell's solution was to transport in winter what he would build in summer—a procedure new to the Army, and requiring Mitchell to become an expert in everything from Arctic clothing to the efficacy of sled runners. To protect morale, he prohibited thermometers. Work proceeded even at forty and fifty below. Mitchell was not lacking in flair. He was a Crockett on snowshoes, a beardless Boone. Travelling the line from crew to crew, he wore fringed hide clothing trimmed with extensive beadwork. His rifle was kept in a beaded sheath. He devised a parka of stuffed mattress ticking. He wore a beaver hat.

Poles were set, and wire strung, in summer. Repair cabins were built at regular intervals, relay stations where necessary. Finally, in June of 1903, the project was complete. Mitchell before long departed. His construction was fated for brief use and long desuetude. Isolated bits of wire still hum in the wind. Cabins here and



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there remain intact. For the time being, though, in 1903, a town that would celebrate its nation's Bicentennial beyond the reach of television and telephone—without public utilities of any kind—had a telegraph line from which word of great moment could go in an instant around the earth.

"Have Charly Harper in custody."

"Get typewriter from clerk's office and ship to this office."

"Pawn takes pawn."

"Queen to King's Bishop Four."

"Knight to King Six. Check."

"Ascertain if Alexina Byron is a proper person to conduct a barroom. The Judge is adverse to granting liquor licenses to women."

The date of that last message was the eighth of August, 1905—a wet summer in much of the country, very good for mining but with less rainfall locally and, in the Fortymile, consequent despair. In the desk of John Robinson—Deputy United States Marshal, Eagle, Alaska—was a letter from an agent of the White Pass & Yukon riverboat company in Dawson, Yukon Territory, that said, "Dear Sir: I have your letter of May 31 advising me of four insane persons coming up on the Lavelle Young en route to the outside. I may say that we have no regular place for the accommodation of insane people; however, we have often taken out batches of insane people for the Northwest Mounted Police here, and if they are violent or apt to annoy passengers we construct cages for them on the main deck." Robinson presumably shipped them out. After at least a dozen telegrams went up and down the country, Alexina Byron got her license to operate a barroom, although women were not to be served there. Eugene Miller was jailed that fall for indecent exposure, Frank Van Norstran for cursing and swearing and making unnecessary noise. Winter came down particularly hard. A few days after the first of December, Berber the tailor froze to death. On about the same day—at any rate, on December 5, 1905—a stranger appeared on a sled on the Yukon, came up the bank, and mushed into town. The temperature was sixty degrees below zero. He was fairly tall, with a wiry spareness that was somehow evident within his abundant furs. His hair was thin and was beginning to recede. His glance was level, prosaic. He asked where he could send a telegram. His voice was accented, attracting no interest, for half the Tower of Babel was already in the goldfields. In the telegraphy office, he sat and wrote for some time. The moment did not call for a ten-word cryptogram. Nothing had been heard from him for two and a half years. He wrote, actually, a thousand words. Addressing the message to Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, in Christiania, Norway, he signed it "Amundsen." The essence of what he had to say was that he had discovered the Northwest Passage.

His sloop, Gjöa, was frozen in sea ice nearly four hundred miles north. To get from the ship to Eagle, he had travelled a great deal farther than that: over passes among mountains of nine thousand feet, then following the routes of frozen rivers—the Coleen, the Porcupine, and two hundred miles on southward up the Yukon. An Eskimo man and woman travelled with him as far as Fort Yukon, and a whaling captain whose ship was so badly damaged that he was on his way to San Francisco for another. Amundsen stayed in Eagle two months, going like everyone else to the well house for his water, and waiting for mail from home. His men were provisioned and safely encamped, and for him, meanwhile, Eagle was more comfortable than the shore of the Beaufort Sea. Neither in "The North West Passage" nor in "My Life as an Explorer" does he say what he thought of Eagle's collective cupboard, but he would have had his Alaska strawberries, his bacon, doughnuts, condensed milk, sweet chocolate. Butter cost as much as four dollars a canned pound, oranges about fifty cents apiece. A hundred pounds of sugar was thirty dollars, a hundred pounds of flour fifteen. The cost of a breakfast of ham, eggs, bread, butter, and coffee approached three dollars. At the Eagle Roadhouse all these years later, the cost of the same breakfast has gone up fifty cents. Alaska strawberries were dried beans.

The nine officers and the hundred and thirty-eight enlisted men of Fort Egbert apparently gave him an awestruck, warm reception. His tenth day in Eagle was December 14th. It would be the date, six years later, of his unprecedented arrival, with associates and dogs, at the South Pole. Meanwhile, though, he had tales enough to tell. He had determined, on his voyage, the exact location of the North Magnetic Pole—the other, and more scientific, purpose of his trip. He had spent two winters frozen in ice. He had come near burning the Gjöa to a crisp. In August, less than four months before, he had been trying to pick his way westward through shallow water that had never been sailed, and he felt such stress that he could not eat or sleep. One sounding would be more discouraging than the last. The bottom was a lethal maze. The hull barely slid above it, once with an inch to spare. The Gjöa thus crept westward, and on the western horizon one day there was a sail. "A sail!"

> It meant the end of years of hope and toil, for that vessel had come from San Francisco through Bering Strait and along the north coast of Alaska, and where its deep belly had floated, we could float, so that all doubts of our success in making the Northwest Passage were at an end. . . . Instantly, my nerve-racking strain of the last three weeks was over. And with its passing, my appetite returned. I felt ravenous. Hanging from the shrouds were carcasses of caribou. I rushed up the rigging, knife in hand. Furiously I slashed off slice after slice of the raw meat, thrusting it down my throat in chunks and ribbons, like a famished animal, until I could contain no more. Appetite demanded, but my stomach rejected, this barbarous feast. I had to "feed the fishes." But my appetite would not be denied, and again I ate my fill of raw, half-frozen meat. This time it stayed by me, and soon I was restored to a sense of calm well-being.

The sighted ship was a whaling vessel, and when the whalers met with the company of the Gjöa they guessed that Amundsen was at least fifty-nine and possibly as much as seventy-five years old. From the age of fifteen, he had had what he described as "a strange ambition" to "endure . . . sufferings" at extreme latitudes: "Perhaps the idealism of youth, which often takes a turn toward martyrdom, found its crusade in me in the form of Arctic exploration." He was thirty-three years old.

The Arctic tree line in Alaska and Canada does not even closely follow a degree of latitude but is a jagged graph made by the digital extremities of the boreal forest as they reach with varying success into Arctic river valleys. Amundsen's route from the Gjöa to Eagle happened to go up the valley of what has since proved to be the northernmost extent of trees. As he travelled southward (for the most part on skis), he was impatient to glimpse the beginnings of the forest, for he had not seen a tree in two and a half years.

> I . . . knew that on this day we should reach the wooded district, and I was very excited at every turn in our course. When at length the first fir tree stood out against the sky up on the ridge—a very diminutive, battered little Christmas tree, hanging out of a crevice—it produced a wonderful sensation, reminding me that we were now out of the Polar regions and on more homely human ground: at that moment I could have left everything that was in my charge and scrambled up the rock to catch hold of that crooked stem and draw in the scent of the fir trees and the woods.

Amundsen remembered his two months in Eagle as a "cherished" and "pleasant" time. The cabin he lived in belonged to Frank Smith, the manager of the Alaska Commercial Company store. It is still here. The main part is only twelve feet wide and fourteen deep, with two extensions out the back that make it long and narrow, like the

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JULY, AGAINST HUNGER

All week the rain holds off. We sweat,
stuffing the barn full, like a pillow,
as much as it will hold of these
strange dead-yellow cubes we set
in unchinked rows so air can move between.
The smell collects, elusive, sweet,
of gray nights flicked with the snake tongue
of heat lightning, when the grownups sat
late on the side porch talking politics,
foreclosures, war, and Roosevelt.

Loneliness fills me like a pitcher.
The old deaths dribble out. My father clucks
his tongue, disapproving of manual labor.
I swivel to catch his eye, he ducks
behind the tractor, his gray fedora
melts into this year's colt munching grain.
Meanwhile, a new life kicks in the mare.
Meanwhile, the poised sky opens on rain.
The time on either side of *now* stands fast
glinting like jagged window glass.

There are limits, my God, to what I can heft
in this heat! Clearly, the Great Rat waits,
who comes all winter to gnaw on iron
or wood, and tears the last flesh from the bone.

—MAXINE KUMIN

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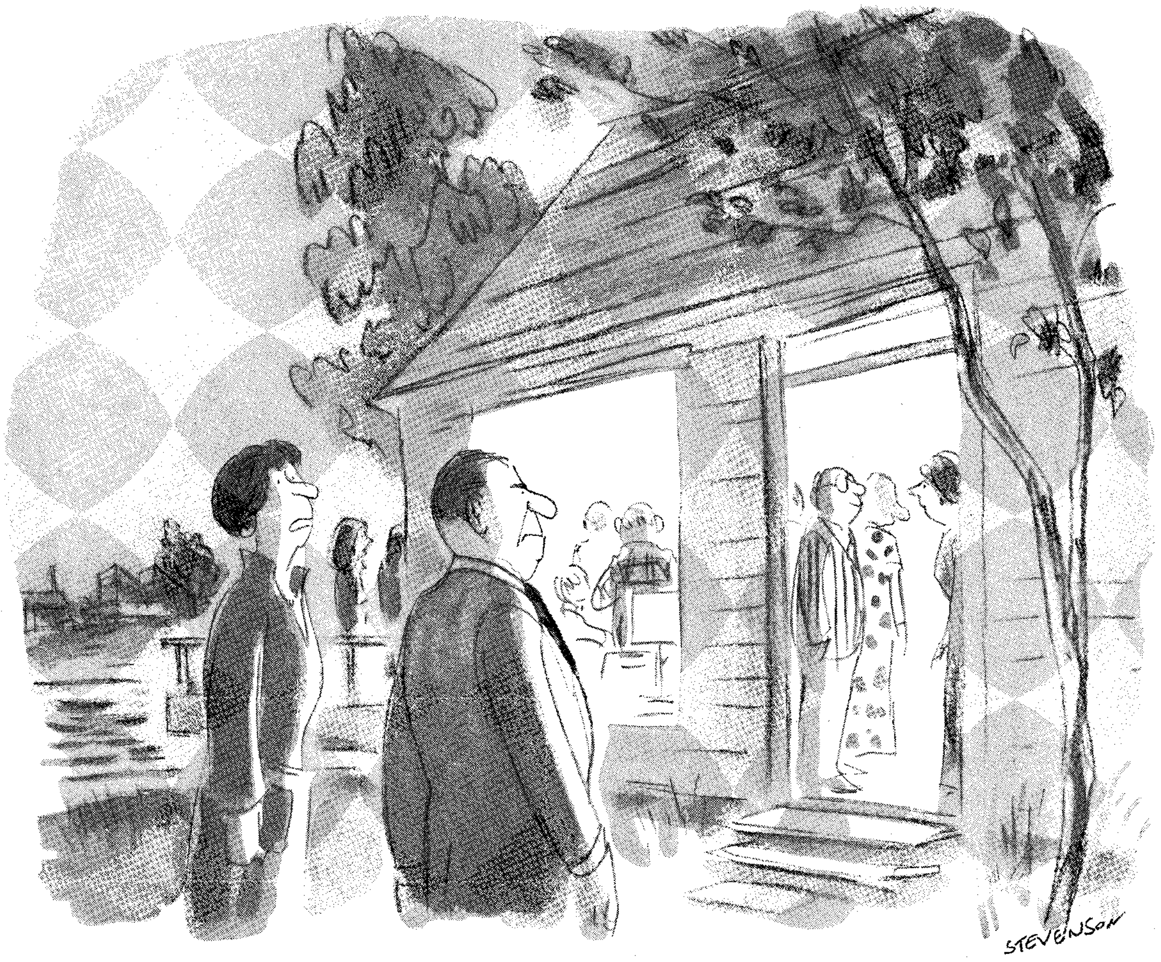
Gjöa. Only the name of the street it is on has changed. The cabin is just off First Avenue, on Amundsen.

Amundsen had heroes, his own capacity for awe. He met such a person on his way back to his ship. He departed Eagle February 3rd (leaving Fix, one of his sled dogs, behind, because Fix had gorged himself on the provender of Eagle and was a useless ball of fat). He retraced his route, rejoined his two Eskimo companions in Fort Yukon, and had gone maybe a hundred miles up the Porcupine when he saw one day a dark, solitary speck on the distant snow. It moved toward him. An hour later, the gap closed, and he met a man named Darrell, who was hauling a small toboggan by hand. Darrell worked for the Hudson's Bay Company, and he was carrying mail. He had come from the Arctic Ocean and had crossed the mountains alone, because an unusually heavy snowfall on the North Slope was too deep for dogs. "I could not believe my eyes," Amundsen wrote in one book. "Here was a man, hundreds of miles from the nearest human being, with not a soul to aid him in case of illness or accident, cheerfully trudging through the Arctic winter across an unblazed wilderness, and thinking nothing at all of his exploit. I was lost in admiration." And in another book he said, "I stood looking after him as he disappeared from view, and I thought, if you got together a few more men of his stamp, you could get to the moon."

THE riverboats that stopped at the port of Eagle were stern-wheelers of the Mississippi style, with curtained saloons and decks for strolling and wood piled high on their bows. They burned a cord an hour. They ran until mid-century. "It's a dirty shame they ever stopped," says Barney Hansen, who well remembers them. "If they'd quit giving so much money to foreign countries and kept the steamboats on the river for God's people to run in, it would have been wonderful, but they didn't." The Sarah, the Yukon, the Lavelle Young—there were dozens of them, and they tied up at Eagle, their company flags and black smoke flying, intense in their competition: Northern Commercial versus North American Trading & Transportation. They could be heard miles away, their big pistons thumping. Al Stout, who now works claims on American Creek, came into the country working on such a vessel, and it cured him of riverboats forever. His bunk was in the stern, directly above the thump. He worked six hours on and six off, with additional duty at every wood stop and every port. He fell asleep in any slack moment, wherever on the boat he might be. His pay was two dollars a day. He got off at Eagle, and stayed off, to become a miner—a relatively easeful occupation.

One-way tickets on the steamers were blue. They were not always bought by the people who used them. They were sometimes bought by the community. In Council meeting on December 13, 1909, for example, the "matter of relieving the town of Otto Strom was generally discussed and it was arranged to start him down the river." His offense was assault and battery—obviously even a heavier crime than prostitution, for no blue ticket had been forthcoming when the Fort Egbert surgeon, earlier that year, discovered that Gertrude Carson was suffering from V.D. The commanding officer requested that the community banish Ms. Carson, because she was a menace to the health and discipline of the troops. Two months later, though, she was allowed to reopen, provided she keep "sober and clean, and a respectable place in her line." Her cabin was in the western half of Block 18 on C Street, where, in a move to clean up First Avenue, all prostitutes had been consigned a year before (and where all the cabins are gone and a grove of aspens quakes today). Those were milestone times for Eagle. The windmill was shipped in, with a bill for al-



"I do hope you're not planning to separate fact from myth tonight, George."

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most twelve hundred dollars. And a package arrived that killed Fort Egbert dead. In it was a wireless transmitter, and all the work of Billy Mitchell, five years after its completion, was in the instant obsolete.

By 1910, nothing was going out on the wire. In 1911, the War Department closed the Army post. Forty-five buildings had been built, and a water-supply line from American Creek. At intervals through the woods, this water line passed over fires that kept it fluid twenty-four hours a day. The soldiers burned three thousand cords of wood a year. When they departed forever, Eagle was balder than Kansas, and six thousand stacked cords stayed after them to rot. Regulations prohibited the departing soldiers from giving or selling materials to local people, so they ignited a pyre of coonskin coats—two hundred coonskin coats—and they threw their rifles into the Yukon.

In the early nineteen-seventies, Tom Scott, of Eagle, took a job in the Washington office of Alaska's Senator Mike Gravel. On a lunch hour, he happened into the Library of Congress, and could not believe what he saw—"all that material there to be used." He looked up "Fort Egbert" and was soon directed to the National Archives, where he found plats and photographs and records—a trove unknown in Eagle. Much of Fort Egbert had long since disappeared—the gymnasium, with its basketball court; the post exchange and commissariat; the veranda-bordered barracks, so odd and Southwestern—but the N.C.O. quarters were still standing, and the enormous mule barn, the quartermaster warehouse, the granary, the water-wagon shed, not to mention various ruins with outlines intact. Scott called a friend named Gerald Timmons in the Bureau of Land Management. What could be done in the way of restoration and preservation? Timmons told him to write certain letters on Gravel's stationery and ask Gravel to sign them. The first letter went to the Bureau of Land Management. As a citizen of Eagle, and without revealing his employment with Gravel, Scott went to Senator Ted Stevens, of the opposite party. The Senator asked Scott, who was twenty years old, what a hundred and fifty thousand dollars could do. "We were so naïve. With a hundred and fifty thousand, we figured we'd have a Williamsburg here." The Fort Egbert restoration was soon in the B.L.M. budget for seventy thousand dollars, to be repeated annually. To preserve buildings in the city, twenty-five thousand was provided by the state and matched by the National Park Service—a deal engineered by "Gravel." The Seabees were sent in to work on the mule barn. They were transported by the National Guard. Eagle is indeed becoming a far-northern Williamsburg, to the particular wonder of young Tom Scott, who says, "It's just amazing. I can't believe it. So many resources are *available*."

WHEN Jim and Elva Scott, Tom's parents, came into the country to settle, in the early nineteen-seventies, they paused on the hill above Eagle and reminded each other that they had lived in many Alaskan bush communities, and with regard to this one they wished to share a firm resolution: in its politics they would not become involved. A couple of years later, he was impeached as mayor. The tattle says "impeached." The word is a shade strong. He resigned, at any rate, in foul humor, after gale-force forensics and slammings of doors, and a majority of the Council enthusiastically approved. His initial act had been to kill the opening prayer. It was while he was on the Council that the preponderance of the religious bloc came to an end. When members of the Bible Chapel hopefully asked him if he would come to a Scripture reading, he mentioned his atheism and said he might have "little to contribute." His principal offense, though, if such it was, seems to have been the advice and support he gave his son in the effort to preserve and restore the fort and the town.

"They made deals with the government—him and Tom—regarding the designation of historic sites, which require approval by the city. None was given."

"Eagle was in the National Register

of Historic Places for two years before the city found out it was."

"When Eagle was changed from a First Class to a Second Class City, he executed the papers without notifying the Council. He did not acquaint the people with appeals procedures."

"Recently, he has said that the city should be abolished, due to excessive taxation. He says the public well should be closed and abandoned."

"He thinks the Bureau of Land Management could run Eagle better than the Council."

"I don't like his ways. He wants the town government out of here. He's a Communist."

"Show me the card. But I'll buy Socialist—and I don't think we need any in Eagle."

"He's such a wide person. He has so much of everything. But at times he does not listen to other people's ideas."

"The people of the Indian Village respect him. I respect him."

Jim Scott is a big man, angry and funny, his face alive with wit. He is a forester, now retired from long federal service. He is the salt and the pepper of Alaska. He is my neighbor, and, while I am here, my landlord. The two cabins are back to back. We split our wood against the same log. I watch from my window to encounter him there. He sets the axe down, puts a boot up, looks out over the Yukon, and says, "When I came here, I was, in effect, seeking the philosophical outlook of our Founding Fathers—you know what I mean?—here in this great and glorious community." He lifts the axe. "The town is corroded with ne'er-do-wells," he says. Chop. "It is, in effect, Forest Lawn for the living." Chop. Chop.

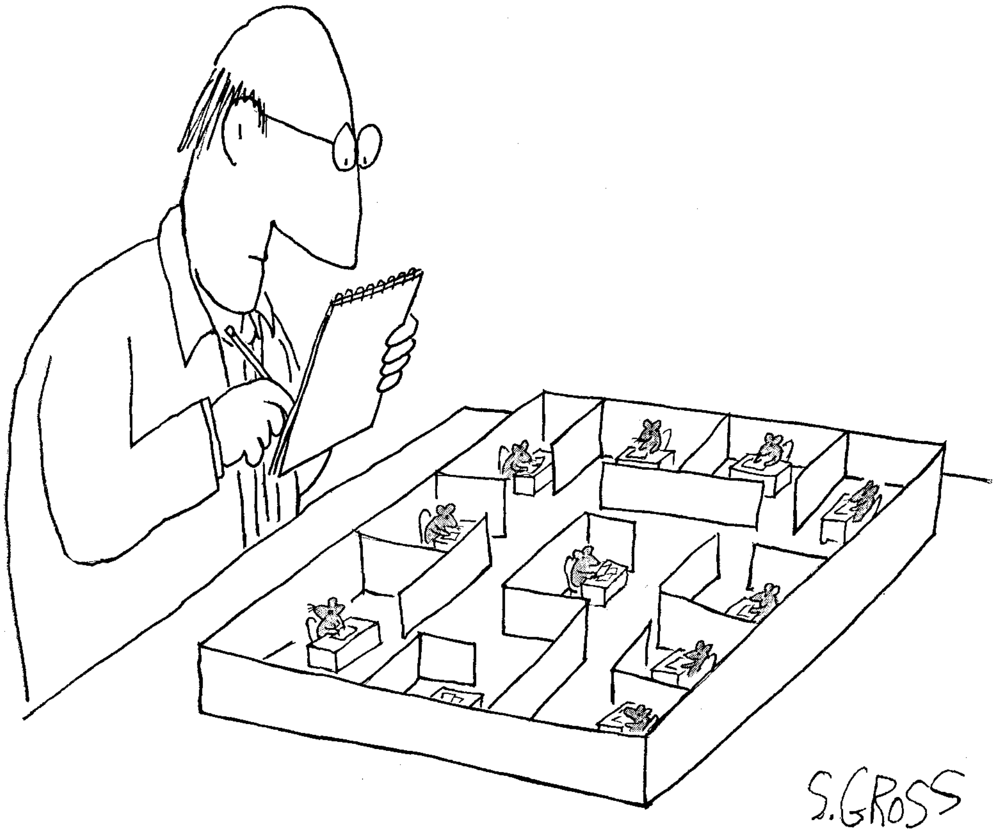
His eyes are owlish, because snowlight blinded him once, burned his corneas. He has a beardless, broad face, suggesting honesty—the face of an overweight hawk. I remember thinking when I first saw him that he looked a lot like George Washington—a Washington caught by a cannier Peale, with a slicing edge in his demeanor, as if someone had just put a question to him concerning his expense account. As an "administrative forester," he made patterned journeys across hundreds of miles of Territorial Alaska, by float plane, by canoe, by snowshoe. In his "idiot bag" he carried forms and applications—for homesteads, cabin sites, "headquarters sites" for bush endeavors—and he tried to educate people in the responsibilities of living on public estate, so they could stay within the rules, legalize their occupancy, prove up. He became their friend. He willingly brought them supplies—hams, snares, traps, shells, sugar, flour, medicine—when they sent him lists and asked the favor. He ate and slept in their cabins, and he always paid. He paid five or six dollars to roll out his sleeping bag, and two for any meal. There were no exceptions. "I didn't want so much as a piece of pie hanging over my head." Chop.

For a time, the family's cabin was in Homer, on Kachemak Bay. He would fly to Kenai, and walk the roadless miles home—seventy by airline, upward of a hundred on foot. One night, after snowshoeing a good distance at thirty below zero, he stopped at a cabin, tired. He said he would sleep on the floor, but the people insisted that he sleep in a bed with their children—a small boy and a small girl. The boy wet the bed all night. His sister kept warning him he was going to get spanked. Jim just lay there between them, floating on his back in a lake of urine, saying nothing. "It beggared description" is what he says now. "In effect, it was enough to pale the Pope." He uses exactly the same terms to summarize his experiences on the higher levels of bureaucracy.

When he had risen in the world, up out of the fun and into the shuffling paper—when he had become district manager, based in Anchorage, and in charge of half Alaska—he dealt regularly with, among others, people of the petroleum industry. They invited him for cocktails. "I never darkened their door. I avoided them like the bubonic plague. It made it so much easier to deal with the sons of bitches." It seems possible that if Jim Scott had ever cut down a cherry tree, he would have reported it, and would not have had to be asked.

He was born in Appleton, Minnesota, on the Pomme de Terre, commencing a lifelong passion for rivers. It culminates now with the Yukon. The river is why he is here. He has a twenty-foot Chestnut freighter canoe. He has been a canoeman from his earliest youth—on the Pomme de Terre, the Red River of the North, the Minnesota, the Otter Tail. He was in Alaska as a bachelor before the war. Elva, just graduated from Berkeley and a registered nurse, met him when he went through California on his way—as things eventuated—to Britain and France with the Army. Since his return, they have lived in Alaska.

He worked for the Bureau of Land Management, but does not adopt a B.L.M. attitude toward the river people, who are, by and large, his friends. He is, in his way, as vehement as they. He says he had hopes for the work and future of the bureau in the days of President Kennedy (the B.L.M. has caretaker responsibility for most of the land of Alaska), but things later slid in an erosive way, and now the B.L.M., by his description, "has reverted to being a national grab bag surrounded by people in sharkskin suits." Scott is noth-



ing if not verbal. He loves, and sometimes makes, words. He rolls words on his tongue with such savor that certain ones—"gymanastics," "mythyology"—would appear to have an extra syllable; he seems to like them so much that he is reluctant to let them go without a bonus.

He despises exploitation of the mythology of Alaska. When he is in the summer Arctic and sees Eskimos hurrying in parkas and mukluks to beat drums before tourists, he wishes he had enough money to pay them all to stay home. He is a xenophile. He is interested in high-latitude peoples, and has travelled from one country to another completely around the Arctic world. The State Department has sent him abroad, exporting his knowledge of northern vegetation. He praises the way things are ordered and organized in Lapland, Iceland, Finland, Soviet Siberia. For Russian conservationists he has particularly admiring praise. "And they are the supposed barbarians. We are the ones who are barbaric."

"He's a Communist. He's an out-and-out Communist."

"Show me the card."

He describes the building of the Trans-Alaska Pipeline as "a frenetic exercise, reactionary in character," and explains, "Ten per cent of the world's population is using sixty per cent of the world's resources. The inevitable result of that is conflict. Whenever a society puts all its chips on depletables, it's in trouble. We should socialize base minerals and hydrocarbons. It's the only way the public interest can in truth be served."

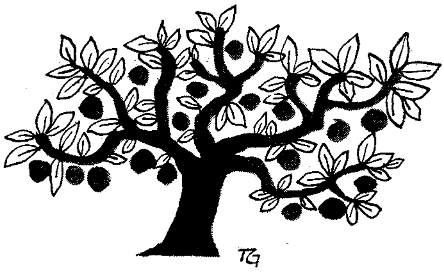
"I'll buy Socialist."

He says that the deals and the legislation that enabled the construction of the pipeline "constitute a scandal exceeding Teapot Dome—so corrupt and immoral it beggars description." The eighty million acres of proposed parks and reserves which were a "tradeoff" for the petroleum industry's exploitation of the land are not only an example of "national vanity" but collectively a poor one at that, because "the best parts of Alaska" (from an economic as well as an aesthetic point of view) are not marked for preservation. He has in mind, among other places, sections of the Wrangells, of Wood River, of the Brooks Range. "They have been sold out, and the people of the United States sold short, to the merchants."

By the terms of the Statehood Act, Scott remembers, the hundred and three million acres that the state was to choose as its share of the land were meant to be entirely below a line formed by the Porcupine, the Yukon, and the Kuskokwim Rivers—the so-called PYK Line, a bend sinister across interior Alaska. North Alaska was to be a national-defense zone. "Anxious to please mercantile interests, the Nixon Administration ignored the PYK Line, but it was never revoked, and Prudhoe Bay really belongs to all the people. The merchants got the pipeline without much of a god-damned ripple, really. They'll get anything else they want, too—through cheap tradeoffs among politicians. All high-latitude areas are seen as places to be exploited. It fries my fanny." It would seem to be—chop—enough to pale the Pope.

One sometimes gets the impression that Scott lives in Eagle so he can contemplate Canada. His picture windows look east across the Yukon into Yukon Territory. "That's God's country there," he says, with a sweeping gesture over his home-caught, homegrown, homemade American dinner—his king salmon, his tomato salad, creamed corn, lowbush-wild-cranberry sauce on yogurt, cranberry brandy. In the view's right-middle ground is Eagle Creek, where he and I once fished for grayling. It is in the United States, and if it is not God's country, God should try to get it, a place so beautiful it beggars description—a clear, fast stream, which on that day was still covered on both sides and almost to the center with two or three feet of white and blue ice. The steep knobby hills above were pale green with new aspen leaves; there were occasional white birch, dark interspersed cones of isolate spruce, here and again patches of tundra. Overhead was a flotilla of gray-hulled, white-sailed clouds. Fresh snow was on the mountains in the distance. The Scotts have all that framed in their Thermopane—a window that could have been lifted from a wall in Paramus and driven here, to the end of the end of the road. The window is synecdoche, is Eagle itself—a lens, a monocular, framing the wild, holding the vision that draws people up the long trail to the edge of things to have a look and see.

Out the other way, past my place, is the town. Scott is its conscience, if no longer its mayor. He does not miss the Council meetings or any opportunity to pull the trigger of his .45-calibre principles. Tonight is not an exception. All are present: Borg, with his toothpick; Sarge Waller, hatless, his fringe of hair cut crew; Junior Biederman; Dave McCall; Taiwan Richert, with his cigarette papers, his corncob pipe; Jim Roy; Steve Casto. The Common Council of Eagle, Alaska. Louise Waller sits as city clerk. A dozen observers fill the benches by the walls: Diana Greene, crocheting; Elva Scott, doing needlepoint; Viola Goggans, with her headband and her thermos. T. J. Voithoffer calls attention to the town's bank account, which is above fifteen thousand dollars. He says that Eagle has become "a regular greedy overtaxed municipality, like all the ones we escaped." The figure has long since irritated Scott, for in the most recent tax assessment Scott's assessment proved to be a full twelfth of the town's budget. ("You can imagine how this titillated my Celtic sensibilities," Scott told me. He went to the tax-assessment-equalization meeting and made no comment about his own situation but inquired into the criteria the assessor had used. When he found that there were no criteria—except what the town thought the payer could pay—his Celtic sensibilities went critical, and his tax bill atrophied as well.) Voithoffer's complaint is noted. Scott lets it pass.



Waller takes the floor. "In the minutes, April 26, which I was not here," he begins. . . . Jim and Elva Scott had said they wanted it recorded that they saw a conflict of interest in Sarge Waller's being a Council member while Louise Waller was city clerk, and in Sarge Waller's being a Council member and also being given a job in the courthouse restoration, where jobs are awarded by the Common Council. Just what is the problem, Waller wants to know—what do the Scotts want to prove?

"Who hires the workers on the building—the city or the B.L.M.?" Scott asks.

"The city."

"How many applications were there beyond the number hired?"

"Three."

"Therefore, Sarge voted for a job for himself, and that is conflict of interest. The state has a conflict-of-interest law. Eagle is big enough not to have a councilman whose wife is clerk, a councilman who is employed as a result of a Council vote. We wish to have that point recorded in the minutes. There are no personalities in this."

"I think there *are* personalities!" Louise Waller shouts, and delivers a

"Honey, I just adore your mother!"

• •

statement of the devotion to the United States felt by the Wallers, with undertone implications that the Scotts are Communists.

Sarge is shouting. Scott is repeating himself, also in high throat: "The *state* has a conflict-of-interest law."

Sarge now bellows out, "You came here saying you were retired and were just going to build your house, and you have been doing nothing but stir up trouble ever since."

The debate has gone up out of the larynx and into the bulging eyeball. An Eagle mayor once died in Council meeting. Through it all, Elva Scott is as calm as a gavel. When the Wallers shout questions at her, they get polite, quiet replies, without interruption of her moving needle. She is sharp, forensic, clever—politically very able. She is a medical person, interested in the damage, not the fight. Gradually, with a few references to Scott's memorable mayoralty, the thunder recedes.

The Scotts and the Wallers are next-door neighbors. Walking home, I ask Elva how such a great and angry confrontation will affect Jim's relationship with Sarge. "Jim doesn't have a relationship with Sarge" is Elva's reply. "Therefore, it can't be affected."

Elva has long-lashed gray-blue eyes that are as smiling as they are shrewd. Her insights seem to begin where many people's bottom out. Decades ago, she was diagnosed as having Hodgkin's disease, from which her oldest son, who shared it, is dead. She does not seem to be much affected by the tumult of the world. She is above average in height and in the strength of her frame, and she has the open, handsome face, the look of reposed affection that one associates with the exemplar Scandinavian women. Her name was Nelson, and she grew up in San Fernando. She has a master's degree in education from the University of Alaska. For many years, she ran the school-district health program in Anchorage. In Eagle, she runs, in effect, a clinic in her kitchen. She does preventive work that is paid for by the state, but most of her effort is donated. With a health aide in the Indian Village, who has had six weeks' training, Elva has all of the medical experience that is available in Eagle. The hospital in Fairbanks is three hundred and eighty miles away by road, an hour and twenty minutes through the air. When Charlie Juneby, in the Indian Village, had an emergency last year that resulted in a kidney transplant in Seattle, a red signal was sent out of Eagle on the medical satellite system, interrupting an agricultural program coming in from New Zealand. Fairbanks failed to catch the signal, but someone in Hawaii did, and telephoned Alaska. In the black of night, a plane came from Fairbanks, and Eagle was ready with flares all around the landing strip and headlights at either end. Juneby was in Seattle nine hours after the signal.

People like to sit and listen to the satellite—to the medical problems of all of Alaska. Their own they take to Elva. Her couches and chairs are often filled with fundamentalists, river people, bootleggers, and Indians. Old Sarah Malcolm sits there—with moosehide in her lap, sewing—absorbing at least ten times what she pretends to understand. Louise Paul, short and solid, saying nothing, is said to be the matriarch of the Indian Village. Archie Juneby—tall, slender, handsome, with a dark ponytail—drank too much last night with his brothers and smashed up Max Beck's boat. They come to Elva. Elva goes to them. She knits her day through the Village and the City. Mental health and alcoholism are the principal problems. "In the Village, children's ears run so much the people once thought that was normal and healthy," she has told me. "People come in off the river with blood infections, red streaks up their arm. They get cystitis from not enough water. They come down from Dawson with V.D. We don't have laboratory tests. We treat on symptoms. An outboard motor chewed on a guy's legs awhile. We sewed him up. I tell everyone, 'I don't mind helping you out. Just don't use me.' We don't want to be awakened for nothing, for someone who is merely drunk. For gunshot wounds and stabbings I of course get up. Oh, we have enough of that sort of thing. Yeah. You betcha. We're getting ready to have dinner with company and they come in and bleed all over the sink. Who needs TV in Eagle? We've got action enough in the streets."

Guns blazed in Eagle a short time ago. A row at Y's—big pistols cracking in the night; no casualties.

G's first wife died giving birth to H, whose older brother was J. G married N, who died in two years. G then married W, who was half his age. H, now fourteen, became pregnant, no one knows by whom, and gave birth to Z. Z is now one year old. Her mother has gone to Fairbanks and has disappeared. W has left G. He approaches sixty. He is alone with the infant Z.

When D's cabin caught fire, D was out of the country. Half the town—Christians and drinkers alike—came out to fight the fire and loot the cabin. There were individual piles of loot, and fights over the piles. "That's my pile." "The hell it is, it's mine."

M has requested that if his cabin ever smolders in his absence people please stay away and let it burn to the ground.

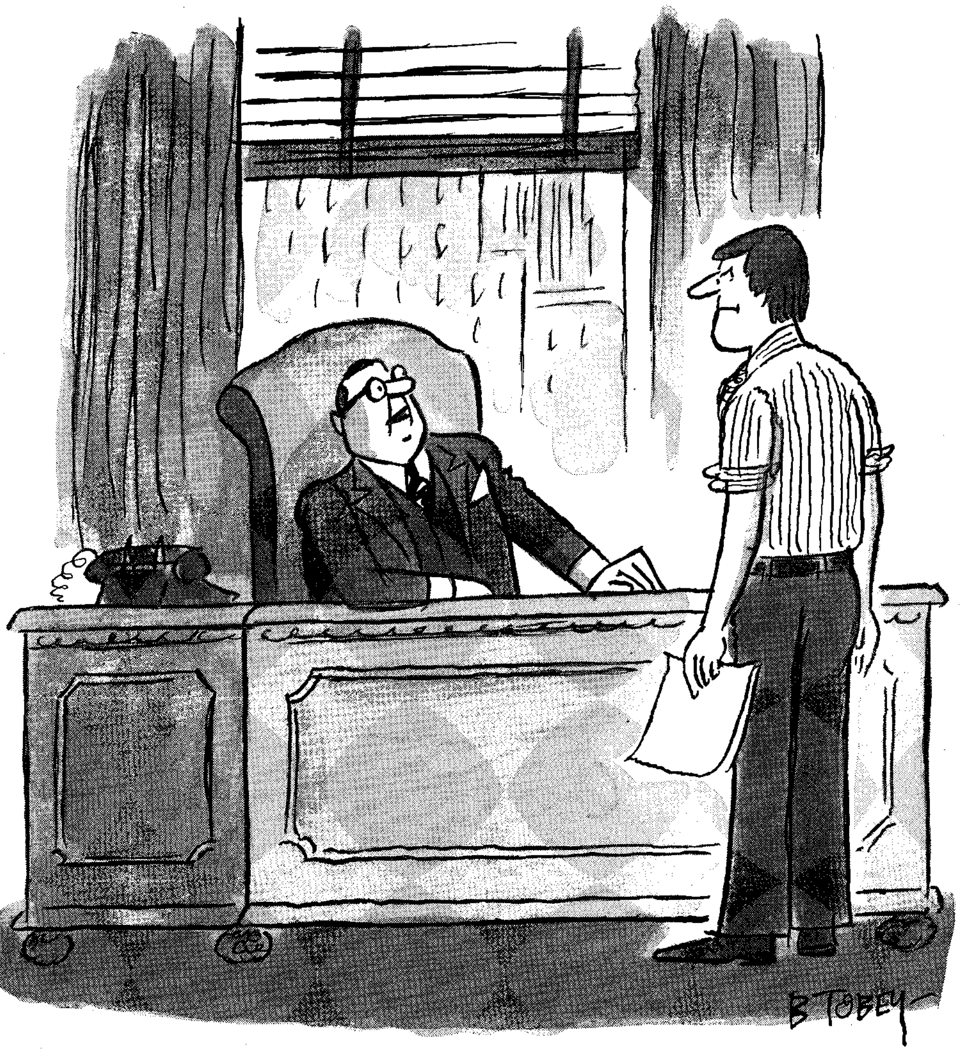
C drinks gin, Listerine, rubbing alcohol, and vanilla extract.

A's wife went off with X to one of Billy Mitchell's old telegraph cabins forty or fifty miles into the mountains. Writing out a false but wholly effective message, A chartered an airplane and dropped the message near the cabin: "Your brother is dead. The funeral is on Friday. Come in."

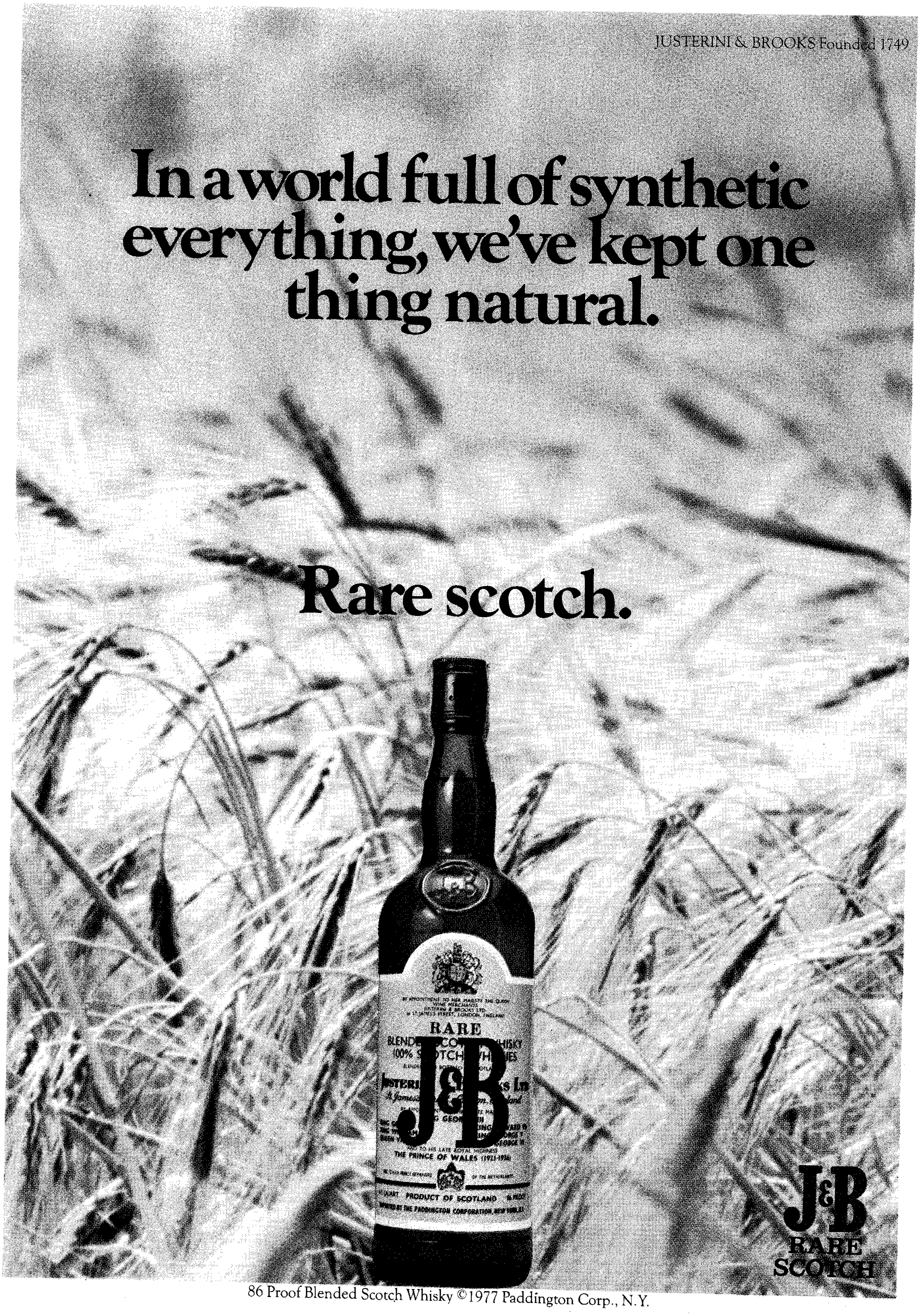
TV.

BY a campfire near the boundary—the north-south Canadian boundary—Michael John David reads aloud to me and to his brother from "Lame Deer Seeker of Visions." It is one of several books he carries in his pack. Around us are tall spruce that Michael means to cut and float six or eight miles down the Yukon to become the walls of his new cabin. He is the chief of Eagle Indian Village. " 'I think white people are so afraid of the world they created that they don't want to see, feel, smell, or hear it,' " he reads. He has turned with no searching to what is obviously a favorite passage. " 'The feeling of rain and snow on your face, being numbed by an icy wind and thawing out before a smoking fire, coming out of a hot sweat bath and plunging into a cold stream, these things make you feel alive, but you don't want them anymore.' " He pauses to chuckle, to flash a grin. "Do you like this?"

I tell him he hasn't read enough of it to me. The book was written by John Fire/Lame Deer and Richard Erdoes, and is dedicated to Frank Fools Crow, Pete Catches, George Eagle Elk, Bill Schweigman, Leonard Crow Dog, Wallace Black Elk, John Strike, Raymond Hunts Horse, Charles Kills Enemy, and Godfrey Chips. Such names are as unfamiliar to Michael as they are to me, for they belong to the Minneconjou Sioux, in the Lower Forty-eight, and he is of the Hungwitchin of the Athapaskans. His family came into the country in immemorial time. Long before their settlement became known as Eagle Indian Village, it was known as David Camp. David, Juneby, Malcolm, and Paul are the four major families of the Village now. Michael throws a stick onto the fire and continues: " 'Living in boxes which shut out the heat of the summer and the chill of winter, living inside a body that no longer has a scent, hearing the noise from the hi-fi instead of listening to the sounds of nature, watching some actor on TV having a make-believe experience when you no longer experience anything for yourself, eating food without taste—that's your way. It's no good.' " He laughs aloud—a long, soft laugh. His voice is soft, too—fluid and melodic, like nearly all the voices in the Village. The contrast with my own is embarrassing. No matter how I try to modulate it, to experiment with his example, my voice in dialogue with Michael's sounds to me strident, edgy, and harsh. He is twenty-five years old. His body is light, his face narrow, his nose aquiline. His hair, black and shining, passes through a ring behind his head and plumes between his shoulder blades. He wears a khaki jacket, patched pink denim trousers, leather boots, a belt-sheathed jackknife. He may be an Indian, but he looks like a Turk. On his head is a fur hat that has the shape of an inverted flowerpot—a long-haired fez. His thin, Byzantine mustache droops at the wing tips. He has a miniature beard, scarcely a quarter inch long, tufting from the point of his chin. His brother, Minicup, teen-age, wears bluejeans, a red headband. Minicup is taciturn but obviously interested and even inquisitive, his



"As it happens, Simpson, I am familiar with the terms of the Helsinki accords."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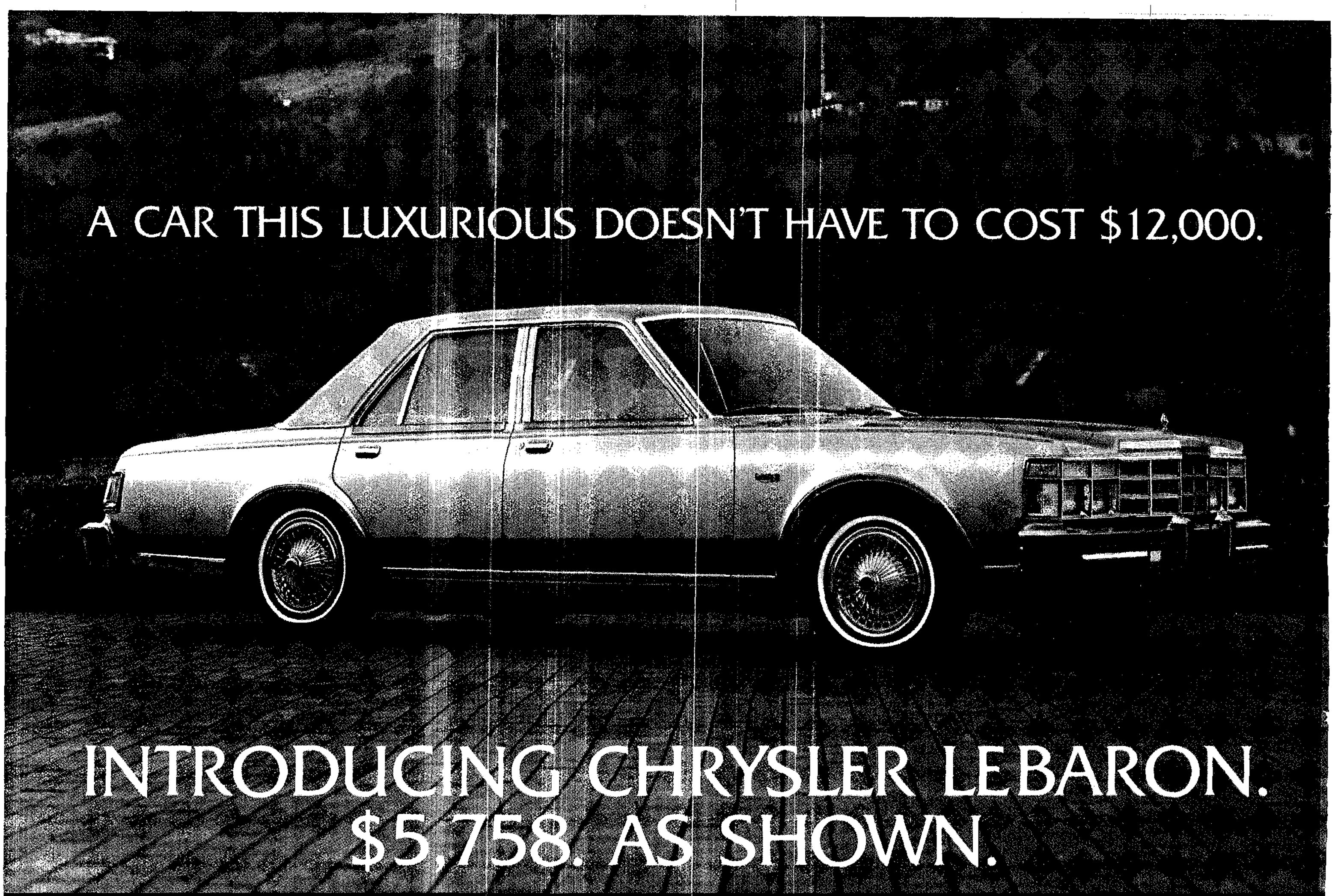

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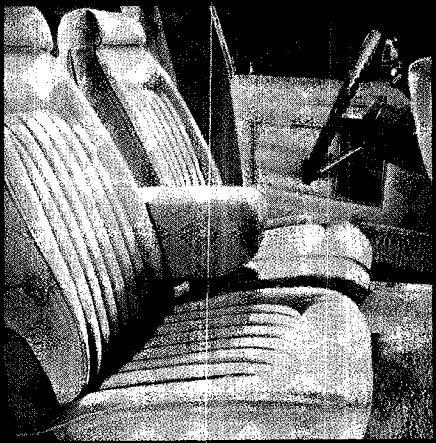

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eyes moving back and forth between Michael and me. He was baptized Edward David. Minicup is a name he gave to himself years ago.

We are finishing dinner, a common enterprise. It began, after making camp, with a mutual presentation of what each of us had to offer. Michael and Minicup set out Spam, Crisco, Sanka, fresh carrots, onions, and potatoes. I set out tins of beef stew, and corn, tea, sugar, raisins, nuts, chocolate, and cheese. Michael, opening the Spam, said, "I remember when it cost a dollar." Between us there has been a certain feeling out of ways and means. It is my wish to follow Michael's lead, to see how he will go about things in the woods. To some extent, he seems to want to do the same with me. It was he who chose this campsite—a couple of hundred yards into the forest and away from the Yukon's right bank, on flat ground covered with deep sphagnum, close to the edge of a small, clear stream. Wicked thorns grow out of the moss on long roselike stems. We hacked at them with our knives until we had cleared an area big enough for my small nylon A-frame and the brothers' wall tent—an orange Canadian affair that Michael, for privacy, often stays in at the Village. Before building the fire, he turfed out the moss, cutting eight inches down and removing a five-foot square. Even so, he did not get to the bottom of the moss. I then, automatically, without pausing to think, went off to the river for rocks. I brought back two or three in my arms, like loaves of bread, and dropped them on the moss. I returned to the river. The brothers followed. We all collected rocks and carried them back into the woods—gathering, in several trips, more than enough for a fireplace. I was about to begin building one but checked myself and relinquished the initiative. Why should I build the sort of three-walled fireplace I would make in Maine? I wanted to see what they would do. I fiddled with my pack and left the rocks alone. Michael and Minicup laid them out singly—one after another, scarcely touching—in the closest thing possible to a perfect circle. I could not see what the purpose of such a circle might be. It could not shield the fire from wind, nor could it support the utensils of cooking. Possibly it was to retain the spread of smolderings through the moss, but it seemed awfully large for that. Why had they made it, unless purely as an atavistic symbol, emplaced by what had by now become instinct?

Now Michael, finishing his dinner, has a question for me. He says, "Why did you go get the rocks?"

I mention fireplaces I have made on lakes and rivers in Maine.

"Maine?" he says. The word "Maine" seems to excite him. "Have you been to L. L. Bean? I sometimes send for shirts and pants from there, and boots similar to yours."

Through the late but barely graying evening, we walk a couple of hours beside the Yukon, going upstream at first, within sight of the shaved incongruous border, which, on the far side of the river, comes up from the south and plunges down a ridge to the water. For the most part, we walk by the water, but we make occasional penetrations through alder hells and into the woods to assess the trees. In many places we see upheavals where bears have dug roots. The ground appears to have been plowed. Bear tracks, heading upriver and down, are in sand at the edge of the water. Michael tells of a couple of tourists who were approaching Eagle not long ago when they saw a grizzly chasing a black bear. The grizzly caught the black bear, tossed it around, broke its neck, and started to eat the warm carcass. The people got out of their car with cameras and moved toward the feast. The grizzly charged them. They were lucky. They made it back to their car.

Resting on Michael's shoulder is his .30-'06. After a time, we turn around, retrace our tracks, and then go on for some miles downriver. We pass the high stump of a white birch, eight inches in diameter. Inside is nothing. The wood, over many years, has completely disintegrated and disappeared. The bark—firm, unaltered, and solid—stands like a stovepipe on its own. Michael stops, and lifts his rifle as if he is about to fire. He moves it slowly, pointing along a bend of the river. He does not intend to shoot. He is using the rifle's six-power scope as if it were a monocular. He often raises the gun just to look around, to look at anything at all—the better to examine it, through the scope. This is more than a little disconcerting when he happens to be looking at you. Lowering the gun, he says, "Is 'Robinson Crusoe' fiction?"

I tell him it is, and ask why he wants to know.

He shrugs, and says he has always wondered. A scattering of feathers attracts his eye. He picks one up, saying, "A hawk killed a robin." He says he once climbed Eagle Bluff for a peregrine chick, trained it, and later let it go. We come upon a set of amoeboid tracks ("Porcupine") and grapelike clusters with star points in the sand ("Fox"). That brown object in the brush—what is that? "A garbage bag from Dawson."

I ask Michael where he earned the money for his 1967 Oldsmobile Vista-Cruiser.

"The Slope," he says. As an apprentice heavy-equipment operator, he has two thousand hours to his credit. Operating a bulldozer, he helped build the haul road that accompanies the Trans-Alaska Pipeline.

"Thanks to you, people will drive from the Caribbean Sea to the Arctic Ocean," I remark.

"Caribbean Sea?" he says. "Where is that? Is it far from New York?"

"It would be like going from here to Adak."

"Pretty far," he says, and after a moment mentions that one of his boyhood friends in Eagle Indian Village was sent off to be raised in New York. The boy's mother and father and his Uncle Pete mixed grape juice with wood alcohol from the school duplicating machine and drank it. The father went blind. Uncle Pete and the mother died. "The kids were not fed three times daily after that. Their home was upside down." It was arranged, somehow, for one boy to go off and live with a family in New York. "When he came back, years later, he knew nothing," Michael says. "He knew white things but not Indian things. He punched holes in foil in which meat was roasting. The same with potatoes. He saw a porcupine and thought it was a raccoon. He knew nothing." Michael walks in silence for a while, and then, as if trying the words on his tongue, he repeats, "Caribbean Sea."

Beside us now is a slough. It separates the Yukon's right bank from what Michael calls Old Man Clark's Island. "We have rabbit drives there. Drive the rabbits from one end of the island to the other and kill them. Not now, though. They go through a cycle. Now there are no rabbits." He has on occasion come to this side of the river to hunt sheep. "When you can barely see a sheep," he says, "the sheep can count your fingers. That's how sharp eyes they got." We see a cottonwood that has been chewed by a beaver. We see, moments later, the beaver. Michael raises his rifle and follows it through the scope. Head up, swimming, it cuts a straight wake in the almost still water of the slough. Michael chooses not to shoot but to save the beaver. He will shoot it in time. He looks up from the gun. "This place compared to a city is—well, pretty nice," he says. "We have a little bit of everything—animals, fish, mountains, forest. Even people down the river envy what there is in this country." With a slap on the water, the beaver is gone. A light, cold rain begins to fall. We return upriver to the campsite and the tents.

A FEW days ago, when I heard that Michael was going up the Yukon for cabin logs, I went to ask if I could join him. In a canoe, I approached the Indian Village, which sits on the left bank—twenty, thirty feet above the river. It is a linear community: cabins spaced along the river a third of a mile, facing, across the water, a six-hundred-foot bluff. In front of each cabin, the steep slope of the riverbank glitters with broken glass—micaceous flakes, the Indian midden. I kept the canoe close under the bank, sliding below the Village. When the youth above are drinking, they like to shoot over the river at the bluff—a .30-calibre declaration of joy. That is what they were doing at the time, so it was prudent to be under the bullets. Harm, of course, was not intended. In 1898, one Angus, who lived up there, organized what he hoped would be a massacre of the whites of Eagle, but, like many projects that have got started in the Village, it was not carried out, it was merely conceived. The Hungwitchin appear to be characteristically passive. When and if they do go on what Michael likes to call "the warpath," their preferred weapons are legal briefs and lobbies—supplied by the native regional corporation that stands behind them. I went up the bank and found Michael alone in a cabin, sober and disconsolate, sitting in a chair, looking straight ahead. His face seemed less alive than cast. The cabin was spotless and almost empty, with psychedelic posters on the walls. It is shared by Village bachelors, of whom he is one. He was anxious to go upriver and to get back well in advance of the next session of the Village Council, he said. It would be of great importance to him, because it would have to do with control of alcohol. When I left him there, he was still staring straight ahead, listening to the reports of the rifles.

A door or two away was the cabin in which Michael grew up. Like most cabins in the Village, it is essentially one room, twenty by twenty feet, with a storm vestibule full of dog harnesses, guns, mukluks, parkas. In the main room, all furniture is against the walls, which are insulated with carton cardboard ("Burger King Frozen Shoestring Potatoes"). There are three beds, a bench and a table, a tall oval heat stove, a propane oven and range. Cordwood, stacked waist-high, is inside the cabin as well. Yet the first two impressions the cabin gives are a sense of neatness and a sense of space. Michael, three brothers, and two sisters are grown and away now, if not altogether gone. So his parents, Bessie and Harry David, have only four children at home with them still. The beds touch like dominoes. The three youngest sleep in one, parents in another, Minicup in the third. Clothes are in boxes under the beds. A broom hangs by the door. Coming inside in winter, you sweep your legs free of snow before it melts.

No one seems to knock. People just come in and sit down and don't say much until something occurs to be said. Harry, on the bench by the table, may be slowly sharpening a saw, Bessie pouring cups of tea. A radio plays rock. Charlie Juneby, big as a bear, comes in with a frozen mop, and without explanation sits and drinks tea. He is joined later on by his brother Isaac. Stay in one place long enough and almost the whole Village appears and visits and goes. If consumed time is the criterion, visiting is what the Hungwitchin mainly do. They tell about hunting. Jacob Malcolm impressively describes himself stalking moose on snowshoes—successfully running them down. In the phenomenal stillness of the winter air, he lights a match to see how the flame may bend, then he chooses his direction of approach. Jimmy David comes in, and drops a pair of bloody white ptarmigan on the floor, presenting them to his mother. A fresh snowshoe hare already hangs from a wire on the wall. Bessie wears slacks, has a ready grin. Her hair is tied behind her head. Her oldest child is in his thirties, her youngest is eleven. She is some years younger than Harry. Harry is as trim as a coin. He is short and gray-haired, wears glasses. He is intense, and is known for working hard. "I work hard, come in, take a god-damned good shot before I eat. I like coffee, too, soon as I get up." Harry is the kind of man who shakes Tabasco on his beans. "At home, I'm kind of hazy like, don't feel very good, no satisfaction with anything. I enjoy myself outside, across the Yukon River, feel fine, feel full of hell and vinegar, full of life, energy—lots of energy." So saying, one February day he went out of the cabin and walked seven miles in the snow. I went behind him, in his tracks. We are the same size; he has a rolling gait, a shorter stride than mine, but he made the going easier for me. He wore rubber boots, rubber trousers, a blue down jacket, a dark-brown leather hat. In his cheek he had a dip of Copenhagen snuff. When he stood still, to talk, he leaned forward. We walked some distance on the Yukon River, which, under the snow, was now smooth and now mountainously jagged where the ice floes at freeze-up had jammed. Gradually, we crossed over, and then went up a crease in the bluff—Harry without the slightest pause, as if he were ascending stairs, when in fact the snow on that precipitous ground was underlaid with ice, and a slip could mean a long fall down. He carried a stick. "This is a good place to go up from the Yukon River," he said, reaching back for me with the stick. Beyond the top, he had cut a maze of trails, miles through a forest burn. He works six and seven days a week cutting cordwood for sale. He does not use a power saw. "John Borg lost his way one time, coming to get some wood, and he said, 'God damn it, Harry, you got too many trails up here'—but he got a good trail to here, don't kick about that." We passed a large pile of whole spruce trunks—up to thirty feet long, their bark blackened—that Michael had cut and had stacked by himself. "He's a young boy. By God, he handle it," Harry said. "He's a well-liked boy. The girls are crazy for him. He is the chief. He has done his country good. By talking, you know—making everything go nice. I think he's got a little college in him. He studies the right way for his people. He like to see people get along together, make no enemy with nobody."

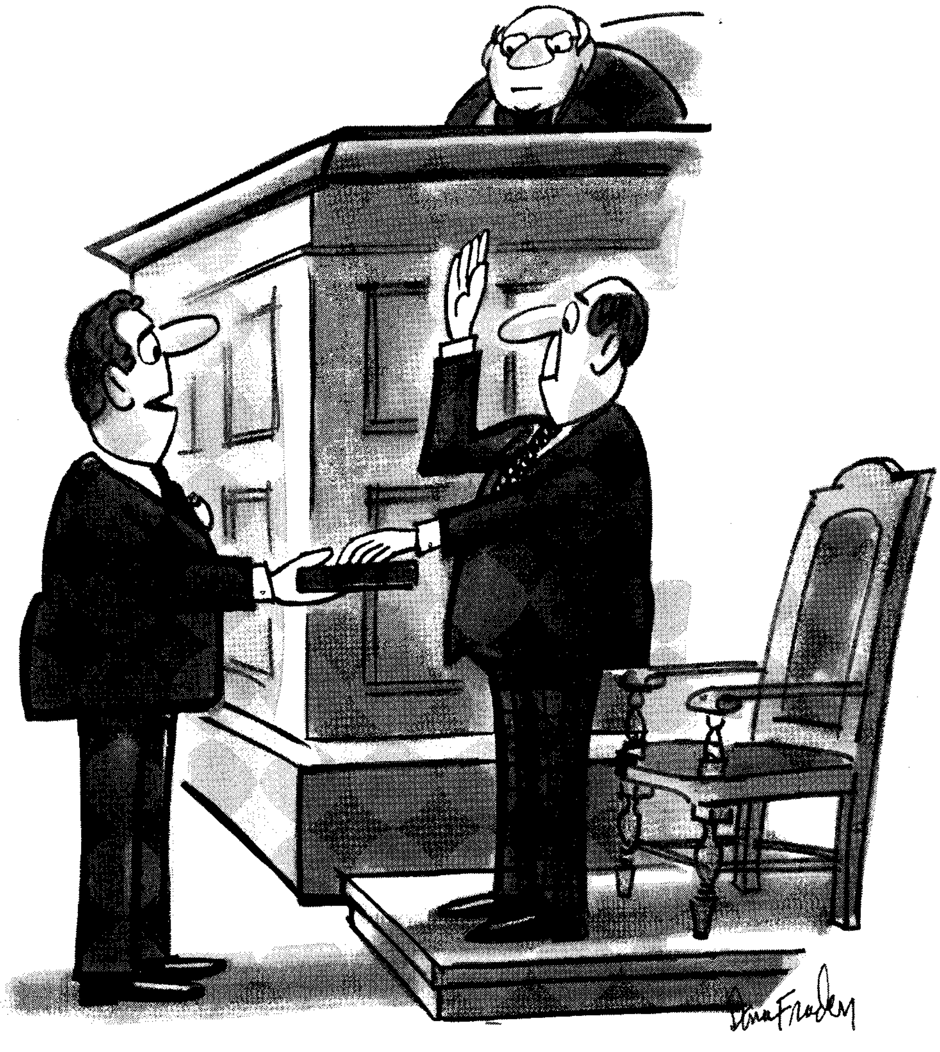
Fifteen years ago, Harry was the chief. "Anyone interfere with our country, we got a right to pitch in and kick like hell about it. You white people butt in, take our traplines, our fishing. That's what we try to stop."

"How do you feel about independence for Alaska, Harry?"

"That's the best way to look at it."

Making a long loop through the burn, we came out eventually at the highest part of the bluff, directly opposite the Village: a panoptic aerial view, of such height and distance, taking in so much river and mountain land, that it emphasized the isolation and the elongate symmetry of the Village by the river and—what is not apparent up close—its beauty. For Harry, this was obviously the supreme moment in the country—the sight of his village from the air. He was born, he said, far down the Yukon River, at the mouth of the Kandik, in 1913. "They kept on moving in those days. They don't stay one place. They lived off the country. They lived in tents, ten by twelve, the biggest they ever had. They just keep on moving. They don't stay in town all the time, like we do." Harry's father, Old David, died when Harry was six, and he was raised for a time by Chief Alec, at Fortymile, but when "the flu came up the river" Chief Alec died, and so did his wife, Mary Alec. Harry was returned to his mother, at Eagle, and lived with her until she died. In the same year, his stepfather drowned. Harry was by now a young man. He hauled wood for the riverboats, and he worked aboard them, too, until they stopped running, "when the Jap tried to take Alaska." At Moosehide one time, near Dawson, he met Bessie. "She is what they call a Crow, I think. One day, I bought two bottles of Hudson Bay rum—a hundred and fifty proof—and a keg of beer, and I married her." Looking across at their cabin, in miniature, in the third of a mile of cabins all touched with smoke, he said he had cut its logs by Eagle Creek and floated them down the Yukon River. For a time, he made his living as a trapper and in summer fished, with a wheel, on Goose Island. He pointed. "That is Goose Island, in the Yukon River—there." He soon went to work, seasonally, for the gold-mining operations at Woodchopper, Coal Creek, and Chicken. "For many years, my work and unemployment just connected." His and Bessie's children were born in the cabin—Michael in 1951, "clever, too, just like Howard, quick." Harry pointed toward the school, at the upstream end of the Village, and said Bessie taught Han there. Han is the language of the Hungwitchin. There are about thirty people in the world who speak it. A few are upriver, in the area of Dawson, but virtually all of them are in Eagle Indian Village. Han is one of the smallest subdivisions of the great Athapaskan language family, which reaches contiguously from Nulato and Koyukuk, in western Alaska, to southern Alberta and east to Hudson Bay—and makes a surprising jump, as well, across twelve hundred miles to the isolated Southwestern enclave of the Apache and the Navajo, which, among Athapaskans, are by far the most numerous. High on a pole outside the school we could see a small, dark movement—the flag of Alaska flying. The flag, as it happens, was designed by a native. It is lyrically simple, the most beautiful of all American flags. On its dark-blue field, gold stars form the constellation of the Great Bear. Above that is the North Star. Nothing else, as the designer explained, is needed to represent Alaska. It was the flag of the Territory for more than thirty years. Alaskans requested that it become the flag of the new state. The designer was a thirteen-year-old Aleut boy.

Michael went to high school in Tok, and he was "clever for anything," his father said. "With no trouble, he got into the Army. One day, he said, 'Dad, I'm going far to Anchorage with my friend.' He went far to Anchorage with his friend, and he got through the examination clean as a dollar. He went to California." Michael spent almost all of his two service years at the Presidio of San Francisco, where it never snowed, and he missed the winter. He also missed Sophie Biederman. She was a tall, slim, beautiful girl in brightly beaded moccasins. She had an outreaching smile, black hair, a complexion light and clear, notwithstanding that she went around with a can of soda pop almost constantly in her hand, and—eating virtually never—seemed to live on Coca-Cola alone. Harry told her she smoked too much marijuana. (Harry, for his part, does not even smoke tobacco.) Sophie's childhood had been roiled in her parents' troubles with alcohol. Nonetheless, she emerged with a joy in living, a fondness for excitement, a love of games. Her life and Michael's seemed to be spiralling up-



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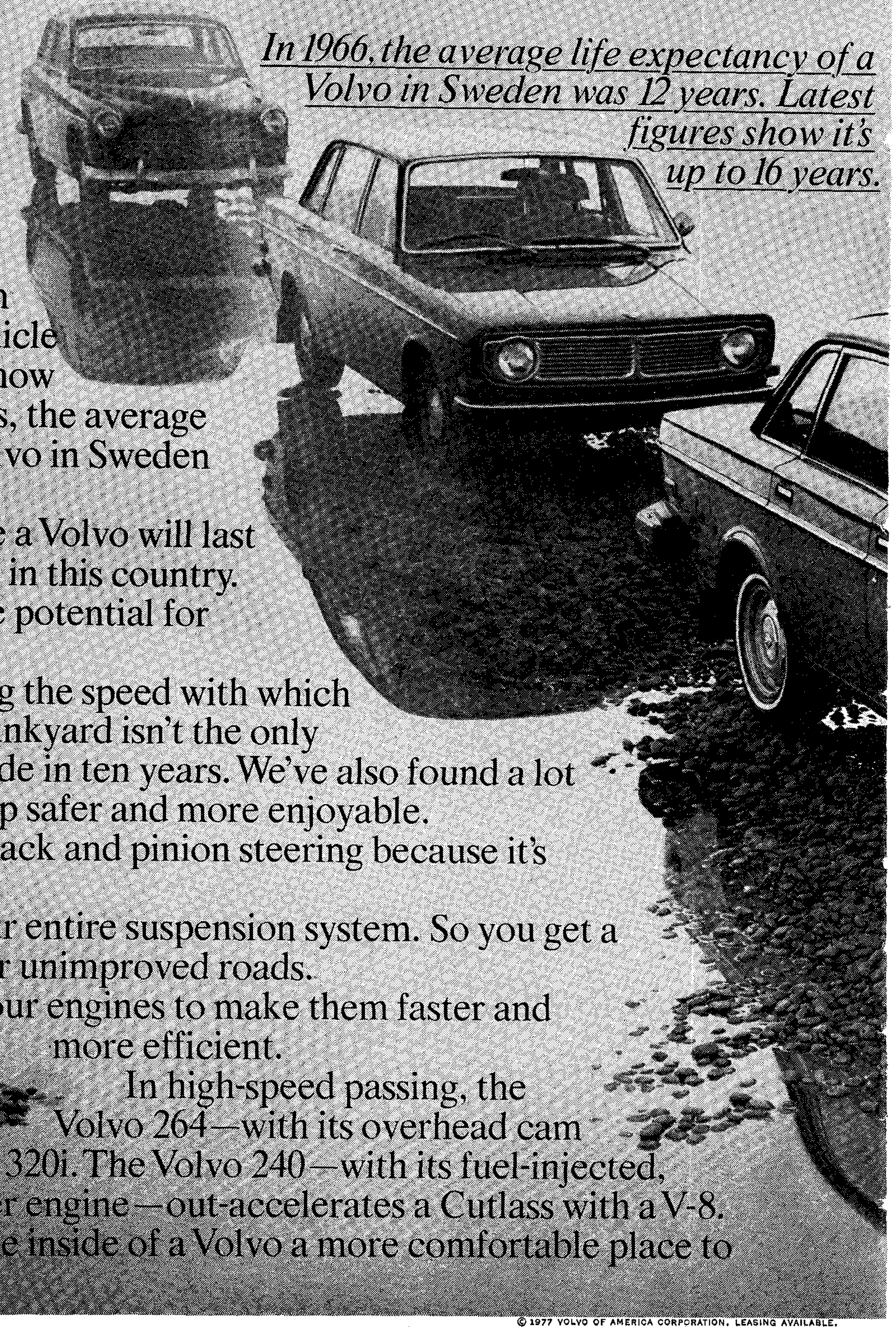

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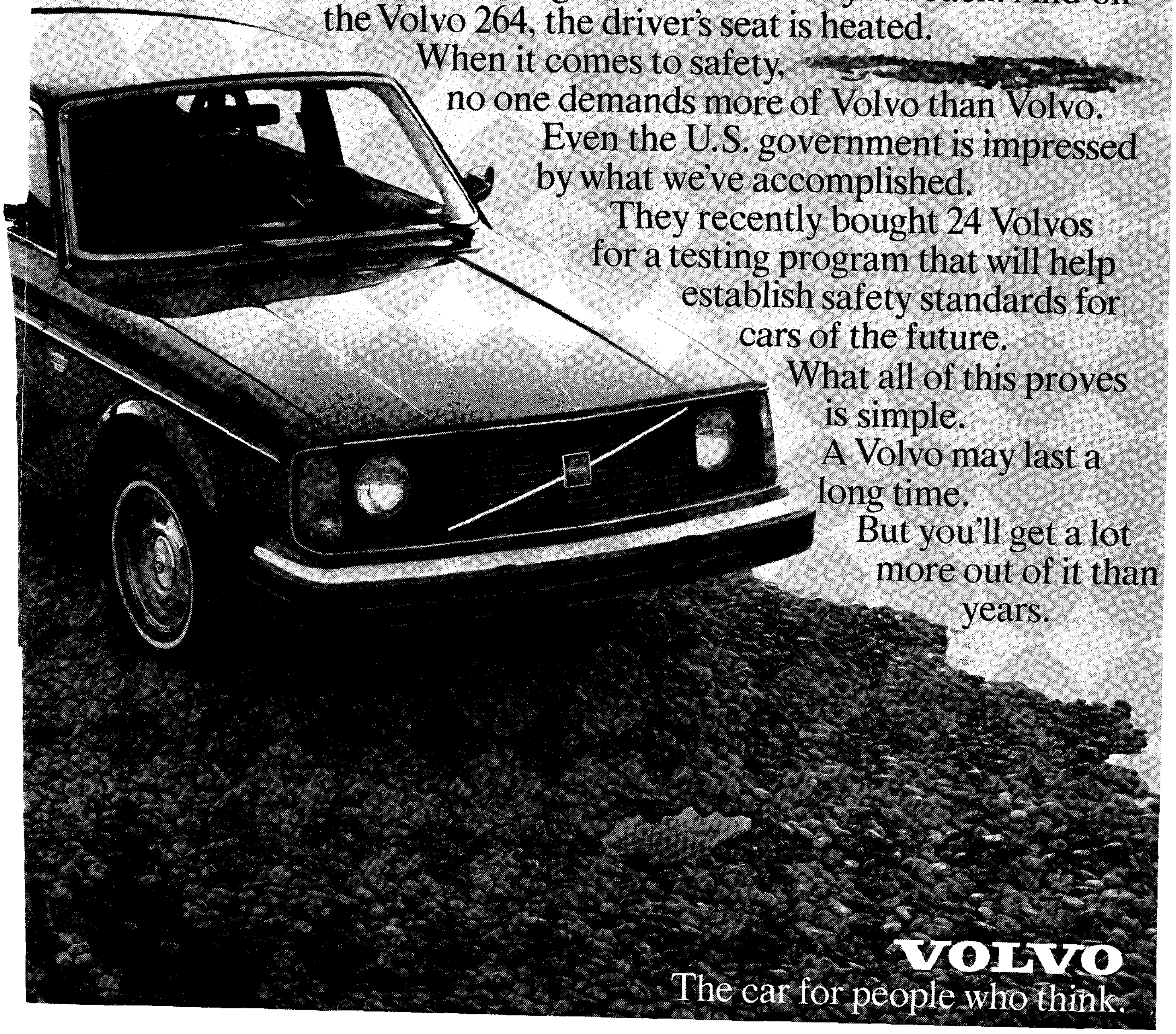


VOLVO

The car for people who think.

ward through the summer of his return. Spilling Coke, she would dash into his arms. They planned a wedding, and he went to the North Slope to collect money to begin their married life. While he was there, she died of a gunshot wound, an apparent suicide. "Michael got broke down over her."

THROUGH the night, the rain becomes heavier—a long, unremitting spring rain—and in the morning it is a downpour. Michael and I and Minicup make no effort to get up—just lie half asleep under the big dripping spruce as if there were no today. In an important sense, there isn't, because Michael, coming up the river to fell trees for his new log cabin, discovered that while he brought a chain saw he forgot gasoline. The temperature is less than ten degrees above freezing. The brothers have only one sleeping bag and a lightweight blanket. Michael has spent the night in the blanket. Toward noon, the rain has somewhat diminished. Michael gets up and builds a fire. His first gesture of the day is to make a cup of Sanka and carry it to Minicup, who is awake but has remained in the sleeping bag. "Nights out in a wall tent at sixty below, you just get up in the morning, throw everything into the sled, and move," Michael remarks. "In two hours, you might be warm. When I trap, I still use dog teams—not snow machines. You can't find a gas station out there. I trapped two years ago at Champion Creek with Jacob Malcolm. Wolves. Wolverines. Martens mostly. Lynx. Mink. We got seventy martens. We tan moose and caribou hides. From the caribou hides we make babiche to make snowshoes." Of all the whites who have come into the country, he prefers by far the young ones who live out on the river. "They believe more like an Indian believes," he says. "They believe in living like an Indian. They have dog teams. They fish. They hunt. They live in the woods. They tan hides, make dog harnesses, trap, use animal furs. They get to know the forest. They make sleds of birch. They survive in the woods with nothing, hardly. They are a good thing, going back to Mother Earth—just as long as they don't build on Hungwitchin lands."

With a cup of his own, he sits in the rain and makes an entry in a notebook. He tells me that he has been studying law, in a program offered by the Tanana Chiefs Land Claims College. A college education in earlier years was not possible for him, because he lacked the money, but now, as chief, he regards his present courses as imperative. "Other village corporations have gone bankrupt," he explains. "I would hate to see that happen to ours. The study of law is hard for me. It is hard for an Indian to understand contracts and corporations."

I ask if I may look at the notebook. He hands it to me, and I flip it open. "Judicial Department. Marbury v. Madison. Judges review, concept," says the first note I see. "Supreme Court don't make law but change them, and protect us from the government."

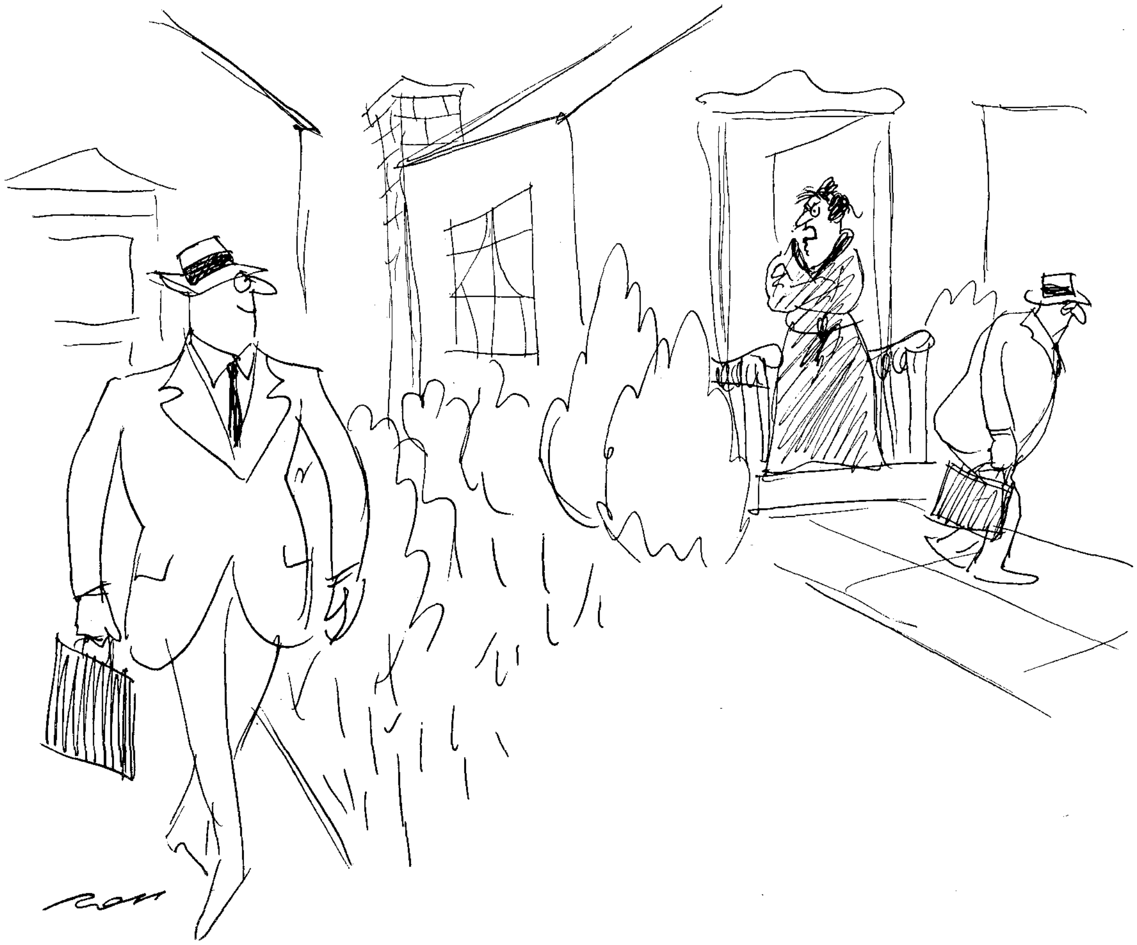
"The government wants to make a park down the river," Michael says. "Some of the best hunting grounds are down that way. It puts our native-land selections in a tight squeeze. I don't care very much for parks. I like to go into lands and check them out, not to be told what to do. But there is another side. If the government does not keep the land, someone will take over. I am against development in this country. Without the pipeline—without the Native Claims Act—I'd feel freer. The Alaska population is bigger now, because of the pipeline. I don't like a lot of people. I like the lands. If the land-claim settlement did not exist, you could go anywhere and build a cabin. If we strike oil in this country, we'll all be very rich, because it's on our land. But I don't want to see that. With a lot of money, people get into trouble. Where money is, more people will come. There will be a new pipeline, through here. I don't think I want to be rich."

In the pre-white epoch, the Hungwitchin's Chief Charley led his people from the Charley River up the Yukon to Mission Creek, where they lived in houses of skin. In small increments thereafter, they moved their principal settlement on up the left bank of the Yukon. In the eighteen-eighties, they were about a mile from their present site, and lived in six log cabins with interdigitating roof poles that stuck up like sawbucks against the sky. Michael whimsically suggests that the Village should move once more. "Move it a few miles on up the river," he says. "Into Canada. Nice people there. They are different—more mellow. They don't have no pipeline."

From their log houses in the nineteenth century, the Hungwitchin went out for moose and mountain sheep, rabbits and caribou. Women sat on the bank and watched for salmon. When they saw the barely discernible ripples, they pointed them out to men by the water, who went after the fish in bark canoes. They had dip nets in their hands. They wrestled the big kings to land. They smoked them. They trapped wolverines for ruffs. They hunted game with bows and arrows. They used sheep-horn spoons, and made birch-bark pots, and cooked by dropping hot rocks into water-filled baskets woven of spruce roots. Family by family along the river, they had long-established fish camps, which were jealously defined, as were their hunting and trapping grounds. When people of another tribe happened into the country and killed game, they could eat the meat but they had to surrender the hide.

That was the general ambience that has since become encapsulated within the word "subsistence." They subsisted in the country, almost independent of the rest of the world. Even before the gold rushes, there were touches of the coming difference. They enjoyed the tea and the tobacco they got from white traders, the novelty of guns. When the miners came in great numbers, and the freight of white supplies, the dress and the diet of the Indians began to change. Subsistence from the country somewhat declined. It would decline more as a result of the job economy of the Second World War, and still more following the discovery of oil. Alaska's booms denature the natives. The Yukon River fish camps that were symbols of the working unity of Indian families have gradually been abandoned.

Meanwhile, to assist the natives in their adjustment to the new social order, federal programs administered by the Bureau of Indian Affairs have long provided support of various kinds, from food and clothing subsidies to social services—a tradition of plausible generosity that reached its supreme expression in the Alaska Native Claims Settlement Act, of 1971. Widely described as the most openhanded and enlightened piece of legislation that has ever dealt with aboriginal people, it gave them a tenth of Alaska and a billion dollars—about seventeen thousand for each man, woman, and child. The act created a dozen regional native corporations to hold and invest roughly half the money, and to distribute the rest, on established schedules, to individuals and to village corporations. Doyon, Ltd., is in area the largest of the regional corporations, covering the whole of the Athapaskan interior and including about nine thousand people in thirty-four native villages, among them the Hungwitchin, each of whom is a Doyon stockholder. Doyon's fine new headquarters in Fairbanks are spread out and spacious, and resemble the headquarters of almost any large Eastern company that has just moved to a meadow in Connecticut. It is Doyon that is drilling for oil in the upper-Yukon region—within a hundred miles of Eagle. Two wells have proved dry, at nine and eleven thousand feet, but Doyon is undissuaded.


"Just who in the hell do you think you are?"

The disposition of Native Claims Settlement land begins with the villages, which get acreages related to population, and village choices must start with the ground around them. Michael David is the land-selection agent for the Hungwitchin. Because there are certain absentee stockholders, who belong to the community but live elsewhere, Eagle Indian Village qualifies for 92,160 acres. The selections will run from the Canadian border past Eagle and about thirty miles down the river, stopping at the edge of the large area the National Park Service hopes will become Yukon-Charley National Rivers (also as a result of the Native Claims Settlement Act). Eagle City, on its one square mile, and almost wholly white, has thus become an island in the Indian ocean. People in the city believe that the terms of the Settlement Act give Eagle the right to retain a two-mile "buffer zone" on all its sides. While the Indian Village is three miles upriver from the white community, it is less than two miles from the city line. Thus, the whites' buffer zone would overlap most of the Indian Village. This situation, while not the largest of the difficulties between the City and the Village, has touched off an example of what Michael David calls "modern-day Indian warfare." The Village would like to own land right up to the city line and give the city compensating acreage somewhere else. The Department of the Interior has rejected this. The Hungwitchin Corporation, with the help of Doyon lawyers, has taken the matter to the Alaska Native Claims Appeal Board and may take it to court. Michael calls this "a pretty deep question," and goes on to say, "Sometimes I wish the native land claims and the pipeline were not here. I could do a lot of things I want to do. I don't even know why they say 'own' land. You use land. You can't own land." As a result of the Native Claims Settlement Act, his sense of land—his people's sense of freedom of land—after ten thousand years is archaic and obsolete. Michael is a stockholder now, a landowner, a capitalist, a conscribed component of a distant system. For all its overt benefits and generous presentations, the bluntest requirement of the Alaska Native Claims Settlement Act was that the natives turn white.

When the whites of Eagle talk about the Indians, almost nothing of what they say is flattering—and why would it be? For, as Michael puts it, "they are always knocking each other." Within the flow of general disdain, about all that seems interesting is the recurrent implication that the troubles and shortcomings of the Indians are based on their not adequately thinking or acting white.

"They live day to day out there, whereas the white philosophy is 'progress.' "

"Time means nothing to them. There is no future. Today is today is today."

No one—at least, no one I have heard—brings forth the remark that there is much to be envied in such an approach to one's day. No doubt it accounts for the easygoing grace, the humor, the companionability of the Hungwitchin, not to mention the lilting, unbusinesslike way they speak—a primal outlook, so durable that, for all its beauty, it is perhaps unfortunate that it has survived while superficial facts have changed. The Hungwitchin may look upon a wristwatch as "the sun's heart," but they know what time it is, and they work on the pipeline. They seem to hang suspended between a fast-fading then and a more than alien now. Meanwhile, their failures to adjust are much noted by the whites.

"They've been hitting the booze since the nineteen-thirties. They've pretty much hurt their heads. They don't care."

"They all wish they were something else. They have come to hate the fact they're an Indian. They have adopted cowboy boots, of all things. They put cowboy boots on their kids."

"They have difficulty coping with the regimented life style that the capitalist system imposes upon them."

"Boys do not develop ambition. They don't want to get married."

"The Indian man has been emasculated by the whites. Indian women want to marry whites."

"The people are soft. They have no discipline. They have a job, and if it's difficult, they say, 'It's too tough.' "

"The Village Council does not get things done."

"Now that Michael is the chief, nothing ever will get done."

"A settlement should be a settlement. They still get transportation, medical, dental, free snow machines, chain saws—anything they want. Handouts. If you make a settlement, that should be that. The Native Claims Act should have made the natives like everybody else."

"The sums that have so far come down through Doyon and into individuals' pockets have amounted to less than eighty dollars a year. There are many resources elsewhere for the natives. They work as firefighters. They work on the pipeline. They come home and collect unemployment compensation—two hundred and more a month. They work on local road maintenance and do miscellaneous labor. They join the crews of exploration geologists. Moreover, the Native Claims Settlement Act has not put the Bureau of Indian Affairs out of business in Alaska, and a native can still turn to the B.I.A. for many kinds of grants and relief. With other Indians of the upper Tanana, they belong to the United Crow Band, which, under contract, distributes money for the B.I.A. for everything from fishing boots to Indian welfare checks to Indian relief checks. Welfare and relief money is available from the state as well. Three hundred to six hundred dollars a month is available in Aid to Families with Dependent Children. Nearly all health costs are paid by the Alaska Native Health Service. People over sixty-five not only draw Social Security but also receive an Alaska Longevity Bonus—a hundred and twenty-five dollars a month for anyone who has been in Alaska twenty-five years. No wonder all they do out there is visit."

That anyone in the Indian community might regret the events of the past century is not an insight that floats about on the surface of white conversation, but now and again it does rise.

"Michael David is a fine chap, slightly confused. He is a completely acculturated Indian, now trying to find his way back into the wigwam—a classic example of the 'advances' made in educating the Indian. He has assessed the world around him. He is not enamored of technology. So he affects the long hair and the headband. Given a chance, Michael would be a real good Indian. He would be a hopeless failure as a white man. He is forthright. He does not speak out of both sides of his mouth. He is very honest."

I ask Michael, "What do you do as Village chief?"

He grins widely, and says, "What do I do as chief? Ha! Ask them in Eagle what I do. When I was elected chief, Louise Waller said, 'Now that Michael David is the chief, nothing is going to get done.' They are different people in Eagle. They don't understand us. We don't understand them. The town is Christians and bootleggers, and they fight between each other. They once had twenty preachers there. My people were happier before those people were ever here. The Indians did more things for themselves than they do now. I would like to have a post office in the Village, and a store of our own, run by Hungwitchin. I am working on the winterization program and improvements to the road around the Village. For Doyon, I am studying proposed easements to Doyon land. I am trying to get more jobs for Village people. Last year, the B.L.M. station-manager job went to a white who had been here six months. No one in the Village was given a chance even to apply. Oliver Lyman, of the Village, was fired as janitor of the school, and Charlie Ostrander was hired instead of a Village person."

"Who had the say?"

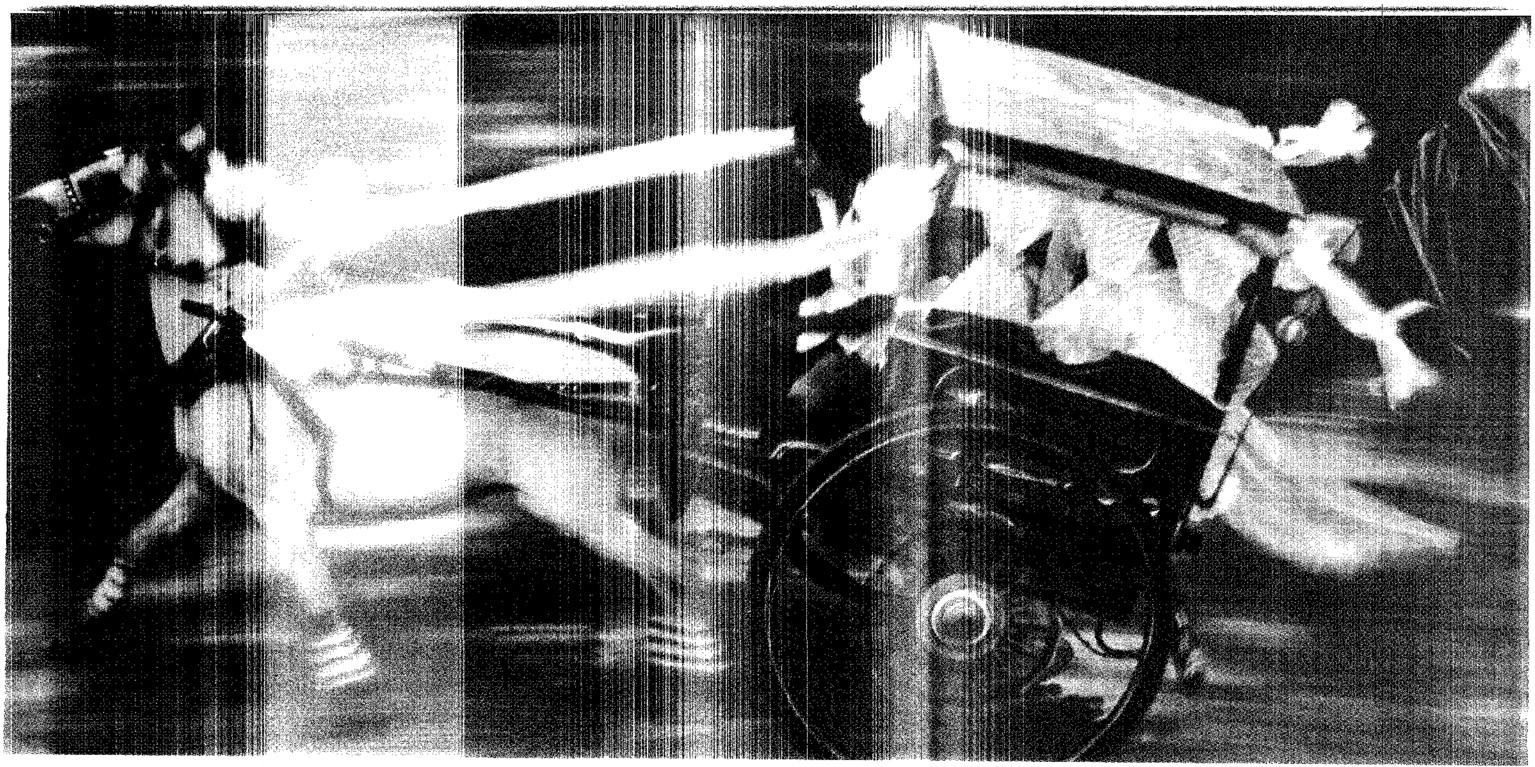
"I don't know who—but the town had the influence. Every year, it seems like the town's moving closer to the Village, and the town is half bootleggers. I hate the bootleggers. The constable makes twelve hundred dollars a month, and they bootleg right under his nose. The most important thing I try to do something about is the drinking in the Village. We get some help from the Alaska Native Commission on Alcoholism and Drug Abuse. Drinking is a sickness. I'm glad the town is dry. At this next meeting of the Village Council, there will be a big decision about alcohol. That is why the meeting is so important to me."

He speaks for a time of Tony Paul, who died recently of pneumonia complicated by cirrhosis of the liver. Admired for his intelligence, his energy, and his education, he was the brightest light of the Village. He was married and had a nine-year-old son, whom he often took camping. Tony was not yet thirty when he died. Larry Juneby, of Eagle, went out of a bar in Fairbanks and into the Chena River last week. Searchers are still dragging for the body. To drink, Michael says, Village people will sell their chain saws, their winter's wood—anything at all. On Easter, in bright sun by the white frozen river, they hold sawing contests, bag races, and tea races (make a fire from scratch, melt snow, and make tea), but such wholesome scenes are increasingly rare. Money was once collected for a Village well only to be spent on liquor. In various elections over the years, the white community has voted itself in and out of prohibition. It has been dry since 1967. Bootleggers get upward of two hundred dollars a case for blended whiskey—eighteen dollars a quart. "One of them did not like being wakened in the night," Michael tells me. "So he told the people just when to come around. He did that, really. He's bootlegging, and he's got hours."

I mention that I have asked Mayor Borg why the town did not stop the bootleg traffic, and Borg said, "Apathy. People don't want to become involved by signing a complaint. Reams of evidence would be needed before there could be an arrest. Meanwhile, the Village has been without any moral leadership for so long that there's very little sense of responsibility. It's each person for himself there, and alcoholism is widespread. They give young children booze. No one is there to say they shouldn't. A strong Village Council would prevent that."

Michael makes no comment. He says that in Venetie and Arctic Village, Athapaskan communities to the north, mail-plane passengers and baggage and cargo are searched on arrival. Bottles are smashed. People actually drunk are returned to Fairbanks. "They get things done in those villages," he goes on. "They tan hides. They make babiche." By contrast, there are people of Eagle Indian Village who on arriving in Fairbanks are routinely detained and sent back to Eagle.

Last week, Michael went to see the most active bootlegger in the white community. He asked him to stop selling liquor to Village people, and mentioned that in his capacity as chief he



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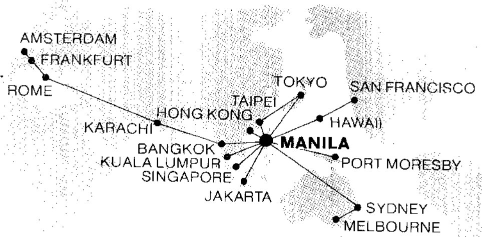
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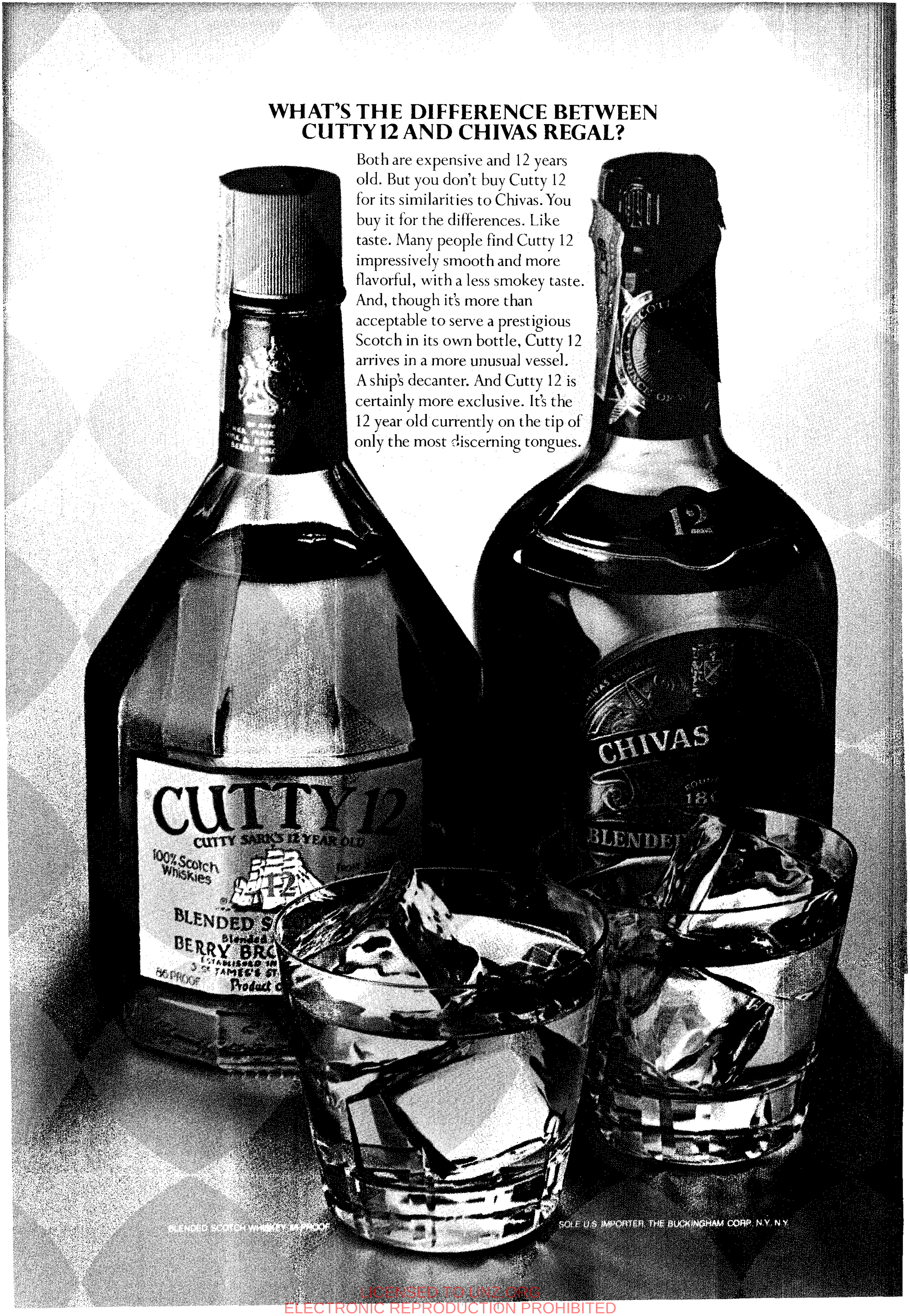
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might go to state authorities and seek their help in enforcing the local law. The bootlegger urged him not to do that but to put the matter before his own council instead. "If they vote that they want me to quit," said the bootlegger to the chief, "I'll quit."

OUTSIDE my cabin window, on First Avenue, Eagle City, the afternoon's entertainment is Horace (Junior) Biederman, who ambles up and down with a beer can in his hand, inviting Eagle to care. He is muttering. I can hear him through the open door. "I don't know if this here town wants to live in the past, or what it's trying to do. It's the right of the people to drink—to do anything. I don't mind packing it up or down the street—a beer in my hand. I don't give a damn who sees me."

Horace (Sophie was his cousin) is three-quarters Indian and seems to hang suspended between the Village and the town. His father ran the store that his grandfather took over from the Northern Commercial Company, and Horace grew up in the white community, where he still lives. The whites regard him as an Indian, the Indians regard him as white. "Junior Biederman has never been able to make up his mind which he would rather be," says Jack Boone. "He is not faithful to either community. He lives in the town like an Indian, in squalor. He never has more than two days' wood supply. He never plans ahead. That is the Indian way." Michael David's opinion is even lower than Boone's. He refers to Biederman as "a half-breed who is stuck in the middle, a bootlegger, and a husband and father who provides no wood." Biederman's wife, Sara, grew up a Juneby. Their marriage is a local dramatic series, one of Eagle's preoccupying events. He is said to be an effective hunter, knowledgeable in the ways of moose and caribou, but of Horace in Eagle about the highest praise one hears is "We sure did have a lot of hopes for Junior."

Odd, then, that he has been elected and reëlected to the Common Council of the city of Eagle. Something deeper than gossip makes a vote. Officially a white oligarch, he is a heavyset, swarthy man with black curly hair. He may be called Junior, but there is nothing of the child in his appearance. He looks like a Mexican insurrectionist ten years after the coup. He stops by occasionally to share a bit of time, and he comes in now with his beer. His voice is a light one. It sounds like falling sand. "I don't think the people in this town have grasped what is happening," he says.

"What is happening?"

"The native people are coming into their own."

His mother, like Bessie David, was a Crow from Yukon Territory. His grandfather carried mail with dogs on the river—more than three hundred miles round trip to Circle—and lost toes to frostbite, even pieces of his feet. Horace is a Cat skinner. He has made $13.43 an hour when he has gone out to work on the pipeline or at the drilling sites of Doyon. During the king-salmon run when he was young, his family regularly occupied a fish camp, abandoned now.

"I'd like to see everyone acknowledge that it is one town, and get along," he remarks—an earnest, if lonely, wish. "I do care about my town." When he says that, he—uniquely—means all of Eagle, Village and City, white and Indian. He has taken a course in municipal government. He has been a vice-president of the Tanana Chiefs Conference, which is concerned with social welfare in the Doyon region. Even so, he confesses that he feels that the people of the Village do not wholly trust him. ("When Junior goes to the Tanana Chiefs, he is just there for the per diem and the trip," Michael has said to me.) "I'd like to see this Eagle become a stable town," Junior continues. "Not a modern city, with paved streets, but a growing town. I'd like to be able to live here and support my family without leaving. With the two communities together, there'd be opportunities for a utility company. I'd like to have lights."

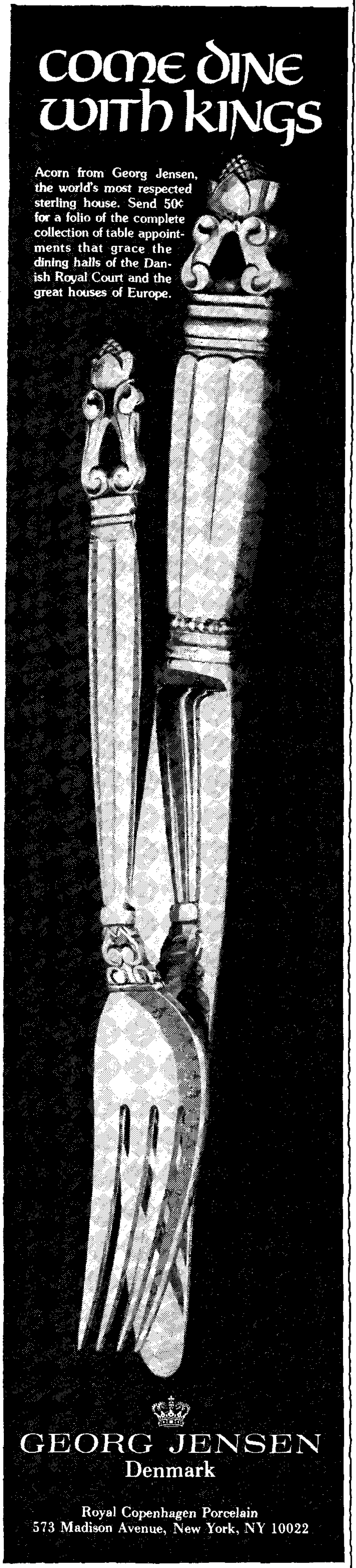
"And running water."

"I don't really care about that. But we need a community center, a gym. The pipeline isn't going to go on and on, and without it people will need work. The town has got to grow, so somebody can support somebody. Right now, the major source of employment is firefighting for the B.L.M., because no one has figured out how to stop lightning. It's a hell of a note when your major part of your working force in your town is waiting for your country to burn up. In 1905, Amundsen came here to send a message to the world. Now you can't even call Tok. Something went haywire."

He falls silent and pensive, then suddenly changes direction. "My father was building the steeple for the church here in the city when he heard that I was born. My father was married in the church. He went through the door there on his last journey. Now the Bible group wants the church. The church belongs to all of us. I couldn't see trading it to a group that made me unwelcome. These people came here as missionaries for their own kind of Christianity, but they have not had much luck, particularly with me. As a group, they have not helped Eagle. They keep the town dry. That is not the way to deal with the problem of alcohol. The only way is through regional school boards, through education—teaching in the classroom what alcohol does to you. If a town votes dry in Alaska, it applies for five miles around. The Village is three miles. The people there are outside the city limits and can't vote here in town. After the last vote, the boozers—we thought the votes got miscounted. We'd have still lost, but it would have looked a little better. I don't believe that everyone who comes here from now on is going to be a religious type. Eagle may become a wet town soon. Then I really think the amount of drinking might go down. You heard what happened today? There was going to be a vote on alcohol in the meeting of the Village Council, but the meeting had to be cancelled, because almost everyone but Michael David was drunk."

MIKE POTTS, who is white and from Iowa, lives in Eagle Indian Village and is married to Adeline Juneby. He first saw the country in 1971, when he was twenty. His father flew him in here in his Comanche 400. Approaching Eagle in early summer, they looked down on the headwaters terrain of the North Fork of the Fortymile, and Potts, impressed, asked his father to fly low. They crossed spruce forests and clear, dendritic streams—Happy New Year Creek, Eureka Creek, Bear Creek, Comet Creek, Champion Creek, Slate Creek, a great many more without names. All around were mountain summits. Without circling twice, Potts decided that he had at last found his own territory, the piece of the world he had dreamed of, and he laid claim, in his plans and in his imagination, to something over a million acres, over two thousand square miles of land, in which, from the air, he could see no evidence of humanity. In half a dozen years that followed, he would encounter only two people there—and they prospectors, passing through, not to return.

When Potts was seven, he saw a



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picture in an encyclopedia of a trapper on a trapline, and decided he wanted to be a trapper, too, and live off wild country. He grew up in West Des Moines—in a big, comfortable house on twenty acres of well-kept grounds—and went in summer to Vermilion Lake, in the Quetico-Superior. He became a hunter, a canoer. In his early teens, he put up on his bedroom walls sectional aeronautical charts that covered the north of North America from Labrador to Alaska. "I would sit there for hours and dream, thinking where I was going to go." His heroes by that time were the mountain men of the eighteen-twenties and thirties. He had begun to collect a small library on them—"Bill Sublette, Mountain Man," "The Fur Hunters of the Far West"—and the same books are now in his cabins. He has read them all four times. The day after his high-school commencement, he left West Des Moines for Alaska. He was scarcely seventeen. He had a pickup, given him for graduation. His driver's license was five days old. ("I was one scared kid.") He had six hundred dollars, five hundred of which his sister had paid him for a quarter horse he owned. He had a couple of guns, his books on the mountain men, and little more. ("I was not loaded up with supplies.") He stayed scared, he says, for one day. He spent a year in southeastern Alaska and two in the Wrangells, trapping, looking after horses, working for big-game guides. Eventually, he heard things that attracted him to the upper-Yukon country. His father, a real-estate appraiser, happened to come to Anchorage on a business trip and flew him north to see it.

In Eagle, Potts learned that the last trapper who had worked his utopian drainage had left it ten years before. He quickly made friends in Eagle Indian Village, and—not an easy thing for a white to do—found a place where he could stay there. The Junebys took to him—in a sense, adopted him. Soon he went into the mountains, to prepare for the trapping life. He fixed up a cabin forty miles from Eagle. In the fall, he killed a moose and cached it for the winter. It gave him a sense of plenty. A bear took the moose. He killed rabbits, but there were not enough. As the cold weather came on, he lived for weeks on flour, rice, and beans. He set out traps, but nothing much entered them. Three hundred and fifteen dollars would be his income for the winter. All but one of his dogs died. "It took me time to catch on to the country. It is always difficult when you are learning. I was trying to learn to live like an Indian, and do things better than most. My basic mountain education fell in that year. Bob Stacy, one of the older men in the Village, went out there with me for a while. I owe him a lot. A white man thinks he's great in the woods—and he brings his snow machine. Indians live with the woods instead of fighting it. The white man thinks he has to pack everything in there. An Indian will pack very little and use the woods. The old people in the Village say, 'The driftwood sleeps at night.' They see everything as alive."

Potts saw himself as "in college." He almost took his final exam one night that first winter. Making a trip alone across a high divide, he overestimated the distance he could cover and had to stop far short of a cabin in which he meant to stay. He had shot a wolf and skinned it out. Considering himself to be in no hurry, he used up the light of the day. The sun set at four. The best route to the divide climbed two thousand feet in the two and a half miles before him. Slowly, on snowshoes in the dark, he attacked the steep ascent. His dogs had very little "go power." They were "half sick and half starved." He was hungry, too. He had no food with him and had not eaten all day. He was counting on the cache at the cabin. He decided, finally, that he would have to stay where he was. He had no tent. The temperature was twenty below zero. He saw a thick drift of snow against a clump of stunted spruce. He dug a kind of grave in the snow, almost down to the ground. He lined the bottom with spruce boughs and placed over them the pelt of the wolf. He took his lead dog in with him, leaving the others in harness. Across the top of his excavation he placed his snowshoes, which more than reached from side to side. Over the snowshoes he spread his tarp. He had a few candles. He lighted them, and melted some snow. The water was his dinner.

Potts, who is now established and successful, with cabins all over his trapping estate in addition to his principal home at the edge of the Village, told me that story in response to a question. I asked him if in all the seasons he had spent in that wilderness he had ever been afraid. "Yes—once," he said, and added at the end of the tale, "There was some uncertainty there. But I wasn't frightened to where I didn't have my head."

Potts is a big man, attractive, not

wiry but hard. Now that he is twenty-five, his hair is disappearing on the top but hangs in long strings on either side. His eyes, bright and a rich blue, are so alert and dilated that they suggest anxiety until you hear the voice that calmly and confidently follows their gaze. His jacket is of fringed and beaded moosehide. His skin, where it shows, is as tan as his wife's. She is short and roundly soft in form. Her voice is light and slow.

Potts feels a world of difference between him and the whites of the river. While they are his good friends, his regard for them does not always stop shy of contempt. He will eat their boiled wolf and listen to their stories, but he is of the mountains and they are of the river, and "to get things to their cabin all they have to do is float them down." He continues, "In this day and age, few people would make the effort to go out where I go, to the North Fork. It is mountainous country. It isn't the Yukon, where you've got snow machines and a lot of people using the route. The mountain country is a lot tougher—and just myself breaking the trail. Long ago, when more people were out there in the mountains, it was a different type of man. There was no welfare and Social Security type stuff then. Nowadays, even on the river, people give up. They go hungry for a day and they quit. If it looks too hard, they can give it up and try something else: be a bum, like a lot of these people in Eagle."

DICK COOK, acknowledged high swami of the river people, does not share Potts' view of Potts. "He feels that he is living in the bush," Cook says. "But really he is living in town. All he has out there in the mountains is a few traps, and airdrop supplies." Cook is eating his breakfast, which begins with slices of moose sausage in bear casing, set in a bed of fried rice, prepared and served to him by Donna Kneeland. He sits in the larger of two chairs in his cabin, vaguely fifty miles into the wild from Eagle, and points out that we are as remote as we would be if the cabin were on Potts' trapline. We are nearly six miles from the Yukon as well.

The chairs are side by side, like thrones, against a windowless wall. I sat in Dick's chair once, and Donna warned me off it. Now I am in the other. With her plate in her lap, Donna is on the floor before us. Outside where Donna saws wood is a nine-pound maul, which she uses to split green spruce for her sheepherder's stove. In its tiny oven she bakes bread and pies.

"In this country, two people are necessary for each other," she says. "There is a purpose in what I do here. When Dick comes home, I have fixed his food."

"Out here, Donna is needed. Women in town are useless," says Cook.

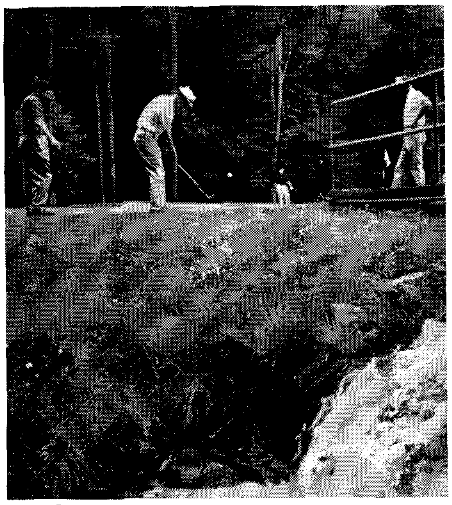
"Women's lib, that's not me. Women's lib is women being like men. They are barking up the wrong tree. I'm helping Dick, not doing these things for the sake of being like a man. I can't be like a man. I couldn't haul a soaked moosehide out of the river. It's too heavy. But I haul fish. I cut and sew caribou socks. I train the puppies to pull a sled. Are we going to start planting the garden today?"

"I'll decide that this afternoon."

Clamped to a shelf is a hand-cranked grain mill, an import from Latin America, which carries in raised letters its own identification: "Molino Corona—Landers Mora & Cia., Ltda." Many people in the country have mills like this one. A young woman in Eagle said to me that because her mill came from Latin America she found the C.I.A. part "spooky." Making flour by stone friction is tough on the arm, a prizefighter's exercise, Donna's job. She seems amused when I take it over.

On the stove is a tin can full of simmering tea, under a sheet-metal lid that is a piece of a fuel can with a scorched clothespin clipped to it as a handle. Steam meanders upward past a slot window, low and wide, covered with clear soft plastic. The view is of segments of tree trunks. The cabin is on an island in a white rushing stream and stands in a grove of what for this country are specimen spruce. Some approach six feet in girth. For logs and lumber, Cook has selected the trees in a way that preserves the aesthetic of the grove. The cabin logs are not peeled—a practice he looks upon as repellently suburban.

The shanty that Dick and Donna use on stopovers in Eagle is only a little up from squalid. Old mattresses drape its roof, old wolf gristle lies on the cluttered floor, and many tons of junk are in profusion on the ground. Their fish camp down the Yukon can be discouraging, too—a dirty, fetid, lightless cabin astink in aging salmon. These more manifest habitations long ago earned Cook a reputation as a sloven—among people who have never been here. This secluded cabin (his home of homes) is neat and tidy—in fact, trig. For years, he was content with half of it, with ten by ten feet. Now, with Donna, he has added a sec-



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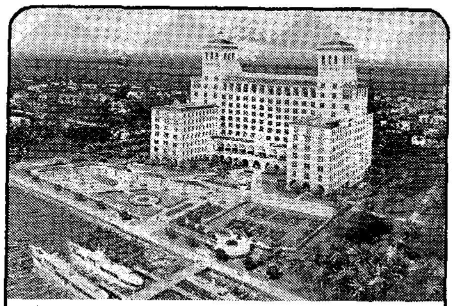

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ond room, which is two steps lower—split-level. Down there is the bed, made of rough planks covered with the hide of a moose. They ate their Thanksgiving dinner sitting on the bed—roast of moose he had shot, with a sauce of cranberries she had picked, potatoes and rutabagas they had grown, alfalfa sprouts with vinegar and oil, "pumpkin" pie from Hubbard squash. Visitors sleep on the floor. The dogs, on their chains, are spaced among the spruce. They are usually quiet, but we hear them yelp, howl, or mutter from time to time. Curving overhead near the ridgepole is a curing pair of sled shoes, made from white birch. In very deep cold, steel runners stick to snow as if they were crossing sand. The cabin door is covered with a moosehide. Under the eave and the window, outside, is a workbench equipped with carpenter's tools and construction implements of high quality and extensive choice, all of them neatly, not to say meticulously, arranged. Around the cabin are Swede saws, a whipsaw, steel barrels, snowshoes, sleds, a shovel, a rake, a pickaxe, wedges, a crowbar, a hand sledge, axes, traps, the "Alaska Maytag" (basically a tub and plunger), a wall tent, a construction wheelbarrow with inflated tires, and any number of dozens of other things. We are as far down the Yukon from Eagle as New York City is down the Hudson from West Point, and the largest vehicle that can carry things the six miles up this tributary stream is a canoe. Dick means to bring a full-size cookstove soon, and an antique Singer sewing machine that belonged to his grandmother in Ohio. He says that half the work he has done, over the years, has been "hauling things in."

An amazing percentage of the cargo stands on the cabin shelves. Books everywhere. Books on carpentry, blacksmithing, metalcraft, guns, leather, taxidermy, trapping, woodcraft. "American Indian Medicine." "The Sacred Mushroom and the Cross." "A Room of One's Own." "A Field Guide to Animal Tracks." "The Harvard Brief Dictionary of Music." "Desert Solitaire."

I tell him I like that one very much.

"You have a right to your opinion. The author's mistake is that he tries to express the meaning of nature. When you are writing about nature, you are writing about God, and it cannot be put into words."

"Shooter's Bible." "The Holy Bible."

"Meat killed first three days after full moon said to keep better," says a note neatly written on a wall calendar. "Harvest roots and fruit in third to fourth quarter. Mushrooms best on full moon."

When Dick and Donna are away, the cabin door is always left standing wide open. Blankets are tacked across the windows. Breakable objects are put under the floorboards, in a small cellar. Roughly half the times they are gone, they return to evidence of the presence of bears. Donna picks up a can of Crisco that a bear examined on a recent visit. As the bear held the Crisco and studied the label, a claw punched through the side of the can. The hole is of the diameter that would be made by a .45-calibre bullet. "When you live with nature, you have to share with nature, whether you like it or not," says Cook. "The cabin is bear bait. Bears know when we're not here, because the dogs are gone. The damage bears do is part of living here." Since breaking and entering is their most expensive habit, the cost is lowered by masking the windows and opening the door, suggesting to a bear the best way in and out, so the bear will not demolish the cabin.

Bears are on my mind today, because tomorrow I have to walk out of here alone and I hope for no encounters on the way. I have arranged with Sarge Waller to come down the Yukon in his boat and meet me at Cook's fish camp. The six miles from here to there have been travelled enough to create a sporadic trail—segments of beaten thoroughfare that tend to disappear, now into sedge tussocks, now into knee-deep muskeg, now into heavy thickets. As Nessmuk said, "The trail . . . branched off to right and left, grew dimmer and slimmer, degenerated to a deer path, petered out to a squirrel track, ran up a tree, and ended in a knot hole." Getting lost will not be possible, though—not with a wall of hills on the right and the stream on the left and less than a mile of ground between. My apprehension is focussed wholly on bears, of which I am more wary than I was at one time. A while back, I confided this fear, in a general way, to Jim Scott in Eagle. I told him I had heard John Ostrander saying how bears are not long out of their dens these days and are walking around mean and vicious. "Don't listen to these terrorized people," said Scott. "Don't let them spoil your fun, you know what I mean? When you walk out from Cook's cabin, your chances, in effect, of encountering a bear will be roughly equivalent to your chances of encountering Jesus Christ."

Jack Greene strongly counselled me not to go into the woods without a gun, and offered me one of his. I thanked him but refused. Having never hunted, I have almost no knowledge of guns. Arriving here, I came in with Dick and Donna from the fish camp, backpacking, the sled dogs running circles around us in the woods—a noisy, armed safari. Snoopy—brother of Chipper, the lead dog—had a forty-pound pack on his back, too. When Dick put it on him, he at once walked into the Yukon. We had come perhaps three-quarters of a mile when we passed a big mound of scat. "Maybe we'll get a bear!" Donna said. "It can happen anytime." The thought seemed to quicken their appetites. Like a traveller checking his wallet, Cook instinctively felt for his rifle. He had left it at the fish camp. He dropped his pack and returned for the gun. Donna and I sat down by the spoor. "A woman needs a lot of confidence in the man she is living with out here," she said. "I have superconfidence in Dick. When I wanted to go out with a man and live in the bush, I wasn't about to go out with someone from a university. The trouble with some people living out here together is that neither of them knows a whole bunch." When Dick returned and we proceeded, we soon passed another pile of bear scat, fairly new—and, a half mile later, one that was even fresher. Now, on the morning before I leave, every bear story I know keeps running through my mind, every newspaper headline—"HIKERS DRIVE OFF BEAR SUSPECTED IN EARLIER DEATH," "RIFLE OFFERS PROTECTION FROM BEARS"—and every bearchew feature in *Alaska* magazine, with color pictures of discharge day at Anchorage hospitals, people's eyes awry, their faces like five-year-old baseballs. When I told Tom Scott of my own travels in the Brooks Range, with unarmed but ecologically experienced companions (Sierra Club, Bureau of Outdoor Recreation, National Park Service types), he said, "Pardon my saying so, but those gentlemen are fools. Alaskans are thought of as being gun-happy, and maybe that is what they are, but nearly everyone carries a gun in the woods"—including his father, he went on to say, regardless of Whom he might expect to meet there. And here I am about to walk through the woods the distance merely from Times Square to LaGuardia Airport and I am ionized with anticipation—catastrophic antici-

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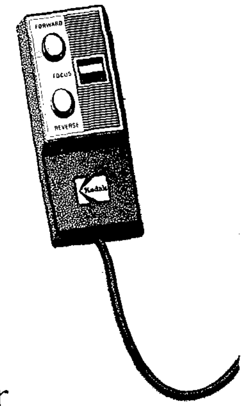

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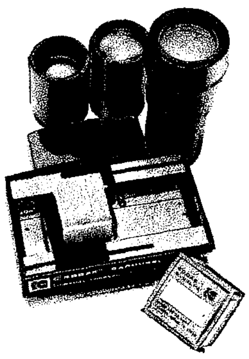

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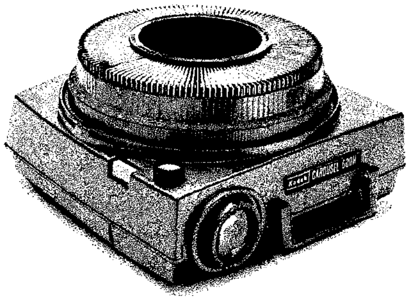

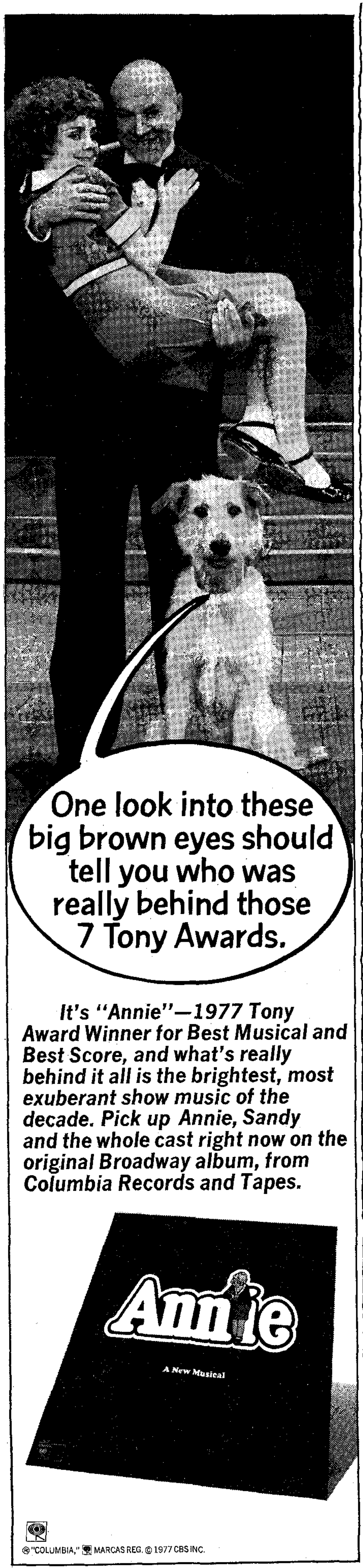

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pation. I may never resolve my question of bears—the extent to which I exaggerate the danger, the extent of the foolishness of those who go unarmed. The effect of it all, for the moment, is a slight but detectable migration of my internal affections from the sneaker toward the bazooka, from the National Wildlife Federation toward the National Rifle Association—an annoying touch of panic in a bright and blazing day.

I profoundly wish it were winter. The country has seemed more friendly to me then, all the bears staring up at the ceilings of their dens. The landscape is softened, in illusion less rough and severe—the frozen rivers flat and quiet where the waves of rapids had been. Dick goes out on the levelled stream and lays down harnesses on the snow. The sled is packed, the gear lashed under skins. Everything is ready for the dogs. They are barking, roaring, screaming with impatience for the run. One by one, Donna unchains them. Out of the trees they dash toward the sled. Chipper goes first and, standing in front, holds all the harnesses in a good taut line. Abie, Little Girl, Grandma, Ug—the others fast fill in. They jump in their traces, can't wait to go. If they jump too much, they get cuffed. Wait another minute and they'll have everything so twisted we'll be here another hour. Go! The whole team hits at once. The sled, which was at rest a moment before, is moving fast. Destination, Eagle; time, two days.

The bluff above the stream is pastel tan, the sky rich blue. "Great day!"

"The snow could be a little drier!" Cook shouts. "In this god-damned country, no matter what the conditions are you wish you had something else!"

With a bit of time behind them, the dogs steady down. Gradually, Little Girl's tail comes up, begins to wag. She is goldbricking. Richard O. Cook stops his team. He walks up and down the line. "All right, you all know what is happening. You know who I'm after. You all know who I mean. No, not you, Grandma. You're O.K., girl. You are doing your work. You have not yet started to fake. No, not you, Chipper. You, either, Ug." He comes to Little Girl. "*You* know who I mean. *You* know what is going on," he says, and whumps her very hard on both sides of her butt. Dick does not pull back when he hits his dogs. He really belts them. But he is never cruel, he would not gratuitously beat them down. They are all exuberant animals, not a chronic cringer among them, and the full warm context of his relationship with them is something wonderful to see. The sled moves again. Little Girl's tail is low and wagless, and her chest is on the leather.

"Females are temperamental, flighty, not nearly as steady as males," he says. "I have two. If I didn't need them for breeding purposes, I would have none in my team."

Dick has sometimes handed the sled over to me for two and three miles at a time, he and Donna walking far behind. On forest trails, with the ground uneven, the complexity of the guesswork is more than I'd have dreamed. We come to, say, a slight uphill grade. I have been riding, standing on the back of the sled. The dogs, working harder, begin throwing glances back at me. I jump off and run, giving them a hundred-and-fifty-pound bonus. The sled picks up speed in reply. Sooner or later, they stop—spontaneously quit—and rest. Let them rest too long and they'll dig holes in the snow and lie down. I have learned to wait about forty-five seconds, then rattle the sled, and off they go. I don't dare speak to them, because my voice is not Cook's. If I speak, they won't move at all. There are three main choices—to ride, to run behind, or to keep a foot on the sled and push with the other, like a kid propelling a scooter. The incline has to be taken into account, the weight of the sled, the firmness of the trail, the apparent energy of the dogs, the time since they last rested, one's own degree of fatigue. Up and down hill, over frozen lakes—now ride, now half ride, run. Ten below zero seems to be the fulcrum temperature at which the air is just right to keep exertion cool. You're tired. Ride. Outguess the dogs. Help with one foot. When they're just about to quit, step off and run. When things look promising, get on again, rest, look around at the big white country: its laden spruce on forest trails; its boulevard, the silent Yukon. On a cold, clear aurorean night with the moon and Sirius flooding the ground, the sound of the sled on the dry snow is like the rumbling cars of a long freight, well after the engine has passed. According to Harry David, dogs run faster in moonlight, because they are trying to get away from their shadows.

Now, at Cook and Kneeland's cabin, with the snow off the ground and the bears upon it, I am too abashed to confess my fright, although Cook, I have noticed, is rarely unarmed. Donna works at a muskrat skin. Dick assembles bee frames at his workbench. His hives look like cabinets and were made from the trees above. I examine his .22. "Is it loaded?"

He says, "Every gun here is loaded. A baseball bat is better than an unloaded gun."

And Donna says, "You may not get your meat if you're not ready."

Cook's bees gave him a heavy stinging last week, when he was already suffering from abscesses around his teeth. So, for the first time in twelve years, he prescribed for himself a course of penicillin. His first-aid supply also includes ammonia inhalers, a thermometer, tape, gauze, a scalpel, hemostats, sutures, Empirin Compound with Codeine No. 4, Darvon, paregoric, Pontocaine, and morphine.

One knee of his trousers has ripped out, possibly for the hundredth time. His long johns poke through. "We'd better learn to Indian tan or we're not going to have any clothes."

"I didn't even know how to split wood when I came out here," Donna says. "In this country, you can't afford the luxury of sitting around waiting for a man to cut firewood, of not being able to do it yourself. Someday he may be late."

"Someday he may not come back," Dick reminds her.

"I know. I think that every time you go out."

Donna hangs up some skins for airing—moose, caribou, two bearskins. One bear was shot by a stream near here, the other down at the fish camp. She hangs up the pelt of a wolverine. "The wolverine is the most verbally abused animal in the country," Dick says as he works on his bee frames. "And unjustly so. It's one of the finest animals out here. People say a wolverine is 'ornery,' 'mean,' 'vicious,' 'worthless.' They say it can't live with another wolverine. No animal is considered lower. My experience is entirely different. The wolverine is powerful. It hunts with its mate. If one is injured, the other will stick by it. Wolves are affectionate, too. They are really beautiful animals. I have come to know and love them. This year, I have a mating pair on my line. Two years ago, I had a whole pack. The nonbreeders pack up, so they won't get in the way of the sex game. Around the first of March, twenty-five of them went right by the cabin here. Wolves are easy to shoot in mating season. They're in love, I guess. They run in pairs. They don't pay attention to what they're doing. Indians call animals their brothers. You soon realize here that your life is no more important than the animals'. Animals give up their lives, and you will, too. You can't have life without death."

Through apertures in the tall spruce I can see far down the stream course, and even to the low hills on the opposite side of the Yukon. They are blue with distance. I wish I could jump that distance. It is the whole of the walk out of here, and then some. The hills appear to be on the outskirts of Mexico City.

Toward 6 P.M., Donna serves creamed squaw candy (smoked salmon) on whole-wheat biscuits. Resuming his work, Dick soon discovers that he is running out of foundations—the sheets of wax on which bees build their combs. He must have more foundations, he says, and the nearest supply is in Eagle.

"Come with me and Sarge tomorrow!" I tell him, the idea striking like sunlight. I can already see him on the trail before me, his rifle gently bobbing on its sling. Cook begins to think out loud. He must have the foundations. He must also plant his garden. He cannot go to Eagle and leave behind him an unplanted garden. This near the Arctic Circle, the margins of germination, growth, and harvest are extremely narrow. Even a couple of days can make a fatal difference. He and Donna live, in significant measure, on their crops. On the other hand, the bees have come all the way from Texas and are not easily replaced. He needs the honey. Possibly, enough of the more critical seeds and plants could be put into the soil tonight, and even early tomorrow morning, to free him to go with me and Sarge. "I want to do that if I possibly can," he says, and my heart soars like a hawk. "But we will have to work like bastards planting the garden tonight."

Cook's approach to high-latitude agriculture is detailed and scientific. His garden is twenty-five hundred square feet, and he has planned it to the half inch. He carries a thick notebook. The notes reflect research on the chances and characteristics of many hundreds of varieties of berries, vegetables, and flowers. A Norman monk would not have styled a neater arrangement. Asters, pansies, cress, nasturtiums, burdock, dill, sage, cabbage, savory. Some are this year's experiments, some are tried and sure. The soil is black silt. Oriental poppies, beets, marigolds,

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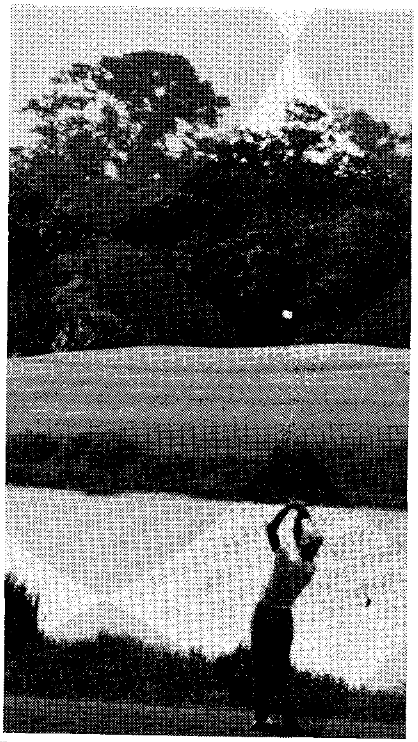

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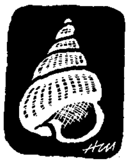
grass, broccoli, endive, kale. Strawberries. Four kinds of peas. Potatoes. Lettuce. Cook is a one-man experiment station. Instead of hunting him down and trying to kick him out of here, the federal government should come and farm his genius. Subsidize him. Not that he would accept. Parsnips, cabbage, parsley, beans, onions, horseradish, Jerusalem artichokes, corn, clover, alfalfa, rhubarb. The evening is extremely feverish. The garden is close by the rushing stream, above a steep and mucky bank. I scramble up and down filling buckets with water. A thousand gallons may do. Sunflowers, calendula, radishes, rutabaga, shallots, turnips, tomatoes. Between buckets, I shovel compost, most of which is malamute-Siberian mongrel turd. Cucumbers. There is a small plastic-covered greenhouse, built by Donna, near the cabin. Cucumbers, tomatoes, and peppers are greenhouse crops in Alaska, as is Hubbard squash. Going away for a few days recently, Donna hid flats of green shoots in the cellar, so bears would not knock them over. Mice ate the young tomato plants and most of the Hubbard squash—next winter's "pumpkin" pies. Ermine, frequently, will inhabit the cabin like mice. Cook once had a pet weasel named Harriet that used to run on his table and knock off dishes and look at him with a weaselly smile. Harriet accidentally died in one of his traps.

Donna and I plant together, sliding opposite down the rows. We must slow up and be careful, or Cook, with his notebook, will find us at fault. Donna, in her generosity, seems as sensitive to my goals as to his, to feel my desire to get the seeds into the earth. Turnips form a four-inch grid. Radishes next. Beets. There is a delaying search through the packet box for the right succession of varietal carrots. Cook advances to the new strawberry bed, at the far end of the garden. Donna and I talk. She mentions her honeymoon. When she married Bill Kneeland, an architect in Fairbanks, they went off to a cabin in the bush near Livengood that had been given her as a present. Her employer soon flew in after them. He said he was desperate, she had to come away and work. He ran an air-charter service in Fairbanks, and he needed her as a stewardess on a big, important job. What could she do, she wonders, giving a shrug, dropping carrot seeds into the ground. Leaving Kneeland in the cabin, she flew off with her boss.

After the honeymoon, she and the architect moved into a big house in Fairbanks, where she "was supposed to look pretty." She had nothing else to do. If she fulfilled the requirement by nature, she did not by predisposition. "That life was just not my style. I like it more here. It's more worthwhile. The satisfaction is in making your own living, as opposed to making money and buying your living—to have the garden all planted and a year's supply of salmon hanging on the racks. I get a lot of pleasure, too, out of having a nice piece of skin. When I tan it right, I feel good. I have sure learned a lot, stumbling around. In my first year, I broke two plates and several cups. I wouldn't do that now. I have a long way to go, though. I'm still not comfortable in boats."



To get over to their cabin when we arrived, we used Dick's canoe, which he had left in the mainland woods. First, we lined it up the shelf ice to a point opposite the island, where we would try to angle down the heavy rapids and get a purchase on the island side. The dogs, meanwhile, jumped in and swam. One was a seven-month-old pup, swimming a current for the first time in her life. The choppy torrent was sparkling with sun, and her head was hard to follow. She tried to swim straight upstream, and the river—thirty-three degrees—kept moving her backward. At best, she just held even. I thought she was going to die. Finally, a bit at a time, she ferried on the current, moved sidewise, and, after a very long baptismal swim, went shaking onto the bank. Now, in the canoe, we human beings shoved into the rapid. Dick had a pole and wanted no help. We bucked on into the haystacks. "That pup was really working," I said to Donna. "Quiet!" she replied. Her hands were wrapped around the center thwart, the knuckles white.

"I do worry a lot," Donna admits. "I worry about Dick. I worry about him and the river. I worry a whole hell of a lot when he is gone for weeks. I try to work on new skills. I'm learning to work with wood. I worked two months on a small wooden car for my son." The axles were of birch, the wheels of red alder, bound to the chassis with rawhide. The wheels had spokes of spruce. The body was cottonwood. The bumper was moose bone. The surface was finished with beeswax. Edward, Donna's son, is two. He lives in Oklahoma. His stepmother could not stand Alaska. Donna wrapped the finished car with extraordinary care and mailed it to Edward from Eagle, wondering to what extent he might sense that it had not come from a store.

It is 11 P.M. We have one section planted—roughly half a dozen to go. The strawberry bed is under way, and I help Dick there. It is his notion that strawberries in a depressed bed can survive a penarctic winter. So this bed will be six inches deep. A lot more than six inches has to be shovelled up and lugged away, though, because he has tons of compost for the bed.

By midnight, with half the excavation done, Dick straightens up and says he is ready to quit. He doubts he'll finish in the morning. So why not quit now? He enters a debate—with himself—aloud. Vegetables versus bees. Participation by others is not invited. He flings pros into the air like skeet, and one by one he shatters them with cons. He finally announces that he is not going to leave in the morning.

He has at least given me an evening off from my imagination. We go inside for a late dessert—cranberry shortcake with milk and sugar—and I pick at it while he reviews the sterner facts of nature. "In New York," he says, "people separate the concepts of life and death. In this country, their whole view of life and death would change. The woods are composed of who's killing whom. Life is forever building from death. Life and death are not a duality."

"These concepts aren't earthshaking," says Donna. "It's just that you can see it all here."

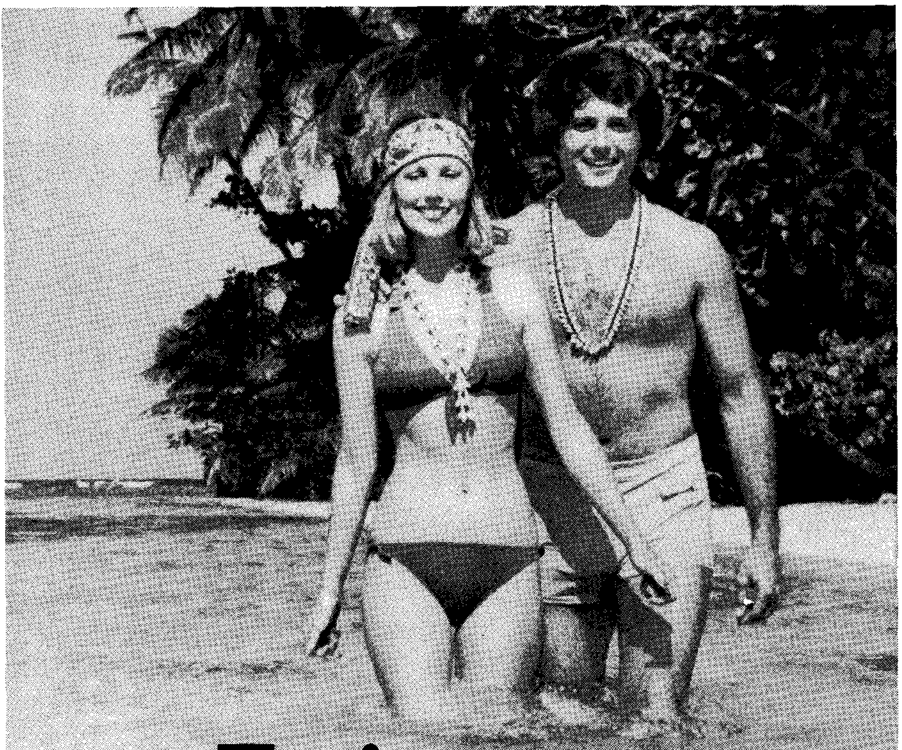
"You look at this country, it hits you in the face," Dick continues.

"What hits you in the face?"

"That life and death are not a duality. They're just simply here—life, death—in the all-pervading mesh that holds things together. Less than five minutes after a wolf stops chasing a moose, the moose is browsing. The wolf chases the moose again. Stops. Five minutes later, the moose is browsing. The moose does not go on thinking—worrying—about the wolf. Death is as much a part of life as breathing. People in cities seem to want life and death to remain at a standstill. Most people who are against killing are horribly afraid to die. They seem to think you can have life without death, and if so they have withdrawn from life. They seem to think the animals up here are smelling flowers. They use the word 'ecology' for everything but what it means. It means who's eating whom, and when."

I ask him what, if anything, makes him afraid.

"Uncontrolled fear and deep respect



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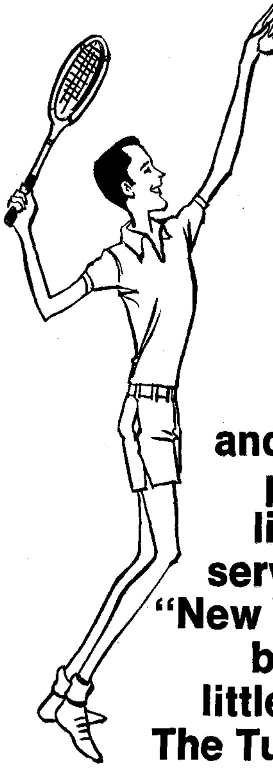

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are two different things," he answers. "In one sense, there is nothing out here for me to fear. I'm going to die someday. I'll be food for somebody else. There are a lot of things up here that can kill you. You've got to have a healthy respect for the country."

I am supposed to meet Sarge at two in the afternoon. At ten-thirty in the morning, I ask Dick for a ride off the island. It took us four and a half hours to get up here, but I am sure I can get back in three, and I want some extra time in case I go astray. He poles me to shore. I jump out, thank him, and go up the bank. I go on up a rise, circle a swamp on a contour, and drop down among cottonwoods near the stream. I made notes coming in. "Go through sphagnum boggy open area after point of rock, hills to left, then into woods half a mile, then a quarter mile of tussocks, then by stream half a mile over gravel dry slough, then get up on bank and into willow." I attempt to follow this in reverse, and see nothing whatsoever that is mentioned in the notes. I am moving right along, though, finding here and there a bit of travelled path, here and there a sight of the stream. Animals use the same routes people do, especially where the way is narrow. The way is so narrow at times that the willow trunks simultaneously rub both ends of the rolled pad on the top of my pack.

Like an explosion in my face, a grouse starts up, two feet away, whirring. I break out in muskeg, back to heavy woods. I have a metal cup. I tap on it with a spoon. I pass bear scat, old and familiar. Tap. Now another mound. I have not seen that one before. Tap. Tap. In other words, never surprise a bear. One or two *must* be here somewhere. To make myself known, I deliver lectures to them in a voice designed to clear the hall. "Uncontrolled fear and deep respect are two different things," I explain to them. "You've got to have a healthy respect for what comes through the country."

An hour goes by, and more—fast-moving. I lose my way now, in dense alder. A path was clear before, but it is suddenly gone. With a couple of taps on the cup, I stand and wonder what to do. I go back, or what I think is back, but have lost where I have been. The brush is so dense I can't see the hills. I try moving laterally, toward and away from what I guess to be the direction of the stream. Now for some minutes I slowly walk in a rectangle, breaking branches to mark it, then build a larger one on that, and, while building a third one, come to beaten trail. In it is a mound of spoor. I recognize it as if it were a friend. It was the nearest defecation to the Yukon. Tap.

The trees finally end. I am pleased to see the big river. I make a bench of driftwood, eat cashews and apricots, and wait for Sarge. The walk took a little less than two hours. I don't feel elevated by that journey, nor am I shy to describe it—just happy that it is complete. I scarcely think I was crazy to do it, and I don't think I was crazy to fear it. Risk was low, but there was something to fear. Still, I am left awry. I embrace this wild country. But how can I be of it, how can I move within it? I can't accept anymore the rationale of the few who go unarmed—yet I am equally loath to use guns. If bears were no longer in the country, I would not have come. I am here, in a sense, because they survive. So I am sorry—truly rueful and perplexed—that without a means of killing them I cannot feel at ease. A punctual speck appears on the river. Staff Sergeant James Waller, United States Marine Corps, Retired. Tap.

I HAVE been hired as scribe to Mike Potts. My ancestors in Scotland were scribes to the likes of Potts, so I feel an atavistic rightness in accepting the position. I won't take pay. He feeds me instead—a meal here and there, a little bread and moose. I enjoy Potts. Like Dick Cook, he has a certain picture of himself and he paints it every day—another daub, another skill, becoming more and more of what he once only dreamed. With John Gaudio, he now wishes to offer two-week dog-team trips to anyone willing to travel this far and pay him enough, and he needs, in effect, a brochure. He is a skillful editor. "Verbal" is not the word that Potts first brings to mind, but he senses how language might be cut to fit him. Taking hold of the text, he roughs it up. "Day 10: Cross over the divide into the Seventymile River drainage and camp at the headwaters of Mogul Creek (tent)."

The stipend on Potts' table tonight was perhaps more than I had bargained for. What we consumed, in the main, was fresh shoulder of grizzly—giving a new, unexpected, and grimly ironic turn to my evolving approach to this creature. Potts and Gaudio took a canoe down the Fortymile a few days ago. The Fortymile goes into the Yukon thirty miles above Eagle, in Canada. Heading back from there, they got into their sleeping bags in the canoe and drifted through the night. One woke the other when he saw the bear. It was on the right bank and close to the water. The canoe moved silently upon it. The bear was walking upwind, downriver, looking the other way—just on the Canadian side of the border. The two raised their rifles, fired, and knocked it into the United States. Halved at the waist, it has been hanging in Potts' butchery, a few steps from his cabin. The butchery, merely a roof on poles, is also his fish cache, and the shelter for his dog pot—half a fifty-five-gallon drum that sits like a caldron above a fire and is a pot-au-feu for huskies. Fish parts, bear gut, the voluminous udder of a moose—what goes in there is "anything you got," lamb's-quarters, too ("for roughage"). I have once or twice helped him feed the dogs, carrying buckets to their stakes behind the cabin. They scream and leap in frenzy and plunge their noses into the buckets and swallow gobs of viscera at a gulp, then sit down and pass the hours, bored at the ends of their chains. Burgundy is the color of the grizzly's flesh. With the coat gone, its body is an awesome show of muscular anatomy. The torso hangs like an Eisenhower jacket, short in the middle, long in the arms, muscles braided and bulging. The claws and cuffs are still there. A great deal of fat is on the back. The legs, still joined, suggest a middle linebacker, although the thought is flattering to football. The bear was two years old.

"*Shar-cho*," said Adeline Potts, means "big bear," means in her language the brown—the grizzly—bear. "Why don't you cook a bit?" said her husband. "I'm getting hungry." Across the grain, he had sliced a pile of steaks, and she cooked them in their own raging fat. The Potts' log cabin is fourteen feet square, no more, but "big enough, and not too hard to heat." A double bed, of planks, is in a corner, and above it the bunk of Adeline's three-year-old son. There is a small chest of drawers, a small cookstove, a half-drum heat stove, two benches, a table in a corner. Four rifles ride the ridgepole. The logs were cut in forests upstream, and yanked to the Yukon by Oddball and Patches, huskies who fill in as horses. Oddball is Potts' lead dog and is as white as a cue ball. The house in which Potts grew up, in West Des Moines, looks out from big Naugahyde chairs at handsome landscaping through picture windows. On the wall is a painting of snow-capped mountains—a stag in the foreground, its head held high. On the walls of Potts' cabin are posters of chiefs. "Tah-Me-La-Pash-Me. Dull Knife. Cheyenne. 1828-1879." "Oh-Cun-Ga-Che. Little Wolf. Cheyenne. 1820-1904." Adeline would not eat the bear. She cooked, in supplement, a platter of moose. She will eat lynx, she said, which is "just like turkey," and wolf, which recalls canned beef. But not this, never this meat. There might be taste but there was terror in the bear. Mike ate happily and hugely, fat and lean. "This is a fat-starved country," he said. "The Lower Forty-eight has to have cottage cheese, skim milk, and so on, because they have too much fat. The people there are fat. Up here, this is a fat-starved country, and you take fat when you can get it. I got five pounds of lard from this bear." The moose was tough. I ate little of it. The grizzly was tender with youth and from a winter in the den. More flavorful than any wild meat I have eaten, it expanded my life list—muskrat, weasel, deer, moose, musk-ox, Dall sheep, whale, lion, coach whip, rattlesnake . . . grizzly. And now a difference overcame me with regard to bears. In strange communion, I had chewed the flag, consumed the symbol of the total wild, and, from that meal forward, if a bear should ever wish to reciprocate, it would only be what I deserve.

Potts makes two thousand dollars in a winter's trapping. He has worked on the pipeline three weeks for the same. He prefers trapping. For $11.27 an hour, he once operated a chain saw that helped to clear the pipeline's right-of-way. When he goes out into the mountains, he is often accompanied by Michael David, who now runs lines in adjacent terrain. In the eyes of some people in the Village, including older ones, such endeavors in the wild are retrogressive. Adeline's father, Willie Juneby, is just amused. "My dad thinks we're crazy sometimes." The Hungwitchin have historically been nervous about certain high ground in the area where Potts goes to trap. They call it the Devil's Chair, and fear for Adeline if she is there. Septembers, Potts puts out nets for the running chum salmon. He dries them and packs them, and eventually has a chartered plane drop hundreds of pounds of fish in the mountains, where he caches them for his dogs in winter. The plane, out of Tok and costing eighty dollars a trip, also drops flour, salt, sugar, matches, candles, tea, coffee, tobacco, milk, bak-

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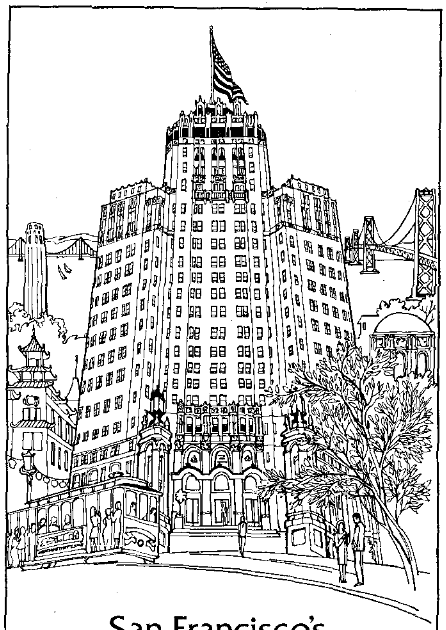

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ing powder, rice, Mapleine, jello, and canned goods in heavy double bags. Potts does not otherwise seek assistance. With sled and gear, moving up and over his mountains, he has broken trail for as much as nineteen straight hours through deep blown drifts at sixty below.

In spring, he puts out a net for pike and grayling, in an eddy up the Yukon where schools collect. His whole family gets into his canoe—a lovely eighteen-foot Chestnut—and goes up to discover the daily catch. Oddball pulls the canoe. He stands in harness on the edge of the river, and a long rope runs from the middle of his back over water to the bow quarter thwart. Potts speaks. Oddball advances. The canoe—carrying, say, five hundred pounds—begins to slide upstream. Steering with a paddle, Potts keeps the bow a few degrees off the grain of the current, maintaining tension on the rope. The mighty Yukon drives one way, mighty Oddball the other. Oddball defeats the river with ease. He jumps logs, he swims around sweepers—responding to remarks from Potts. The trip is not slow. The canoe fairly rips along. Caught by the gills, pike and grayling are waiting. ("Stay close to Potts," Jim Scott has urged me. "If for nothing else, for the northern pike.")

We cleaned them, late one evening, under a rainbow that vaulted from an orange northerly sky. Sonny Potts, half Eskimo, with wide soft eyes too deep to plumb, watched his adoptive father scaling a fish. "Is that a mother?" he asked. "Does it have beans in it?"

"We'll see," said Potts, a smile flapping the wings of his mustache. He slit the fish forward from the anus, spilling beans.

Sonny's father was Ray Foster, an Eskimo of Noorvik, who left a wife and many children to marry Adeline, and who now lives with the widow of Tony Paul. Potts was checking I.D.s and stopping fights as a temporary bouncer in a bar in Fairbanks when Adeline happened in, divorced and depressed. Mike talked her away from her troubles and the bar, and back to Eagle Indian Village. He is said to have stabilized her life. When he is in the Village, she is comforted and easy. He causes her to feel at home. She is not a little bitter. Of the whites of Eagle she has not much good to say. "They just want to cut us down. They gossip behind our backs. They feel superior. They give false grins." She is the first woman who has ever served on the Eagle Village Council. She has tacked a "Thanksgiving Prayer" to the rafters of her cabin. "Dear Lord, we thank You for poverty, starvation, infant death, a 44-year lifespan, diseases like smallpox, tuberculosis, diphtheria, and v.d. We thank You for alcoholism and suicide. . . ." She and Potts feel as strongly as Michael David about the white bootleggers of Eagle. They once attempted to "turn them in." The response in Eagle was an instant story that Mike Potts was a habitual user of the hardest kinds of drugs. "The truth is," he says, "I've never even bought a lid of grass."

He is subject to worse gossip than that, as are the three or four other whites who live in the Village and are married to Indians. The essence of what is said is that in marrying into the tribe they knew what they wanted, and that was franchise. With the Bureau of Land Management chasing people away from all parts of the federal domain, the choices for the arriving settler, for the would-be modern pioneer, are to live in trespass in defiance of the government, to make an arrangement with the Indians, or to fold one's tent and try to rent in Eagle. The Hungwitchin are reluctant to enter into most arrangements. Marriage is one they have to accept.

"You get the husky-dusky maiden, you see, and then you spin off the benefits from the native claims—the Village land selections, the corporate profit-sharing, the direct payments coming down from the Alaska Native Fund."

"We call them land-claim bridegrooms."

"They are romantics, too, remember. Back to Mother Indian. They love sleeping in dry caribou skin and eating jerky."

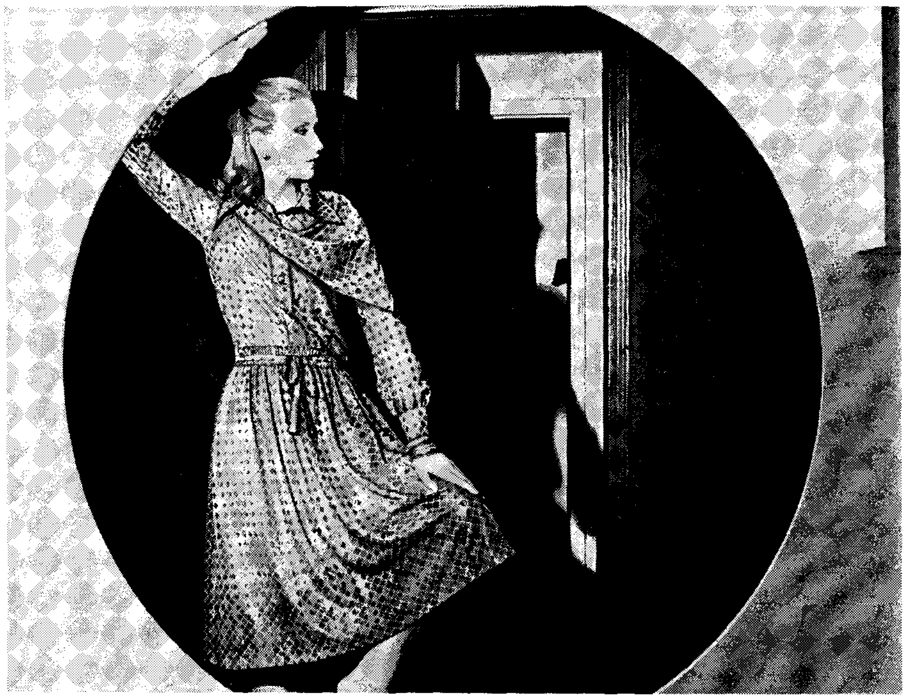
Mike Potts appears to be only mildly disgusted by all this. He came into the country for what is here; others have come for what is not. While he has been turning into a seasoned performer—relaxed in the pleasure of his chosen life—these others have been turning into hecklers. He shrugs them off and hits the trail. He is teaching his young brother-in-law Benny Juneby the skills of the woods, including the handling of dogs. (There are six dog teams in the Village, of which three belong to whites.) He divides his game with the Village. He has often shot a moose and ended up with the least of it. He is good at getting meat. Once, in the mountains, he shot three moose in a day. Two wolves were on the first moose, about to pull it down. Everywhere he looked he saw wolves, like shadows flying through the trees. When he fired, the wolves vanished. The moose staggered into the North Fork of the Fortymile. Potts was downstream, and the current delivered the meat. In the same area, a grizzly chased Oddball not long ago and was within ten feet of destroying him when Potts fired true enough to stop the chase. There is game, at times, much closer to the Village. The long tall bluff across the Yukon is a natural fence, and unfortunate is the animal that walks beside it. There is no good direction for escape. A black bear once came out of the woods between Potts' cabin and the Village school, went down to the river, and swam across. Michael David, Potts, and Tony Paul crossed the river in Tony's boat with a .44 handgun and a .30-'06. They were waiting onshore under the bluff when the bear came out of the water. Grizzlies have died the same way, and moose, and caribou. Caribou have been low in the country, have been all but gone in recent years, and Potts is restless to find them. He talks more and more of the Porcupine drainage, a hundred miles north, where the herds in the mountains move like rivers, thirty miles long.

"Potts' only problem is that he's white. He has difficulty coping with that. He fancies himself a male Sacajawea. He's not looking for monetary gain."

"He brings a lot more meat into that Village than he eats."

"He is from Des Moines, Iowa, and he keeps the Village Indian."

NOW alone in mountains nearly a hundred miles west of Eagle and at least thirty from the nearest human being, I am puzzled by the hour of the day. I have no idea what it is. There has been no dark of night or visible sun. I don't wear a watch. I am like that Frenchman deep in the caves who hadn't a notion of the hour and slept and ate only according to need. I wonder: Could I have prepared and eaten three full meals in only two hours? In twelve? Fifteen? If I could see the sun, the sun would not help. I have neither a map nor a compass with which to assess its position, and now, at the summer solstice, it rides so low above the mountain ridges and dips so briefly behind them that 4 A.M. looks much like nine and noon. All of that is academic anyway. There is a leaden overcast, and the wind is driving a light, cold rain. Tracks are everywhere—wolf, grizzly, caribou. The



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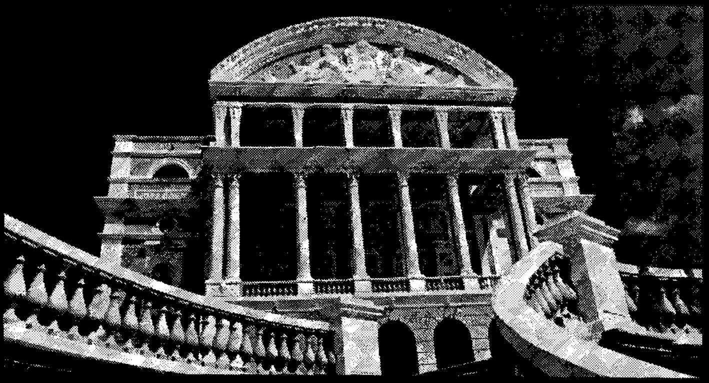

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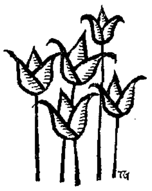
mountainsides in surrounding view—sixteen doming tundra balds—are green and white, holding the winter and the summer in quilted fields of snow. In this remote landscape, as wild as any in the country—where not so much as a cabin stands in half a million acres around—my only companions are a backhoe and a bulldozer.

The nearest tree is a mile away. In fact, there is just one small colony of spruce in this otherwise treeless high terrain. The bowl the mountains form is a circumvallate world of what appear to be upsweeping lawns, and in fifteen or twenty square miles I can see—or, at least, I imagine I am capable of seeing—almost anything that moves. With my monocular I look around, scan the middle ground, glass the hills. "Schizomotive" is the word for this situation. I regularly check the landscape in hopes of seeing what I am reassuring myself is not there. Moving around from place to place, stopping to use the monocular, I am like a watchman with a Detex key. I would give a lot to see caribou, and more to see a wolf. I am content with the bears I have seen, and prefer that they keep their distance—notwithstanding this big fella on my shoulder, a Winchester .308.



At my request, Ed and Stanley Gelvin flew off and left me here in late afternoon, close to the confluence of two brooks in their gold-claims valley. They had things to do at home. They said they would return soon after eight o'clock this morning. (I am assuming this is morning.) I began listening for them while I was making breakfast. I have recently finished lunch. Since Stanley and his father are as punctual as they are industrious—and are never unmindful of the high investment and short season here at the claims—I have about concluded that I ate breakfast in the night in the belief that it was morning and have since had lunch for breakfast; they should be here anytime.

They have been working twelve hours a day. When they chose the site for the airstrip, the longest and naturally flattest place was across meanders of a stream. With the D9, Stanley set the stream to one side, gave it a straight new bed, and spread its gravels beside it for the runway. I have since caught many grayling in the new version of the stream, which has fine pools and flows clear. Removing the tundra from a wide swath of ancient channels, Stanley dozed more gravel onto the strip, then packed it down—seventeen hundred feet. Welding steel—using twelve-foot H-beams and angle irons—Ed created something that weighed a couple of tons and resembled a carpenter's plane. He dragged that up and down with the backhoe, making the runway smooth. There was not a lot I could do. I threw small boulders off the field. When it was complete, the Cessna 206, their single-engine workhorse aircraft, could land. It can carry, among other things, three or four fifty-five-gallon drums full of diesel fuel. Because the airstrip consists of stream-bed gravels, it contains, in all likelihood, gold. Long-range plans include another airstrip, to be made from tailings. Then this first airstrip can be run through the sluice box and deposited in a bank.

There is a poplin wind sock, flying east. Ed sewed it at home. Its color is camouflage green.

Strewn around the wanigan, which is in effect a plywood tent, are tools, Blazo cans, propane tanks, the welding equipment, the generator—items no more congruous in this wilderness than the backhoe or the D9. A piece at a time, Ed and Stanley have disassembled the rig that Stanley hauled up here on his April journey over alpine snow and ice. The sled he dragged has become the slick plate—a couple of hundred square feet of half-inch-thick sheet steel, at one end of which Ed has fashioned and welded a steel mouthpiece to guide gravel into the sluice box. To carry water to the plate and box, he welded nine fifty-five-gallon drums end to end, forming a thirty-foot pipe. He used welding rods acquired from the Trans-Alaska Pipeline. Using a circular drum top, he made a valve for the pipe, and he fitted it with a handle that can regulate the flow of water. After assembling the steel sluice box, which is thirty-six feet long and four feet wide, he began to fill it with "riffles." Riffles vary considerably, and are the signature of the miner. Their general purpose is to create in the box a confined simulacrum of stream rapids, to intrude upon the flow of water so that it will leap, dive, tumble in souse holes, reverse itself in mid-torrent, rage forward, stack up, back up, and eddy out—just what happens when God welds a river. Prospectors in search of gold would try the deep, quiet pockets of rapids. In like manner, gold will collect in the deep, quiet pockets of the box. Most riffles are lengths of steel set perpendicular to the flow and only a few inches apart, ladderlike. They are set at various angles and spacings according to the theories of the miner. Some miners make riffles with wooden poles, wooden blocks, boulders. They even use slices of rubber tires. After Ed and Stanley had lowered into place all of their seventy calculated riffles—mostly three-sixteenth-inch angle irons, with a channel iron every four feet—they were ready at last to set up their mine.

They had decided to make the first cut half a mile below the airstrip, dozing wholly into the left side of the valley. "Them old-timers in the old days, they covered this country more thoroughly than you can imagine," Ed explained. "Up here, they worked only the left limit." Back from a hundred and fifty feet of stream (the basic dimension of the cut), Stanley scraped off the tundra in a swath that went out to "the width of pay"—to the margin, near the rising slope of the hillside, where a pan of gravel would no longer show colors of gold. His father worked with the pan, which was of a type called a grizzly, fitted with screens of varied mesh to simplify the job. Crouching in pools, he swirled sands and gravels until the pan smiled. In places it smiled wanly, in places not at all. He had found a few rough nuggets, he said. Not worn flat, they could not have travelled far. Adducing such evidence, he hoped to mine coarse gold.

The size of the cut was unusually large, but so was the size of the D9 Cat, with its fourteen feet of blade. For the sluicing operation, a reservoir was needed. Stanley built one, damming and diking the stream so that the reservoir stood beside the cut. He embedded the water pipe in the wall of the reservoir. It poked through to the low end of the cut. The idea was to position the slick plate under the pipe (with the sluice box adjoining), then doze heaps of placer onto the plate and turn on the water. First, however, there was a problem of drainage. The valley's natural gradient was slight, and the stream bed itself would not have been adequate. So Stanley dug a deep ditch and ran it out to contour, some four hundred feet downstream. There was a minor incident when he returned to the cut. He crushed his father's grizzly.

The sluice box should have a slope of exactly ten degrees. The D9—larger than most cabins, lurching over mounds of its own rubble—seemed an unlikely instrument for so precise a job. Stanley—in his high seat, hands and feet in rapid movement among the multiple controls—suggested a virtuoso on a pipe organ even more than a skinner on a Cat. Gradually, a smooth ramp appeared. He had wired a carpenter's level to the deck of the machine and had shimmed one end of it so the bubble would center when the Cat was on a slope of ten degrees. As he finished, and drove his thirty-four tons of yellow iron up the ramp, from bottom to top the bubble scarcely moved. Clanking off to fetch the sluice box, he hitched it to the rear of the big bulldozer, and pushed it backward down the narrow top of the dike. The sluice box weighs a couple of tons. He gently eased it down the ramp. Then he went and got the slick plate, and backed that down the top of the dike, too. He was grouchy—had been crabby all through the day—because he had no snoose. He was trying to quit, and had been six days without a dip of Copenhagen. Repeatedly, he shook his head in apparent dismay and made despairing remarks about the way things were going—heard mainly by the roaring Cat. The mouthpiece on the slick plate is nearly four feet wide and was designed to fit into the sluice box with very little clearance. Stanley backed the slick plate down the ramp. It weighs three tons, and he moved it steadily—without hesitation, without a pause for adjustment (just ran it downhill backward)—until the mouthpiece entered the box. It had not so much as brushed either side. The clearance was five-quarters of an inch one way and three-eighths of an inch the other. The day's work finished, father and son flew home.

Still no sign of them. The light rain is long since gone and the clouds are breaking. Even so, there is no sound, no distant approaching drone. Perhaps I did not sleep at all. Perhaps I just lay down for an illusory minute, then got up and sprinkled salt in the iron pan for toast. Collecting the only available firewood—the dead stems of dwarf willows, thinner than straws—I make a little blaze for warmth. The temperature is under forty. Once more I scan the mountains, where nothing is passing but the day.

I have fished, cooked, thrown rocks off the airstrip. Now I write a letter home. ". . . When the Gelvins departed, I was cleaning some grayling, five in all. I caught one with my fishing rod. The Cat caught the others. When Stanley dammed the river, and diverted it into the pipe, he took it out of its bed for a couple of hundred yards. Pools remained there, like low tide, and as they slowly drained they revealed the graylings' dorsal fins. I

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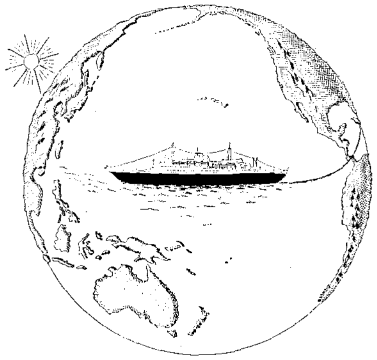

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walked from pool to pool, trapping the fish with my hands. This pretty little stream is being disassembled in the name of gold. The result of the summer season—of moving forty thousand cubic yards of material through a box, of baring two hundred thousand square feet of bedrock, of scraping off the tundra and stuffing it up a hill, of making a muck-and-gravel hash out of what are now streamside meadows of bluebells and lupine, daisies and Arctic forget-me-nots, yellow poppies, and saxifrage—will be a peanut-butter jar filled with flaky gold. Probably no one will actually use it. Investors will draw it into their world and lock it in an armored cellar, while up here in these untravelled mountains a machine-made moonscape will tell the tale. Am I disgusted? Manifestly not. Not from here, from now, from this perspective. I am too warmly, too subjectively caught up in what the Gelvins are doing. In the ecomilitia, bust me to private. This mine is a cork on the sea. Meanwhile (and, possibly, more seriously), the relationship between this father and son is as attractive as anything I have seen in Alaska—both of them self-reliant beyond the usual reach of the term, the characteristic formed by this country. Whatever they are doing, whether it is mining or something else, they do for themselves what no one else is here to do for them. Their kind is more endangered every year. Balance that against the nick they are making in this land. Only an easygoing extremist would preserve every bit of the country. And extremists alone would exploit it all. Everyone else has to think the matter through—choose a point of tolerance, however much the point might tend to one side. For myself, I am closer to the preserving side—that is, the side that would preserve the Gelvins. To be sure, I would preserve plenty of land as well. My own margin of tolerance would not include some faceless corporation 'responsible' to a hundred thousand stockholders, making a crater you could see from the moon. Nor would it include visiting exploiters—here in the seventies, gone in the eighties—with some pipe and some skyscrapers left behind. But I, as noted, am out of sync with the day. Is it midnight? Is it morning? Is it late afternoon? Where on earth could the Gelvins be?"

The hum of Stanley's Aeronca Champion at last comes into the sky. He goes overhead with the wind, turns, lands, and when he cuts the engine I am under the wing. "I've been wondering what time it is," I tell him.

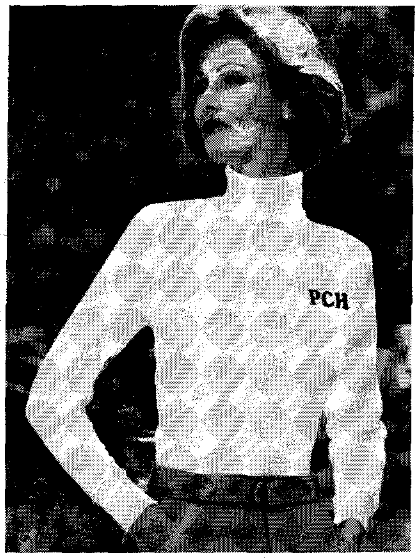
"What time do you think it is?"

"You said you were coming soon after eight in the morning. I suppose it is eight-fifteen."

Stanley smiles and withdraws his pocket watch. "The aircraft inspector showed up this morning. We didn't know he was coming. The time is three in the afternoon. Not a whole lot left of the day."

At the cut, Stanley shows disappointment with the velocity of the water as it comes through the pipe, falls to the plate, and races on through the box. It lacks power, he says, to move the material at the rate it should be moved. If a guy could expand the intake end of the pipe, where it sticks into the reservoir, the pipe would deliver more water. "Without a funnel effect, only so much will run in there. If a guy could make something like a funnel . . ." What is needed, as is so often the case, for thousands of purposes in Alaska, is a fifty-five-gallon drum. There are several near the wanigan, and Ed goes to get one while Stanley, with the Cat, opens the dam and lowers the reservoir enough to expose the pipe. With his torch, Ed cuts out the top and bottom of the drum and slits it down the side. At one end of the slit he pries the walls of the drum apart, making a V-shaped gap, which he fills in with scraps of steel. Attached—welded to the pipe—the new end flares like the bell of a trumpet, doubling the intake. Funnel effect.

A fifty-five-gallon steel drum is thirty-four and three-quarters inches high and twenty-three inches in diameter, and is sometimes called the Alaska State Flower. Hundreds of them lie around wherever people have settled. I once considered them ugly. They seemed disappointing, somehow, and I wished they would go away. There is a change that affects what one sees here. Just as on a wilderness trip a change occurs after a time and you cross a line into another world, a change occurs with these drums. Gradually, they become tolerable, and then more and more attractive. Eventually, they almost bloom. Fifty-five-gallon drums are used as rain barrels, roof jacks, bathtubs, fish smokers, dog pots, doghouses. They are testing basins for outboard motors. They are the honeypots of biffies, the floats of rafts. A threat has been made to use one as a bomb. Dick Cook, who despises aircraft of all types, told a helicopter pi-



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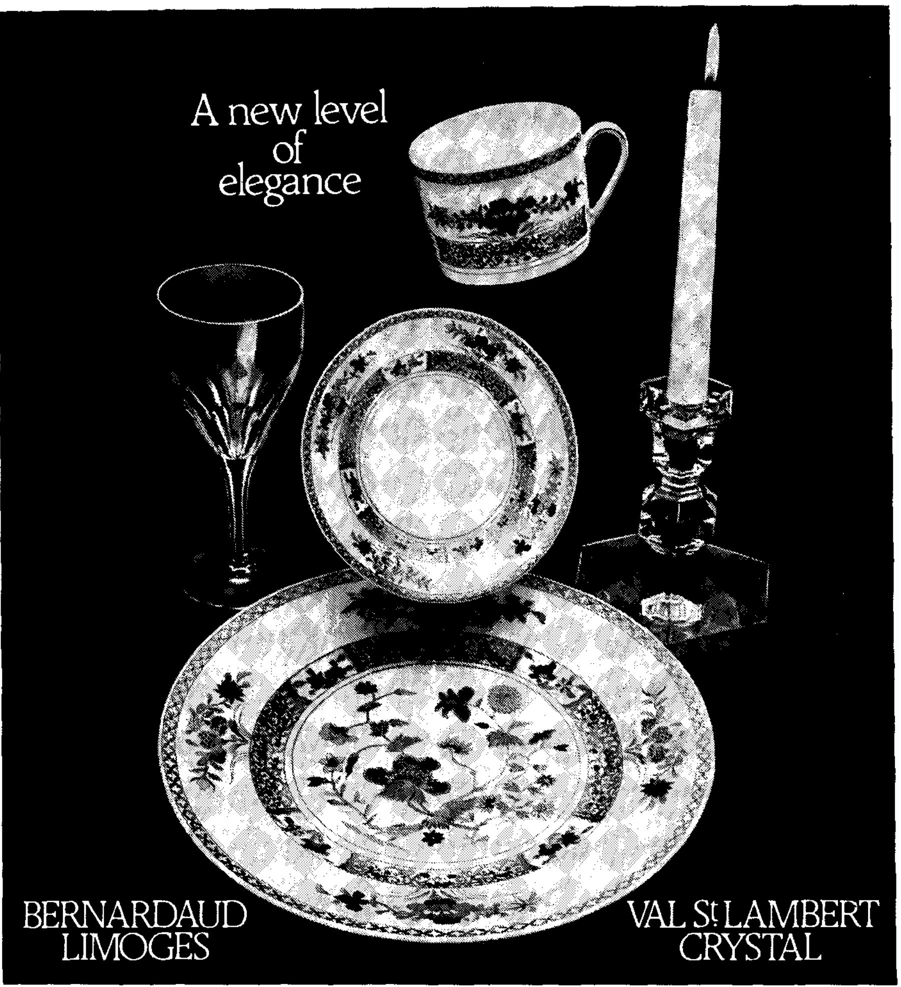
lot he would shoot at him if he ever came near his home. The pilot has warned Cook that if he so much as points a rifle at the chopper the pilot will fill a fifty-five-gallon drum with water and drop it on the roof of Cook's cabin. Fifty-five-gallon drums make heat stoves, cookstoves, flower planters, bearproof caches, wood boxes, well casings, watering troughs, culverts, runway markers, water tanks, solar showers. They are used as rollers for moving cabins, rollers to smooth snow or dirt. Sliced on the diagonal, they are the bodies of wheelbarrows. Scavenged everywhere, they are looked upon as gold.

With the dam resealed and the reservoir again full, Stanley, in the D9, lowers the blade into the cut and moves onto the slick plate a dark, high pyramid of gravel and sand. Ed opens the valve. Water thunders from the pipe, crashes onto the plate, seemingly melts the material, and drives it through the box. The lighter gravels roar along. The boulders bounce like balls. Some are so big they stick, attracting piles of gravel behind them, deflecting curtains of water into the air. Ed, with a rock rake, sends them tumbling on their way. To make the rake, he welded a bent reinforcing rod to a strut from his damaged plane. Stanley shuttles the big Cat back and forth from the top to the bottom of the box, now adding material to the slick plate, now clanking down to the lower end to doze aside the growing heap of tailings. A year in preparation, they are finally mining gold. Stanley is all pessimism, pondering the economics of the Cat. "It's in motion five times as much as it should be," he shouts as he goes by. He likes even less the proximity of the bedrock ("That shallow ground ain't worth a damn"), and he is down on the volume of the stream ("Another two weeks and we won't have enough water").

Ed, on the other hand, is obviously pleased. He grins as he works with his strut. "It's an odd way to make a living," he comments. "Just as it was for the old-timers. In winter, they'd go down in a frozen drift and shovel up gravel in the dark. They'd sluice in the summer, and then head into town with their poke, and some slick would come along and take it away. The same sort of thing happens now—to people coming off the North Slope."

At the end of the day, Stanley scoops a dark concentrate from the box. He puts it in a pan, partly submerges it, and swirls away the sand. Gradually, the pan's bottom begins to sparkle like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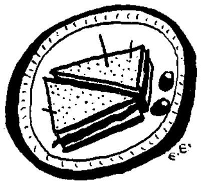
a river under sun—flashing pinpoints, flickerings of yellow. Counting thirty-eight, thirty-nine, forty flecks of gold.

"Gold is like farming to me," Ed remarks. "One year, you don't have enough water. Another year, the Cat breaks down. You put more money in the ground than you ever take out. But I like the creeks. I like being out here in the country."

Stanley looks up from the pan. He says, "It cost fifty thousand dollars to get to this point. I'm sure glad to see that gold."

THE last time I went through the country was in the winter, and a speakeasy had risen in Eagle. A large building by regional standards, it had blank walls on three sides and, around back, a single window that was the size of a hand mirror. A naked light bulb was outside the window, and, close by, there was a complicated foyer, wherein arrivals were processed through a double set of heavily hardwared doors. Stools, benches, rough spruce floor. A hundred-dollar bill had been inlaid in the bar. The first high school in Eagle's history had also been established, but the two teachers who had been sent to do the job had discovered an unusual P.-T.A., and had already announced their resignations, explaining privately that "picking on people" seemed to be Eagle's "winter sport." I saw a sled being pulled by an Irish setter, another by a mongrel collie, a third by a pedigreed scottie. Daniel Boone's descendant Jack Boone had at last set foot in the wild, taking a daughter down the river in summer and hiking in to Kneeland and Cook's. A geologist, about then, had been killed by a black bear up in Potts' trapping land between Eagle and the Charley River. He was using a magnetometer and could therefore carry no additional metal. A partner heard his distant screams and hurried to help him, but found him dead and partly eaten. Fur prices were up—up, for example, to four hundred and fifty for a top-grade lynx. Sarge Waller went out and got himself a top-grade lynx. A good marten was bringing a hundred and ten dollars. It was something of a trapping-world bonanza. When Jimmy Carter was elected, Horace (Junior) Biederman stepped out of his cabin into the snow with his Remington 12-gauge pump shotgun and blasted three holes in the air. He had been listening to KFAR. He wished there were some way to let the new President know that the Indians of Eagle were for him—all the Hungwitchin, the whole Village, en bloc. The white City, with few exceptions, went the opposite way. Some months earlier, at a community fête, Junior attacked Mike Potts with a club, and was himself subdued by Constable Whitaker, who was wearing a lead-filled glove. Now Junior had circulated a petition to the effect that Eagle did not require and therefore could ill afford a constable, and Whitaker was leaving town. Potts had been belatedly arrested by Alaska Fish and Game for failing to travel a hundred and fifty miles to submit, as the law requires, the skin of the grizzly that came close to killing Oddball. No one knew, for sure, who had turned Potts in. Viola Goggans was gone. Jim Dungan, after an at last successful operation on his leg, was away, working again for G.S.I. Michael David was on the North Slope.



The Hungwitchin had written to the Episcopal Diocese of Alaska asking for a minister, and the church had sent John Four Bear and his wife, Sandi. He is a ruggedly handsome man with a wide, strong build, and is only twenty-eight. He holds his services in the small drafty church in the Village, with its wooden benches and its rusted barrel stove, and he turns it into a cathedral. Danny David, Edward David, Isaac Juneby, Archie Juneby, Benny Juneby, Adeline Potts, Sonny Potts, Sara Biederman read together from the Book of Common Prayer. Firelight shows through a hole in the stove. In a congregation of thirty, perhaps a third are white—a fresh counterbalance for the Eagle Bible Chapel. John Four Bear has some regrets for the Indians of Alaska. He wishes that in their history they had chosen to resist the invader. He wishes they had a more compelling affection for their own culture and would not allow themselves to be bought white. John is a full-blooded Hunkpapa Sioux, who comes from Standing Rock, South Dakota. It is said of him in the Village, "He is the smartest Indian in Eagle, and he has to be a Sioux."

"I did not come here like a white missionary to rescue the heathen from the clutches of the Devil," he told me. "I came here to tell the word of God, and if they don't want to hear it that is up to them. It took some time, but the Village people have at last put a claim on me. They have said, 'This is our preacher.' When they said it a third time, I knew they meant it. I think I can help them some in the city. At least, I can deal with the white

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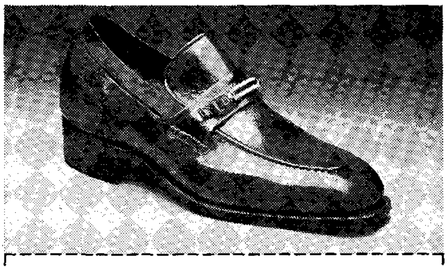

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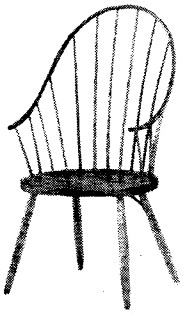

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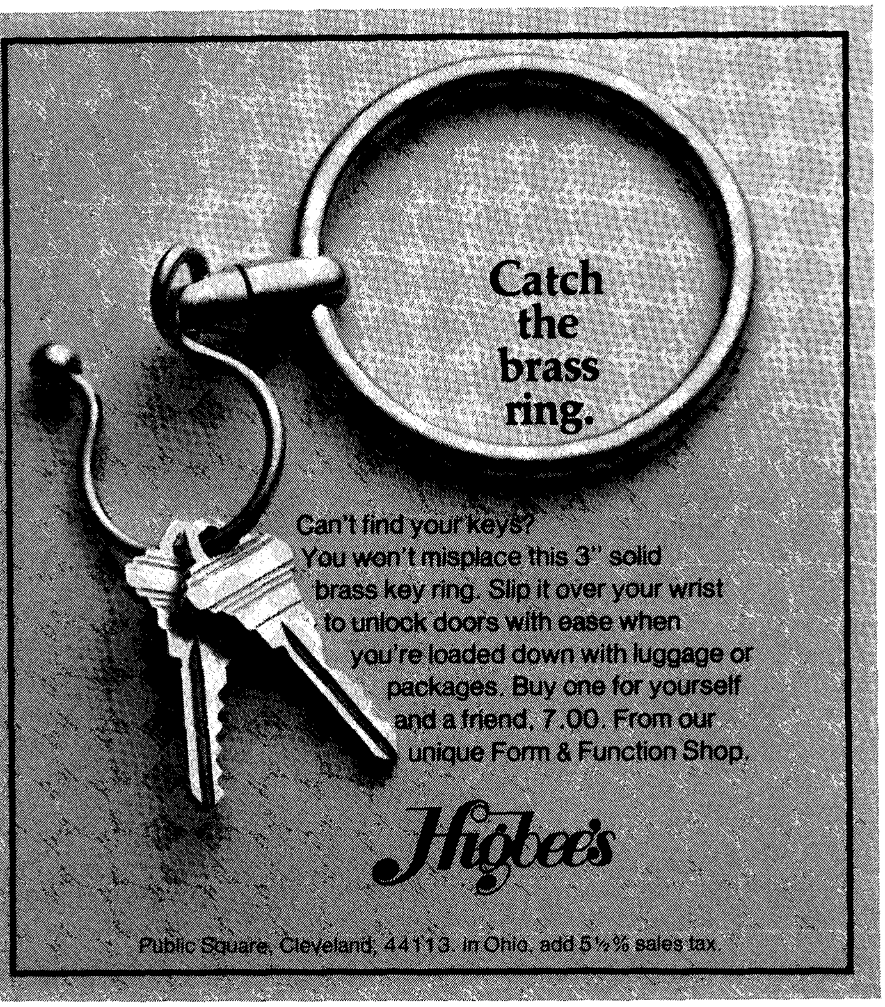
man on his own terms—which is not difficult in Eagle."

In a small cabin on the Seventymile River, I had a long talk with Brad Snow—nothing much to do, with time on our hands, but work out the fate of Alaska. He agreed that it is sheer foolishness to approach Alaska in terms of the patterned traditions of the Lower Forty-eight, and that this basic consideration—Alaska seen as a largely different country—should be Square One, should be the beginning of any plan made for Alaska by the federal government. Where this is not the case at present, the government should be urged to go back to Square One. In the society as a whole, there is an elemental need for a frontier outlet, for a pioneer place to go—important even to those who do not go there. People are mentioning outer space as, in this respect, all we have left. All we have left is Alaska, which, on the individual level, and by virtue of its climate, will always screen its own, and will not be overrun. If I were writing the ticket, I would say that anyone at all is free to build a cabin on any federal land in the United States that is at least a hundred miles from the nearest town of ten thousand or more—the sole restriction being that you can't carry in materials for walls or roofs or floors. Brad said he appreciated the thought but that specific numbers and written restrictions—however few or well-intentioned they might be—were anathema to him.

Mike and Adeline Potts were expecting a baby. Jack Boone's neighbor Jack Greene, worrying about the possible collapse of the economy, was investing his savings in gold. The Gelvins' D9 Cat, meanwhile, was collecting snow in the mountains. They planned to bring it out. It had made two cuts, and when the hundreds of tons of gravel had passed through the box the cleanup both times was disappointing. They had hoped for coarse gold, but were getting only fine. Mining money, they were not quite making it. They had no intention of quitting the claims. They would keep them, and bide their time, and watch the price of gold. Meanwhile, taking into account the current price, the cost of equipment and fuel, the amount of water, the quantity of ground to be moved, they folded their mountain show. A helicopter, taking off in Circle, tilted crazily and flew sidewise into Frank Warren's Citabria. The Gelvins—opportunistic—bought it from the insurance company for seven thousand dollars. They were fixing it to sell for fourteen. On an ice-fishing trip,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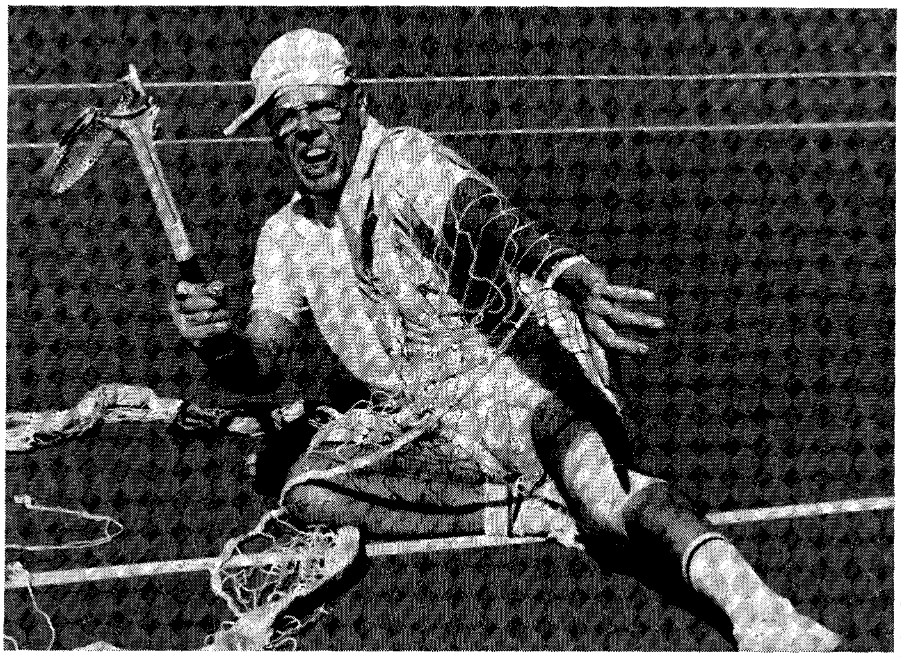
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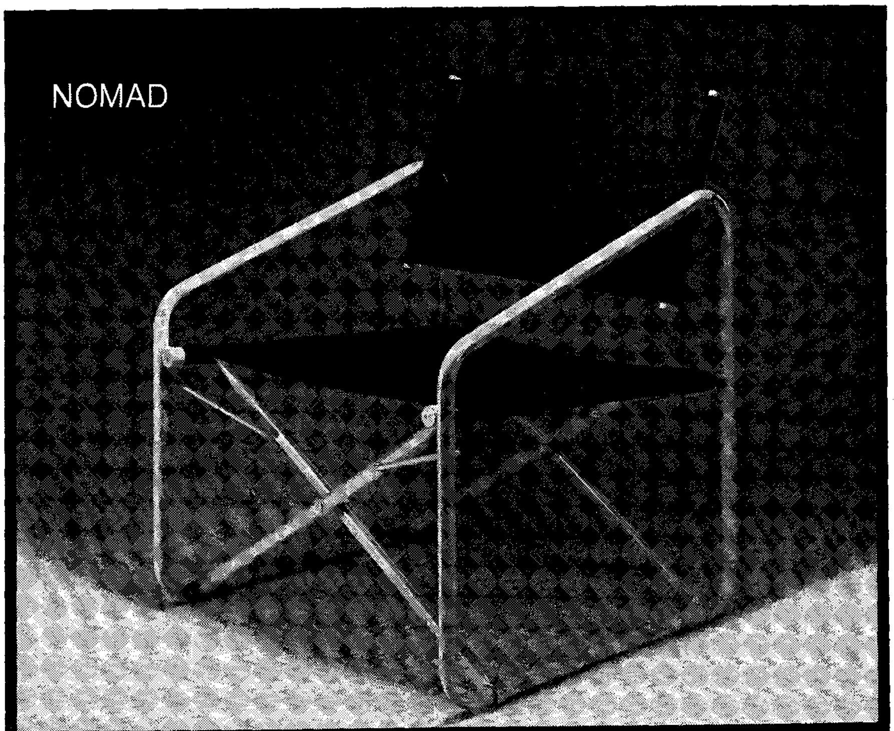

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Ed and Ginny, in their own repaired Citabria, were forced down by weather and, in "a squirrelly wind," smashed into a stand of trees. Well over a hundred miles north of home, they camped for three days and nights, wreckbound. When they did not come back, Frank Warren went out and found them. They meant to salvage that plane, too.

Of the people I had seen coming into the country—particularly the young ones arriving in summer to seek the mountains and the river—the one I remembered best was an immense young man in a blue parka and blue rain pants and a wide-brimmed black hat, who walked up to me, total stranger, and said he had heard I had maps. Sure, I told him, and I took him into my cabin to a topographical stack. His beard was about a foot deep and his eyes were diamond blue. He was from southern California, he said, and he had "overwintered" down in southeastern Alaska—a preliminary and orientational kind of shakedown experience—and now he was ready for the Yukon. No one much remembered him in the winter. Not even John Borg had an idea where he might be. He was just one of the annual dozens who come into town preparing to try the country. He had been to the Eagle General Store, where he bought a standard gold pan and a length of gold nylon rope, which was coiled around his shoulder. He told me he had talked with someone named Cook and found him prickly. He took a close long look at the maps. He was as amiable as he seemed determined, and his manner suggested momentum—suggested that this was his time and his place and, from Doyon, Ltd., to the federal government, whoever didn't like it could step out of the way. Stuck in the band of his big black hat were a tall eagle feather and the dogtooth jaw of a salmon. I asked him where he meant to go.

"Down the river," he said. "I'll be living on the Yukon and getting my skills together."

I wished him heartfelt luck and felt in my heart he would need it. I said my name, and shook his hand, and he said his. He said, "My name is River Wind."

—JOHN MCPHEE

(*This is the last part of a four-part article.*)

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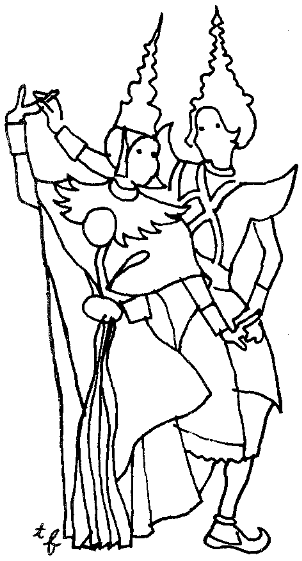
DANCING

By Strauss

THE New York City Ballet's "Vienna Waltzes" is a major new creation in which nothing new is created. Balanchine has composed a series of genre scenes in fittingly traditional style. Everything in the ballet looks like something we have seen before. Last year's "Union Jack" also paid homage to the genius of a nation, but the charm of "Union Jack" is its outsider's viewpoint—its indefatigable pursuit of the authentic. "Vienna Waltzes" seems to come from within. Balanchine is "Viennese" because he is inside the music. And, because his view of this music and this world has been touched on in other ballets of his, part of the fascination of this latest piece lies in seeing how he converts his old material to a new use, relying on context to change our perception of it. In this, as in so many other ways, he resembles Mozart, whose brilliance consisted as much in his flexibility as in his originality. The ballet invokes both a tradition and Balanchine's service to that tradition. At the end, when the dancers of its separate sections come together in a grand-scale apotheosis of the waltz, we come to know not only what the waltz tradition of old Europe means to Balanchine but what he means to it.



"Vienna Waltzes" sets three of its scenes to music by the younger Johann Strauss, and one apiece to Franz Lehár and Richard Strauss. In "Tales from the Vienna Woods," the concert waltz and tone poem is staged as a tribute to classic Vienna: young lovers waltz by moonlight among the trees of the Wienerwald, the men elegantly erect in knee breeches and officers' gold braid, the women gracious in long gowns of fondant pink. It is a large, spreading, very soft-focus, but not overly moist affair, and it is filled with a tough-minded baroque etiquette. Even its more intimate images are formal ones, as when the lead couple (Karin von Aroldingen and Sean Lavery) waltzes alone or muses about to the zither melody, or when the men bow themselves off and the women stage a small reception in their private bower for von Aroldingen's running entrance. The subject of the dances is the lore that we associate with the golden age of the waltz. And since we are gazing upon Old Vienna's greatest legend, Balanchine takes care to keep certain legendary secrets. The choreography unfolds invitingly, heightening the ballroom atmosphere but never sacrificing that atmosphere to demonstratively theatrical effects. Rouben Ter-Arutunian's gauzy trees and foliage canopy create a privileged enclosure for the waltzers. When they dance face to face or in linked groups, their intimacy is insured. Only once, for a few bars at the end, do they turn toward us. The whole spectacle becomes frontal for an instant before it evaporates, the zither is heard again, and the lead couple walks on alone under the trees.

Because of its precisely judged scale, the ballet is as interesting at close range as it is from a distance. In "Voices of Spring," which follows, Patricia McBride and Helgi Tomasson lead a small ballet of dryads in the same woodland setting. Now we sense that we're seeing waltzing adapted to the theatre, elaborated and amplified in professional style. The style is deceptively simple, with Balanchine finding a new way to set the vertiginous opening phrase of the main melody on each repeat. McBride, who looks lusciously round and rosy in this ballet, has some turned-in steps reminiscent of her part in "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet;" they may be Balanchine's salute, by way of her presence, to the Vienna of those two composers. "Voices of Spring" is the only section of the ballet which is danced on point. Heeled shoes are worn in the other sections, and they're hilariously funny in the tricky toe-in, toe-out step that recurs in "Explosion Polka," the number that gives us the coarser side of Viennese high spirits. Some people reacted as if it were emery paper, but to exclude it would be false to Johann Strauss. Sara Leland jumping and landing in a squat and Bart Cook diving between her legs are joyously lewd. The boys are dressed as *incroyables* with stiff collars and puffed hair; the girls, all legs, wear the corset bodices and abbreviated bustles of *demi-mondaines*. They all zip around those trees (which ought to have been exchanged for round banquettes), and they mimic a passage in "Tales from the Vienna Woods": the women confer privately, and when the men approach, a sudden whirl (the last explosion) knocks them head over heels.

A change of scenery occurs during the introduction to Lehár's "Gold and Silver Waltz": the forest scenery is replaced by forms suggesting Art Nouveau hangings and fixtures, gilt chairs are brought on, and we are in a plush public salon at the turn of the century. Though the music isn't from "The Merry Widow" (as the program says), the characters are—Kay Mazzo sweeping on in black to have her hand kissed by Peter Martins in Danilo's white-and-red uniform. This is the waltz as a setting for adventure, but Balanchine doesn't dramatize the sexiness of the occasion, and he doesn't seem to have heard the note of decadence in the music. "Gold and Silver" is the weakest and most conventional of the ballet's five sections. When the scenery changes again—this time to an ice palace of a mirrored ballroom—and when women in trailing gowns of white start crossing the stage slowly while the scenery is still in motion, we can feel Balanchine closing his grip. And from here on we stay gripped.

The women in gowns are accompanied by men. When Suzanne Farrell enters, also in trailing white, she is alone, and when she begins to waltz (the music is the first sequence of the "Rosenkavalier" waltzes), she is still alone. From time to time, a man enters, partners her, and drops away after a few measures. She neither acknowledges nor rejects him, and he does not force himself on her. The role was made for Jean-Pierre Bonnefous, who danced it in the preview benefit performance and then had to withdraw because of an injury. Bonnefous had a hovering romantic intensity that added a tragic dimension to his comings and goings—especially in the passage where he shadows the girl as she continues to dance alone, bent in sorrow. Such scenes look based partly on the roles that he and Farrell dance in "La Valse" and partly on the slight but effective Scriabin pas de deux that Balanchine made this spring, in which Bonnefous supports a grief-stricken McBride. Jorge Donn, lately of the Béjart company, assumed the role in the Strauss ballet at a moment's notice

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for the première and danced it tactfully but impassively. As for Farrell, doing little more than stepping and swaying to the music, she holds us all through its long preparatory section, when the waltz is gasping and sighing itself into being. It breaks out once, and there is an entrance by other couples, a moment when the stars come together in their midst, and another moment, after all have left, when the woman is again alone. But on her exit she flings up her arms, and suddenly lights blaze, the waltz returns in earnest, and the stage is filled—engulfed—by waves of dancers, the men in black tails, the women with their white trains whirling in the air. The surprises have by this time become uncountable, but I'd say there are two main jolts: one is Farrell's exit and the blazing up of the waltz; the other is the continuation of that blaze as we realize that the wave of dancers is not going to subside. For now the stars of the other sections return to music that suggests a widening of Richard Strauss's vision, and the grand finale becomes a swirling, streaming tide of white and black silk. The only flaw in this wonderful "Rosenkavalier" waltz fantasy is the somewhat perfunctory pose on which Balanchine pulls the curtain.

The ballet has been beautifully dressed in different period styles by Karinska, whose seamstresses sewed ruffles inside those Edwardian trains so that they'd flare when lifted. Karinska's materials are always sumptuous. Would that Ter-Arutunian's were, too: his Klimt-like scenery is cleverly conceived and engineered, but there seems to be a bit too much vinyl and Mylar.

Balanchine's treatment of the waltz takes us to the core of its appeal. In waltzing, we lose and recapture our balance more precipitately than in other forms of dancing, and since the momentum keeps pulling us, we want to do it again and again. Every step calls forth another. The waltz is always nostalgic. In the Viennese waltz, the emotion of nostalgia is intense. The second beat of the three-beat phrase is anticipated, so that there is a moment of suspension before the release of the third beat and a feeling of regret when it occurs. The phrase was meant never to end but to repeat its plunge-and-recovery in a dizzying round. Buoyed by its inexhaustible rhythm, dancers of the waltz become seized by visions of the infinite. The lilt of three-quarter time seems to say "Then, now, and always."

The lilt of the New York City Ballet is impeccably Viennese. Balanchine and his conductor, Robert Irving, have followed the style of Herbert von

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Karajan, observing the crisp accents, rubato, and sweep of impetus without which Viennese waltzing isn't expressive. And the success of the whole company in this transparent style of dancing is astonishing. Whether subtly graded, as in "Tales from the Vienna Woods," or perilously steep, as in "Der Rosenkavalier," the dynamic transitions are taken in stride. I don't know another company that could do it as well.

Days after a performance, I can still feel its pressure. Effects of contradiction and alteration in scale linger in the mind. The opening dance, large and sprawling, is concisely confiding (and von Aroldingen gives a performance of great warmth); the small ballabile right afterward makes a consistently grand gesture. These are signature effects of Balanchine's. We have been seeing them for years. On the same all-Balanchine, "all-Viennese" program was the Webern "Episodes," which used to produce its dainty enormities more absorbingly than it does now, and the Mozart "Divertimento No. 15," a chamber ballet that has the scale and sweep of five "Sleeping Beauty"s. The cast was the strongest in many years. The five ballerina roles were danced by Merrill Ashley, Maria Calegari, Stephanie Saland, Colleen Neary, and Kyra Nichols, with Martins as the male soloist, flanked by Gerard Ebitz and Sean Lavery. —ARLENE CROCE

•

AFTER EDWARD HOPPER

Usually it is night
but always there are windows.
And the green shades
in the rooms of small hotels
drawn halfway.
The carafe of water
on a heavy bureau.
And the woman
taking off her clothes.

The letter on the bed
beneath a picture of the ocean.
The yellow windows of the buildings.
Halfway through the afternoon
trees are drawn
to the edge of a field, and the light
in the rooms of houses by the sea
is still
almost perfectly white.

—LAWRENCE RAAB

•

Perhaps the ultimate in mistakes in a booklet that purports to give facts about Stamford is that the word "Stamford" itself appears incorrectly twice. It comes out "Stamford." Oy!—*Stamford Advocate.*

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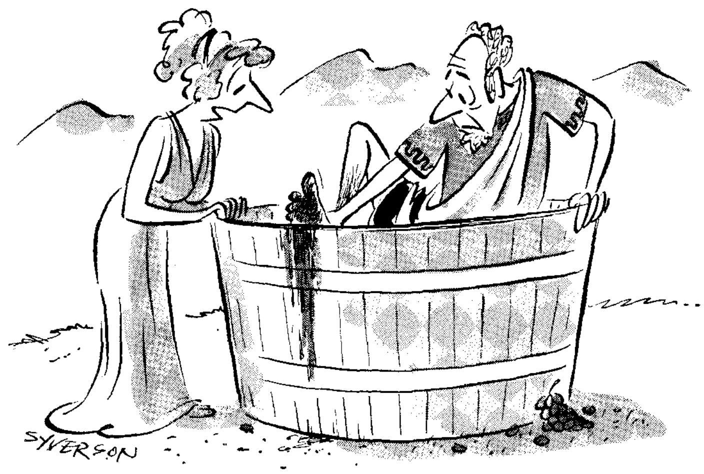

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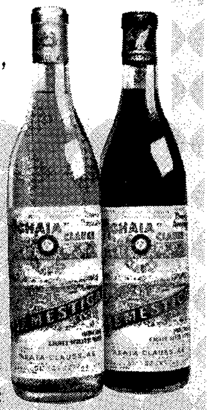

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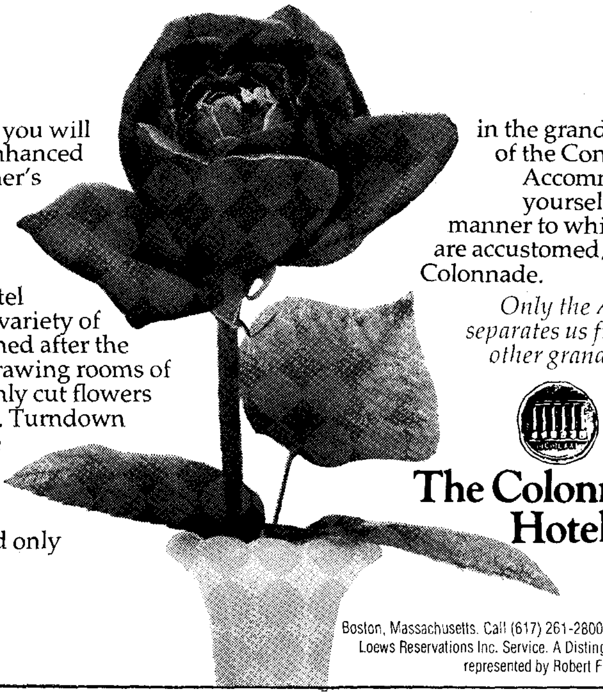


ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

THE FALL COLLECTIONS—I

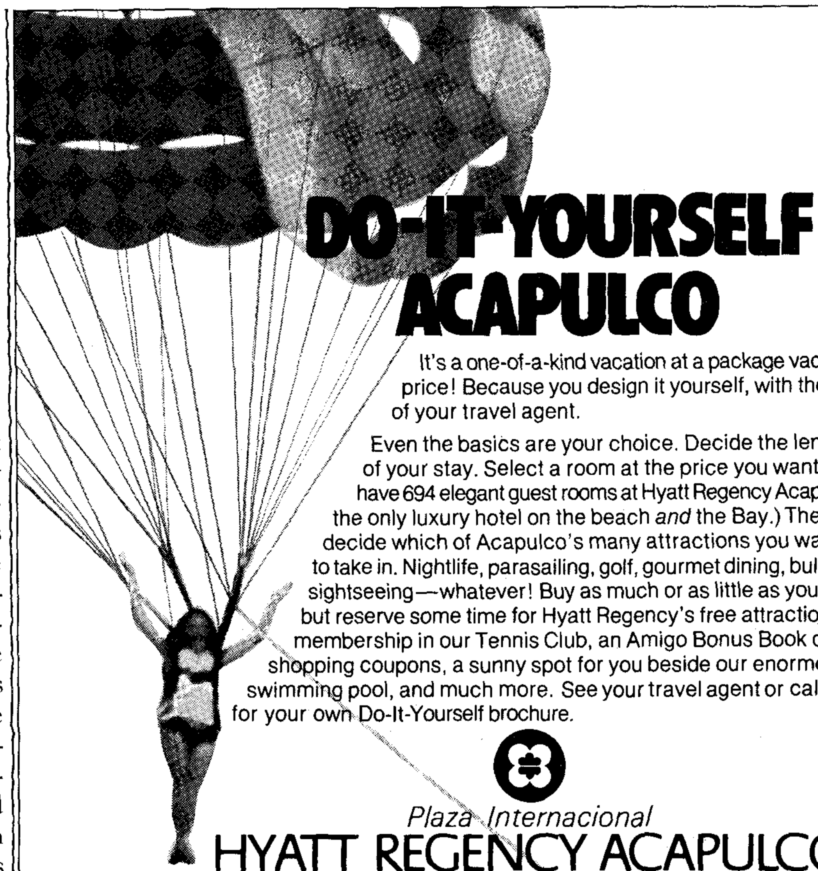
WORKING way ahead of mere shoppers, as ever, the New York designers have already shown us what they hope to see us wearing in the fall. The collections have never before been so numerous, so elaborately presented, or of such generally high quality. Yet, although the best of the new clothes are profoundly satisfying, they do not set out to be exciting. Clothes that consciously cultivate excitement look dated now. They continue to form at least a part of collections at both ends of the fashion spectrum—from the Old Guard, schooled in an earlier tradition of drop-dead glamour, and from those of the younger generation who have not grown out of their years of startlingly anti-establishment rebellion. In the grander category, John Anthony's satin evening gowns that expose bosoms and lengths of thigh; Halston's cruelly revealing chiffons and his skintight satin leotards under open taffeta skirts and saloon-girl boots, which all seem designed to prove that ladies are really whores at heart; the steely glitter of a Bill Blass or an Oscar de la Renta, who sums up the ladylike sterility of the Washington-ballroom mode; and Pauline Trigère's fox-trimmed opera suits, with their echoes of Walter Winchell at "21"—all these appear to fall outside the imaginative focus of designers with a proper sense of the fashion that is right for now.

And the old symbols of excitement and liberation developed by the younger generation as a challenge to their elders also look flat and conventional whenever they crop up these days. Carol Horn's styles, influenced by the Third World, non-tailored tradition of dress, and depending more on wrapping and draping cloth than on cutting and shaping it, no longer evoke our instinctive philosophical sympathy. This designer's passion for versatility within a single garment (hoods transformed themselves into off-the-shoulder necklines in her show, and diaperlike pantaloons turned first into mini-length, then into knee-length, and, finally, into calf-length balloons) resulted in a tiresome orgy of unwrapping and rewrapping that no longer seemed particularly valid. Stephen Burrows, for his part, bears the unfortunate burden of having not just his designs but his whole career serve for many as a symbol of American new-wave fashion excitement. His career has come full circle now, from a triumphant launching at Bendel's seven years ago, through a painful period of insensitive treatment at the hands of big-business Seventh Avenue, to what has been billed as a triumphant comeback at Bendel's this season. But neither the saga of his career vicissitudes nor the standard of his show was quite sufficient to bowl us over anymore—and we had been somehow encouraged to believe that nothing less than wild enthusiasm would serve. A couple of other "younger generation" shows I saw, which included European designers seeking to launch themselves on the New York market, underscored the curiously irrelevant quality of clothes that bear too obvious marks of youth. Cygne Designs and Dianne B. showed selected styles by some designers—mostly French—of what is viewed as the younger school. A youngish crowd, keyed up to witness galvanizing new fashion, jammed itself into a stylishly renovated midtown bistro to see the show. A pair of mystically robed youths sat on a magic carpet and provided musical accompaniment, sometimes by singing in falsetto. The parade of fashions was interrupted at one point while a girl in an Afghan wedding dress and a barefoot young man wearing a green cloak and a ruched gold jump suit performed a tremblingly cabalistic dance. The fashions included coats with designs like playroom murals, a few miniskirts, and gauzy garments of Moroccan or Indian inspiration. All this let us know that we were in the presence of the younger generation, and so did the audience, whose members simply oozed individualism, wit, and "style." They all looked to be around thirty. Somehow, the whole occasion didn't quite make sense. The audience had come to see thrilling young fashion, but its members—with their amusingly scavenged clothes, their thigh-high boots, and their hair tied up in beribboned, clownlike tufts—already represented it better than the clothes they saw modelled now and would be able to buy in shops, at considerable expense, in the fall. One costume appeared on the runway with the model carrying a metal toolbox for a handbag. But what lesson about the freedom to wear anything that strikes the fancy and the possibility of self-expression through humble found objects had that toolbox to teach one not atypical girl in the audience? She had already made her way to Forty-fourth Street wearing, on her head, a gold-painted creation that looked like a cross between Aladdin's lamp and the prow of an ancient Egyptian barge.

The whole experience left one with a feeling of uncertainty and gloom about rebellious fashion now that the nineteen-sixties generation has grown up. Is this all that kind of fashion added up to, after all? Was this what those years of quickening pulses were leading to—a group of grownup people, with a code of individualistic "style" in dress that was not so remarkably different from

one exponent to the next, gathering to applaud a toolbox, a miniskirt, and (most perplexing of all) a pair of gray flannel pants? A second show of young European designers I saw—a dozen were represented, in this case, both British and Italian—had more gusto than the Cygne show. The models did some lively capering in their miniskirts, and in place of mystical warblings there was the loud, lascivious pulse of a song that seemed to be called "Do It to Me, Superman." But this show, too, gave one an eerie feeling of revisiting the nineteen-sixties without itself bringing to the fashions of that time the psychological baggage that inspired them then—the driving impetus to feel free and to rebel. Some of the young designers came up with restrained, craftsmanlike styles of vaguely Art Deco inspiration. These were the conservatives of the group. Others showed full-blown psychedelic-playtime styles: a mini in canary-colored Teddy-bear pile, worn with matching Courrèges-length boots; balloon-shaped minis, like those Kenzo had shown earlier in Paris, and worn with boots that looked made of the same pink plastic as babies' rattles; and mad, brilliant-colored Pierrot outfits with giant clownish spots, worn with hairstyles that were a bouncing mass of multicolored antennae. After the revivals of the modes of the thirties, the forties, and the fifties, here was a complete expression of nostalgia for the sixties. As with the other revivals of earlier decades, it was undoubtedly designers too young to have remembered the originals who were now approaching the styles with such verve.

This show was also noteworthy for having a miniskirt that was the most uncompromising and unmistakable miniskirt seen in any of the recent shows. It was that of a blousy, tuniclike dress, worn with natural-colored panty hose and short, cuffed, high-heeled boots, and it was sported by a young model who appeared to relish the way she looked. She looked very good. The subject of miniskirts is a loaded one in fashion at the moment. They showed up in the fall collections in Paris—notably at Kenzo, who is considered to be very influential. Virtually all the New York designers showed at least a token example of a miniskirt, although the majority of hem lengths ranged from below the knee to the ankle. But when miniskirts were shown they were generally accompanied by a whole panoply of leg-disguising tricks—high boots; socks rolled over boots; socks rolled over other socks; knee-warm-



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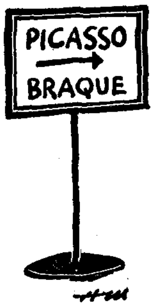
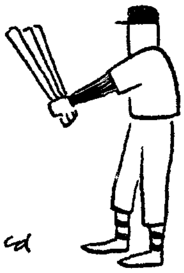
ers; leg-warmers; and tights and shoes whose color merged with that of the dress—that will, it seems, play a part in fashions of all lengths this fall. The effect of short skirts over real legs is thus considerably watered down. The fashion industry and the fashion press approach the prospect of drastically shortened skirts with a circumspection bordering on fear. At last, designers feel that they are on an even keel again, evolving confidently and calmly from one season to the next. The trauma of the midiskirt debacle, now seven years old, still haunts them, and they do not want to risk worrying their customers—who in the provinces of every country have only recently consented to drop their skirt lengths (when they wear skirts, and not pants) to below their knees—with even a hint of dramatic change. But in spite of attempts to play the mini down, it is around again. It is showing up in both London and Paris, where there is a generation of restless and fashionable young women who have been stuck in long skirts for close to ten years, and a still younger group who never had the fun of wearing miniskirts at all the first time they were around. And the miniskirt is beginning to show up, at least in the discothèques, in New York.

That sole self-confident minidress held the key to the success of the new fall fashions in any length or style. It wasn't making a political statement or skulking about timidly trying to pretend it was other than itself. It was primarily an enthusiastic piece of design, standing on its own terms. The best fashion now is neither noticeably establishment nor strikingly rebellious. Like other aspects of society and the arts, fashion reminds us that, however indefinable the spirit associated with people who were broadly of college age in the late nineteen-sixties, it was a strangely potent phenomenon and its representatives are now coming to positions of actual power. The ball of that group's generational values, or what remains of them, has now rolled firmly to the center of the fashion stage. One often has the feeling that the best work is being done by designers who are in their late twenties and early thirties—or by those who empathize with them. The most sensitive of the older group of designers are strongly influenced by the silhouettes and the sense of whimsey—what might be termed the "Annie Hall" style of comic elegance—that developed naturally among people in the thirtyish category. There doesn't appear to be a truly original or cohesive style growing independently in the generation below that—among people who are now in their early twenties or younger. The fashion tone of the sixties generation prevails in a modified form, though, and has shed its original restlessness and frenzy. Beneath the most successful new fashion, one may detect the symbolic generational base of energetic idealism, but its surface appears to be at ease. When it really works well, the new fashion has a distinct air of peace.



TO produce a self-assured and fashionable-looking collection today, a designer must thread a path through a thicket of paradoxes. Chief among these, perhaps, is the premise that the most compelling professional effects are those that draw, at least symbolically, on a style that was invented by amateurs. In recent years, "the girl on the street" who knew how to put an outfit together with flair—with old and new ingredients and often from sources outside the traditional fashion industry—became a more powerful force for change than any designer. And that prototypical girl on her mythical street is far from the same as a model in a fashion show. Even *Women's Wear Daily*—a publication dedicated to bolstering the confidence of the fashion industry—tacitly acknowledged in its review of a recent show that official fashion often lacks a certain vital spark. In giving an encomium to the collection, and struggling, with obvious sincerity, to convey the point that *this* praise was genuine, unlike some of the paper's dutiful bombast, the reviewer noted that the show had "such smashing originality that every model who came on the stage sparkled with the mood of real-life fashion." Real-life fashion is based on the moods and fantasies and self-image of the women who wear it. Fashion that looks too much based on the moods, fantasies, and self-image of designers doesn't sparkle, and it won't sell, either. Fashion designers are themselves aware that their success and their economic survival depend on their discerning and anticipating the image that their customers have of themselves. There is much talk in the fashion business of capturing the elusive winning "mood."

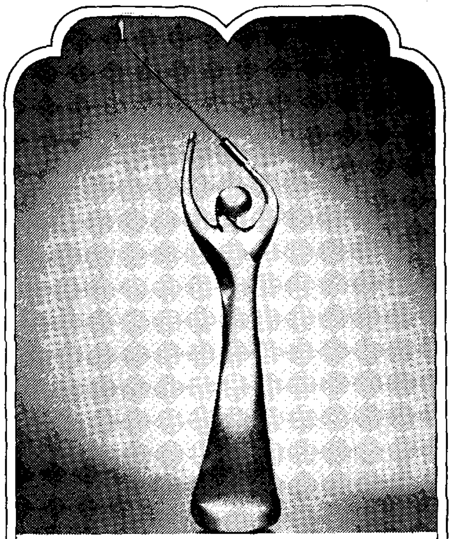
Good professional fashion must give at least the illusion of being on an individual, even intimate scale and must be a refined version of the amateur fashion assembled by women for themselves. It must also recognize the reality that people do not throw out their wardrobes each season and start afresh. The notion of wardrobes that evolve—taking into account both the expense of a succession of radically new styles and the way one gets attached to clothes that have become part of one's personality over the years—is given as much play in designers' written releases these days as the significance of "mood." But it is a further paradox of fashion today that as its content becomes quieter and concerns itself more with development than with revolution, its presentation—the medium of the fashion show—becomes more public, more bent on generating a near-hysterical sense of excitement, and more anxious to create an illusion of earth-shattering novelty. Fashion shows had never before been as elaborately staged and as uncomfortably overcrowded as they were on Seventh Avenue this season.



For the reporters, buyers, and hangers-on who follow the full course of the fashion-show period, it is primarily a test of physical and emotional stamina. It is as though their task of looking at clothes also trained them as extras in a disaster movie. Conscientious attendance at the industry's showings can continue from breakfast to evening with barely a pause between. The pack of followers—of shifting size but with a core of real faithfuls, whose faces, like those of the top models they watch, acquire a familiarity that haunts one's dreams as the sessions progress—moves all over town, from shows in showrooms, ballrooms, and department stores to shows in discothèques, restaurants, and lofts. The participants are pushed and shoved into and out of elevators so crowded that bodies are propped upright with their trampled feet far out of line with their center of gravity. Designers' guests are stabbed by camera equipment and jabbed in the backs of their knees by Vuitton carryalls stuffed with order books. They are driven to undignified brawling over their right to a seat, and, once sardined in place, they are subject to terrifying hazards in case of fire. The feverish search on Seventh Avenue for novelty and for sure profits has come to rival the showings of the Paris prêt-à-porter, which have long been infamous for the discomfort they inflict on those who visit them from all over the world. (Teams of Japanese businessmen with cameras, a familiar sight in Paris, are now much in evidence here, too.) The remark most frequently overheard among the distracted and weary crowd was "This is getting just like Europe," and, indeed, many of those who suffered on Seventh Avenue had only recently returned from a similar fray in Paris—and often in London and Milan as well. To the high level of anxiety imposed by physical conditions is added a psychological stress created by the peculiarly self-conscious and competitive nature of many professionally fashion-minded people. Even as a professional fashion woman elbows another in the ribs, she narrows her eyes to take in the details of her victim's cunningly draped Parisian shawl. Even as she glares down to see who has crushed her toe, she assesses the style of her assailant's shoe and the color of her hose.

The competitiveness rampant in these gatherings turns on a prerogative that might puzzle an outsider—the right to see the clothes. Fashion shows have moved more and more, latterly, to larger and more appropriate viewing sites than showrooms. Often, in the case of these alternative venues, there is a raised catwalk, so that even those seated at a distance are able to get some general sense of the styles that parade along it. But the designer's showroom, set up with rows of chairs along an aisle at floor level, remains the most common arrangement. It is in the interests of those in charge of allotting seats—they have as finely tuned a sense of power and its shifts as any maître d' in a fashionable restaurant—to flatter the front-row people by making them feel that they are not merely big spenders but also celebrities. People in the second row see the clothes from the waist up, and if the chairs are not too tightly packed together there is an occasional glimpse of feet and hems between the shoulders of the row in front. People in the third row see hats and heads, and people in the fourth and fifth rows, if fourth and fifth rows exist, see nothing at all unless they stand up, but a lack of floor space often precludes that. That these arrangements persist is dramatic proof that the majority of those who attend fashion shows are content to see little of the clothes as long as they are given the feeling of participating in an "event."

Clothes are on their way to becoming subsidiary, insubstantial elements of



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professional fashion shows. That audiences should accept and designers—by their increasing preoccupation with the theatrical effects surrounding their creations—should encourage this withdrawal of emphasis from clothes as such reflects part of the thinking that has led to the conclusion that the "mood" of the customer is vital. The old authority of fashion, with its confidence in itself as a minor art form, has vanished. Clothes exist far less in the eye of the designer than in the emotions of the beholder. This truth, which has been dimly perceived by customers for some years, is now being translated by designers into the way they present their fashion shows. Clothes have a mysterious and human life beyond their tangible selves. They are fragile ideas and symbols, subject to loss of vitality under the wrong circumstances and to increased value under the right ones. It was inevitable that designers should become concerned with manipulating the aura around their efforts. Clothes presented in a genteel showroom do not look the same as they do in a discothèque, to a background of Hustle records and flashing lights. An outfit looks different on a model who jogs down the runway with flying hair and in the company of a lumbering English sheepdog from the way it looks on the same model moving with the traditional gliding walk and glassy eye. Clothes don't look the same under different circumstances, and they are not the same.

At the moment when clothes are launched in a fashion show, the experience is so compressed and intense for spectators that their all-important perceptions teeter in precarious balance. Seating arrangements complicate impressions that are already being played on by music, lighting, and other aspects of a theatrical production style. The experience of being invited only to a secondary show or seated in some subsidiary area at the first forcefully brings home the way the same clothes can be diminished from one occasion to the next, or even in the brief passage between one room and the next. From some windowless rear stockroom, guests experience only at a distance, through the sound of clicking cameras and the pattering of enthusiastic applause, the supreme moment of an outfit's novelty, which takes place in the room up front. After what seems an age, the outfit appears in the back room. Both the garment and the girl modelling it have become infected by a sense of second-classness and fatigue on the way. The girl, responding instinctively to her clothes' loss of worth, tones down her arrogant or coquettish performance of the earlier room. She goes through the perfunctory motions of her turn and hurriedly whisks herself away.

The attempt to consciously create an aura of excitement around fashions—especially those in the natural, easy-going style—can backfire. As the audiences for fashion shows swell; as settings become more majestic; and as lighting, music, and the performance of the models draw more on the techniques of the theatre and of dance, the gap between the shows' form and the clothes' content can widen into absurdity. The more that professional fashion seeks to cater to "real life," the greater are the hazards of overpromotion and the weirder the effect when its clothes are launched amid the deliberate illusion-making of a theatrical presentation. One designer hired Roseland and a large band for his show, then showed to the assembled crowd a banal collection of blazers and sportswear. Diane Von Furstenberg's humble wrap dresses in T-shirt fabrics, with their winning combination of P.-T.A. neatness and sensuality, look fine in suburban shopping malls, no doubt, but when they were viewed en masse in a giant, multimedia presentation at the Pierre, with a flashy, stop-and-go slide show taking place around them, they were dwarfed into something like silliness. Ralph Lauren, in his turn, staged another of the season's largest shows—in the Grand Ballroom of the Biltmore. Over a thousand people were present: faces lifted to a raised catwalk stretching below the noble chandeliers, with more eager faces drooping down from the balcony that rings the chamber. The music was on a grandiose and trumpeting scale, and spotlights powerful enough to pick out enemy aircraft were aimed from on high to follow the models' parade and play dramatically over the crowd. Down the catwalk came Lauren's fashions. These are not banal, but neither are they, by any stretch of the imagination, to be classified as art. They are wearable, stylish, practical translations of the all-American look—of preppiness and of L. L. Bean. They are certainly close to being a certain kind of real life. The audience saw girls with squeaky-clean blond pageboy hair pass nonchalantly by in trim little sweater dresses and flat shoes, as if their noses were in the air of some Ivy League campus in the decades before bluejeans. A lean black model loped along within the searchlight's pool dressed in tight velvet jeans, a workman's watch cap, and a navy turtleneck sweater that might—for all the eyes in the balcony could make out—have come from an Army-surplus store. A redhead strode down with an air of studied introspection, her hands deep in the pockets of the sort of comfortable-looking cardigan that Virginia Woolf threw on when she was struggling with a novel in her country cottage. The models were clearly inspired by the blown-up attention they were getting, and they performed some brilliant mimicry of ordinary women carelessly getting on with their lives. But there were always the searchlights and the thousand faces, and ordinary women they were not. The whole performance was strangely jarring, and it certainly added nothing useful to one's perception of Ralph Lauren's clothes. If one saw a beautiful, long-legged girl in a turtleneck sweater and a pair of tight jeans walk by in a setting more natural than a darkened ballroom—running her dogs on the beach, say, or swinging down a city street—that girl would be more appealing and her clothes, unencumbered by fake significance, would look their best.

The audience on such an ostentatious fashion occasion is so lulled into bonhomie by its free glass of white wine and then so well whipped up to expect novelty and excitement that it rarely realizes that it is watching a collection of the emperor's new clothes. But some subconscious awareness of the absurdity of staring solemnly at a pair of jeans with the aid of searchlights seems indicated by the crowd's reaction to the appearance of styles with more inherent glamour. Whenever an expensive-looking long-haired fur coat came down the runway (the models sometimes tossed Lauren's fur designs over his comfortable, casual clothing), a spontaneous animal roar rose from the thousand throats. The clothes were shown for what they were, then—uniforms for ordinary and private people. But the furs were symbols of money, power, and drama: a spectacle that the watching crowd knew, at heart, to be worthy of the arena.

—KENNEDY FRASER

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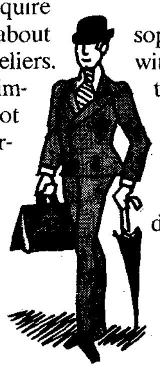

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Concert Records

A RECENT version of Bizet's "Carmen," with Régine Crespin in the role of the fatal gypsy, is of such quality that it will undoubtedly take precedence over the half-dozen other "Carmen"s that are now available in the record stores (Erato STU 70900-902; six sides). Miss Crespin is, of course, the reigning Carmen of the moment, and she sings in a manner that pulls you out of your seat. Hers is not the usual growling female-baritone voice but a dramatic soprano with light, lyric overtones. She is the most feminine of Carmens, and, for that very reason, the most tragic. Every word of her French enunciation is understandable; every inflection has a dramatic meaning. And from the technical point of view she approaches perfection, with each phrase given knowing emphasis and each note beautifully on pitch. She is surrounded by a splendid cast. Gilbert Py is a magnificently passionate Don José, except for a bit of spreading in his offstage approach in Act II. José van Dam is a powerful Escamillo, with all the low notes that the role requires for maximum eloquence. Jeannette Pilou is a very effective Micaëla, and the lesser roles are all extraordinarily well sung. The chorus is that of L'Opéra du Rhin (an organization I have never heard of before, and a very fine one), and the orchestra is the Philharmonique de Strasbourg, Alain Lombard conducting. Mr. Lombard's hand with the baton is generally apt but occasionally a little heavy, and the musical line has an unusually strong impetus. This is a recording of special merit, and I recommend it.

THE
RECORD
RACK

PHILIPS has continued its superb revivals of less well known Verdi operas with "Un Giorno di Regno," his first comic opera, which is a bit old-fashioned for its period and full of Rossinian idioms (6703-055; six sides). The cast is starry: it includes the sopranos Fiorenza Cossotto and Jessye Norman, and the baritones Ingvar Wixell, Wladimiro Ganzarolli, and Vincenzo Sardinero. The chorus is the Ambrosian Singers, the orchestra is the Royal Philharmonic, and the conductor is Lamberto Gardelli. Meanwhile, RCA has revived Verdi's "Simon Boccanegra," a slightly better known opera, from his mature middle period, which is full of robust melody (ARL 3-0564; six sides). The cast of this performance is equally starry—Piero Cappuccilli, Placido Domingo, Ruggero Raimondi, Katia Ricciarelli, and Gian Piero Mastromei. They are joined by the RCA Italiana Opera Orchestra and Chorus under Gianandrea Gavazzeni.

There is a superb new recording of Tchaikovsky's "Eugene Onegin," with Teresa Kubiak, Bernd Weikl, Stuart Burrows, and Nicolai Ghiaurov, and with Georg Solti conducting the John Alldis Choir and the Orchestra of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden (London OSA-13112; six sides). Miss Kubiak and Mr. Weikl are absolutely magnificent, and so are the others. And Solti holds the performance in a wonderfully compelling state of tension.

Mozart's "Così Fan Tutte" has been recorded by the conductor Karl Böhm (Deutsche Grammophon 2709-059; six sides). One would think that the last thing we needed was another "Così Fan Tutte," but this one, which was recorded live at the Salzburg Festival, is done with such unusual dramatic emphasis and such intimacy that few others can compete with it. The cast includes Gundula Janowitz, Brigitte Fassbaender, Hermann Prey, Peter Schreier, Reri Grist, and Rolando Panerai.

Rossini's "The Barber of Seville" also has a new recording—and quite a fine one—with Beverly Sills, Nicolai Gedda, Renato Capecchi, Sherrill Milnes, Ruggero Raimondi, Joseph Galiano, Michael Rippon, and Fedora Barbieri, and with the John Alldis Choir and the London Symphony, conducted by James Levine (Angel SCLX-3761; six sides). Particularly notable here are the flawless fioriture of Miss Sills and Mr. Gedda, the splendid "Largo al factotum" of Mr. Milnes, the pompous, sneaky "La calunnia" of Mr. Raimondi, and the incredible speed of Mr. Capecchi's patter in the part of Dr. Bartolo.

"Un Ballo in Maschera" has never been my favorite Verdi opera, but it is marvellously handled in a new recording by an all-star cast that includes Placido Domingo, Piero Cappuccilli, Martina Arroyo, Fiorenza Cossotto, and Reri Grist, together with the Chorus of the Royal Opera House and the New Philharmonia Orchestra under Riccardo Muti (Angel SCLX-3762; six sides).

Philips has issued Vivaldi's "Juditha Triumphans," with Birgit Finnilä, Ingeborg Springer, Julia Hamari, Elly Ameling, and Annelies Burmeister in the principal roles (6747-173; six sides). It is done in large part with the instruments of Vivaldi's period and is sung in Latin, and it gets expert florid baroque interpretations from the entire cast. "Juditha Triumphans" is a stately oratorio—so stately, in fact, that even the chopping off of Holofernes' head is done with the utmost formality. This is a venture into an unusual field, carried off brilliantly. The conductor, who also arranged and edited the score, is Vittorio Negri.

ALAN HOVHANESS is a composer who has conquered the dilemma of the contemporary composer in his own way. Practically everything he has written is beautiful as well as highly original. He has long been involved with the raga music and the mythology of India, but this is only a distant influence; his music remains pure Hovhaness. His "Tumburu" (the Indian god of music) and his "Varuna" (the "preserver" or "sustainer" god of Vedic India) occupy one side of CRI SD-326, issued by Composers Recordings, of 170 West Seventy-fourth Street. These two short works are played by the Macalester Trio. The other side of the disc contains a song cycle called "Nature Moods" and a "New England Suite," both of which are by Vally Weigl, the widow of the composer Karl Weigl. Her music is a transplantation of Austrian tradition to this country. The style is slightly reminiscent of Mahler. The performers include George Shirley, tenor; Stanley Drucker, clarinet; Kenneth Gordon, violin; Ilse Sass, piano; and Kermit Moore, cello.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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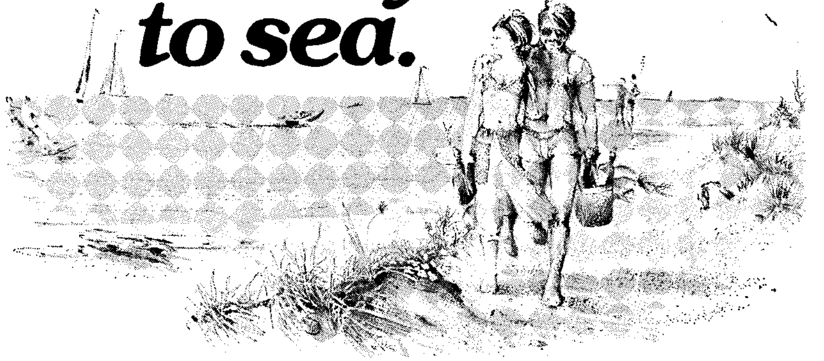

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

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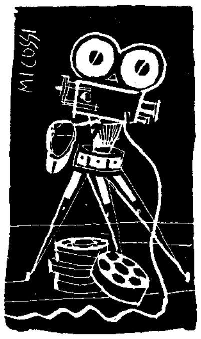

1. *What is "The Other Side of Midnight"?*

A film in glorious color set before, during, and after the Second World War, about people with large, uncreased wardrobes.

2. *Is the other side of midnight 11:59* P.M. *or 12:01* A.M.*?*

It depends on which side you are seeing midnight from. Square people would call breakfast time the other side of midnight, but this film is about hip people who would brush off any time *before* Cinderella's knell as the other side of midnight.

3. *Have you got this title muddled with "A Bridge Too Far"? Do you find yourself saying "The Far Side of Midnight"?*

No answer.

4. *Who was responsible for this film?*

It is a Frank Yablans presentation, a Martin Ransohoff-Frank Yablans production, a Charles Jarrott film, produced by Frank Yablans.

5. *What is the difference between a Frank Yablans production and a film produced by Frank Yablans?*

No answer.

6. *Define and assess the content of the film.*

First, I would suggest that the film's period should have been extended to show us the revolutionary New Look. We see nothing of the longer, fuller skirt, the wasp waist, the peplum. As to the plot, it features a girl called Noelle Page, played by Marie-France Pisier, who is lovely, petite, vulnerable, strong. She played her memorable first nude scene in "Trans-Europ-Express." I learned that by heart from the production notes. She starts off in Marseilles and gets given a dress that I should guess to be an inexpensive wholesale copy of a dress of Eleanor Roosevelt's. Then she comes to Paris, her bust and waist are measured, and she becomes a model. Then she quickly becomes the most famous film star in France. Then Raf Vallone as Demeris, a Greek millionaire, adopts her as his mistress, takes her to his Greek island, and gets irritated when she interrupts his painting at his easel in his garden; and she gets irritated about having had to change planes in Athens to see him; and *he* gets irritated because he has been planning to give her a private plane for her birthday. She wears a white petal hat with her tulle dress. My view is that she would have looked better, like a dish of vanilla ice cream, in a wonderful platter of a sailor. A sailor hat. She says she wants her own pilot. That's because she had an affair with a pilot in Paris during the war and he stood her up and she wants to get her own back by hiring him and queening it.

7. *Explain the nature of the pilot and give his name. You may use the production crib.*

He is the dashing, amoral Larry Douglas, selected by Yablans to be played by John Beck, "who, he believes, has the looks and appeal of a young Errol Flynn." To me he looks more like a Robert Redford put together from an Identi-Kit sent out by the police (though dark-haired), but then so has every other new male juvenile in the last eighteen months.

8. *Why do the production notes describe Larry as amoral?*

Because he has two women in his life. The other one is called Cathy. For Cathy, Yablans "chose one of America's most talented rising stars, Susan Sarandon." She's rather good, considering she has to play a boozer who never seems to drink more than a quarter of a glass of wine, and is consigned to a camel's-hair coat and a pale-blue jumper in the teeth of Noelle's taste. Noelle has a pronounced sense of dress. At a modest moment near the beginning, she wears a white blouse and a gray-blue unbelted fitted coat. At the Eiffel Tower with her pilot, she is seen wearing the blouse and a wine-red dress and a black beret. Then there is an unnecessary scene, quite unmannerly, about an abortion with a wire coat hanger. One looks away here and thinks about clothes. Then she gets an appointment with an executive of Gaumont Films on the telephone while she is writhing. Soon recovered, she wears a gray print dress and a witty variant of a munition worker's turban.

9. *Has she been getting enough Q.T.? Define Q.T.*

Quiet Time. She hasn't been getting enough. Her first French lover has got pettish about her clothes and thrown them out of the window, and dashing, amoral Larry has got married to Cathy. Cathy and he have a nauseating speech habit, repeating one he practiced with Noelle, in which one or the other of them recites a variant of "This is the living room, this is the dining room, this is the, er, bedroom, this is the boy, this is the girl."

10. *How many people have read the book that the film is based on?*

Over five million copies have been sold. That makes Lord knows how many readers.

11. *Pursue clothes thematically.*

They're more important than the plot. For a posh dinner party given by Demeris, whom she has already twice refused, Noelle demonstrates her virginal contempt by choosing a white strapless evening dress with a pouf of fabric at the back, chaste diamond earrings, and a diamond pin in her hair. Bored by the conversation of Demeris, who says that he doesn't believe in an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth but in a head for an eye and a heart for a tooth, she taps her guardman's-red, long-as-a-lizard's-tongue nails on the table and walks out on him in midsentence. I owe the lizard's-tongue metaphor to fashion-magazine style. At work—we see her in her dressing room—she wears a white wig reminiscent of Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro" or of the unlucky Marie Antoinette. We see her skill in applying a subtly placed beauty spot and in dusting her hands with talcum powder without spattering her costume. For driving to stay with the Greek millionaire, she has chosen a chalky downturned petal hat, a primrose-yellow coat dress, and yellow shoes. The décor of his villa is white marble and goes perfectly with her clothes and the occasion. He sends a ruby necklace to her room. She gives it to a maid to send back. He sends her a blue diamond. She gives this, too, to the maid to be returned. Then he sends her a simple rose. This time, she smiles. The maid also smiles, with proper sensibility and servility. Noelle slips into a magnificently modest brown silk robe and goes to his room. She drops the robe to the floor and stands naked before him. One begins to notice that she is the sort of woman who never closes doors behind her. It would diminish her entrances.

12. Describe her encounter in Greece with Larry.

She manages it because she has developed such a fury with him for leaving her in Paris eight years ago that, through her rich keeper, who is said to own the air, she arranges things so that there are no civilian jobs for Larry. Her rage that he is married to poor Cathy knows no bounds. She hires a private detective and grabs Larry as her personal pilot. To meet her victim, whom she would eat for breakfast if she weren't undoubtedly on a diet, she wears a mole-brown unbelted tunic and trousers with a ruby necklace and an unpretentious rope of pearls. Amazingly, he doesn't recognize her, even though it's been only eight years since they parted and her face has been on every second film poster since. For their first flight, she wears an orange dress and a white hat with orange trimming, and says nastily to Larry that she didn't like his takeoff. This is a beastly thing to say to a pilot. Cathy, meanwhile, is slumming it in a splendiferous apartment with a marble statue of a female nude behind the dining-room table and green tiles on the floor: tiles that Noelle, in her white villa, might well have chosen for her as vulgar.

13. Does Larry ever assert himself? If so, give an example.

Noelle makes him fly to Zurich in the middle of an electrical storm, and they have to touch down in very low visibility, and when he has achieved the miracle she puts him in a hotel room the size of a dog kennel. He storms out into her suite—chandelier, gold-plated dressing table—and in no time they're together again passionately between peach satin sheets.

To skip a great many outfits, Noelle decides to have Cathy killed, not expecting Demeris to turn out to be fed up with the present arrangement. He manipulates the law, as only a Greek millionaire could, so that Cathy can be his next mistress. As far as Noelle and we in the audience can see, Noelle succeeds in driving Cathy to being drowned in a storm. In prison, Noelle wears a dress with a becoming look of couture orphanage, in blue-gray wool with a high yoke. I suppose the jewelry is in a safe. For her execution by a firing squad (one is giving nothing away here, considering the number of readers of the book), she wears a spotless white toga-style clinging dress: the sort of dress that writers for fashion magazines would recommend for intimate little evenings. Her sandals are white and

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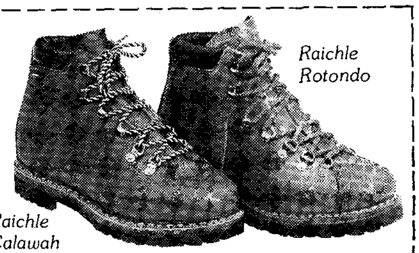

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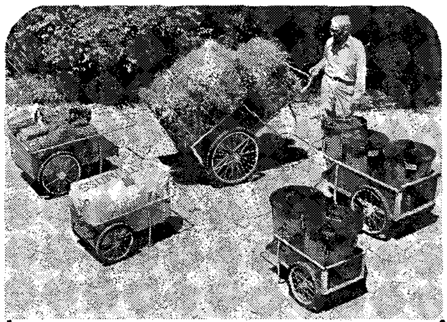

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very high-heeled, and her mane of silky black hair has obviously just been washed. She touches up her lipstick and refuses a mask, possibly because of her eye makeup.

14. Give your general assessment of the audience for this picture.

Because it's about women obsessed with clothes and glamour and about men who rule the world through the power of drive and money, it's a first-rate *man's* picture. The best in ages.

"DUTY, honor, country, these three hallowed words," says Gregory Peck as General MacArthur at West Point, in Joseph Sargent's film "MacArthur." Only three hallowed words? The General might have added a fourth one: "I." Apropos of the famous "I shall return" speech in Australia about returning to liberate the Japanese-occupied Philippines, the movie shows someone making a polite suggestion that the pronoun might be "we," but MacArthur's outrage knows no bounds. "We" can soil the lips, to his mind.

This blockbuster film is an act of homage to egocentricity and love of war. MacArthur is shown, without criticism of his ethic of derring-do with other men's lives, as an authoritarian and nerveless giant nourished by battle. He quotes at West Point "the ominous words of Plato": "Only the dead have seen the end of war." Then, when he has been stripped of his command, as he has been in this scene, you feel that he is made inert and counts himself among the dead. Peck plays the Red-baiting, noisy, obtuse man perfectly; actor's instinct makes them seem uncannily two of a kind.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

•

THE CLOUDED CRYSTAL BALL

[*From "The Silent Traveller in Boston," by Chiang Yee, 1959*]

I remarked that the word *pirate* had almost lost its significance nowadays. It is the same with the word *bandits*. Will there be anyone similar to a pirate or bandit in the air? What can he be called? I do not think a term need be created. This world of ours has become saner despite the constant grumpiness and quarrelsomeness of human nature.

•

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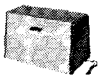

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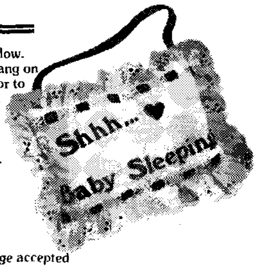

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BOOKS

A Peripatetic Conscience

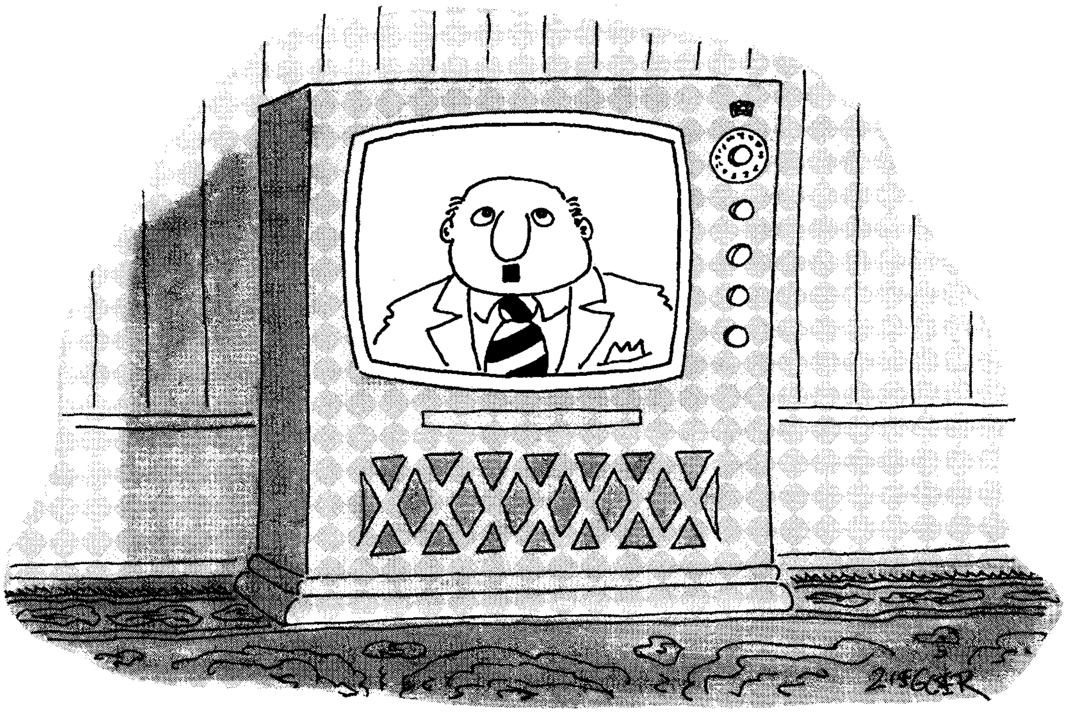
A WRITER'S notebooks are always irresistible. We see him fermenting: sure of himself here, unsure there; restless or at ease—in his slippers and unofficial. The reader feels a secret relief: he need not read every line. We catch a mind in side glances, watch the writer dismantling himself and trying again. When we are bored, we can skip. This idle attitude will not please Max Frisch, the Swiss novelist and dramatist, who begs us not to dip into his "Sketchbook 1946-1949" (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). And quite rightly: he has done the dipping and skipping for us, faster and more effectively than we can. His book is not a hotchpotch of things and persons seen or of random ponderings but a coherent narrative, an ingenious mosaic. The fragments hold together as the portrait of a sensitive moralist responding to the chaos in Europe in the years immediately following the Second World War; they also reveal the artist's eager greed for people and what is behind their faces. One is really reading two men at once. Frisch may be a travelling conscience, shocked by what he sees and reporting it all, but he is also at his business of imagining. So that, in a sense, the "Sketchbook" is an incipient and earnest *Bildungsroman*, quick-witted and vivid. Every anecdote may have its bearing on some play or story he thinks of writing.

Don't, for example, take that opening sketch of a naïve young puppet-maker who is driven to suicide as some isolated, slightly fanciful or folkish tale. The puppet-maker really did *not* understand why people hated being told the truth to their faces. Don't treat the piece about the bank teller who commits a murder as a police-court story. The man really *was* bored and desperate, because his job was to handle money without knowing what "money meant." Don't treat that sudden meeting in the mountains with a forester whose axe looks dangerous as something out of Grimm or as a simple Swiss snow dream. Who is "the stranger" with the briefcase? Is he a phantom who will turn up again, possibly as "the missing judge," or even as a murderer? These people will reappear in the "Sketchbook" from time to time, transfigured. Indeed, the image of the forester will turn up powerfully at the end of the book, in the long account of a lawyer's nervous breakdown, which is closely related to the writer's own fears and guilts as he travelled through Germany, Austria, Poland, Czechoslovakia, France, and Italy; Kafkaesque fantasies of the impassive interrogation, the false trial, the confiscated passport, the concentration camp, and the firing squad haunt his innocence. After all, a bank teller is a minor technologist who may see no meaning beyond his routine, a moralist is a kind of lawyer, a playwright is a kind of puppet-maker with serious worries as a postwar artist:

> After the puppet-maker hanged himself some people dubbed him an aesthete, because he was so dependent on play-acting, on form, in order to live—because he was living so close to chaos.

And this eventually leads Frisch the artist on to questions of political commitment. Can writers have any real influence in stopping future wars? When they gather by the hundred in international meetings, do they not stick to their national or ideological factions? And what about the "good man" living in a safe and tolerant society—may not his tolerance conceal a sleepy or disingenuous attachment to the status quo? How embarrassing it is to notice that success in writing a very good sentence may keep unpleasant reality at arm's length, if only for a moment.

Anyone of Max Frisch's generation will recognize how especially painful such difficulties were felt to be at the end of the Second World War. We all remember the worried neutrals who, released from their claustrophobia, encountered the other claustrophobia of war, which had trapped the rest of us. One remembers the questions and answers in ruined Germany when one broached the question of German guilt. More vividly, Frisch brings back the actual scenes and the sensations of unreality as one left battered London and crossed the Rhine. There were the refugees, all will gone, rolled up at the railway stations; the couples climbing the rubble as they tried to guess where their street and house had been; the extraordinary sight of the trim little bourgeois villas where the warders of the concentration camps had lived untroubled by their work—"tellers" indeed, who did not ask what their work "meant." It was bizarre to see that statues had become casualties. Behavior was a mingling of the human and the mechanical. In Berlin, a Russian leads a squad of twelve prisoners along a street. A woman, seeing her husband among



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them, rushes out screaming and clings to him. "Your wife? . . . Your husband?" says the Russian, tells them to run for it, and marches his squad off, leaving them stupefied while he at random picks up a substitute from the crowd. His orders are to bring back no fewer than twelve. Frisch does scores of such brief encounters well and, like the melancholy Jaques, finds much for the passing moralist. About German guilt: How is it possible that a nation almost notorious for its devotion to culture, especially in music, could have gone in for destroying civilization? Surely the pursuit of culture ought to be a guarantee? Coming from German Switzerland, Frisch is tormented:

> People with the same education as my own, speaking the same words that I do, loving the same books, the same music, the same paintings, are by no means immune from the danger of turning into monsters. . . . If they are not immune, why should I be so confident of my own immunity?

The inquiry strikes one now as far too satisfyingly simple in these terms. Frisch asks no historical questions. Our own worries are more concerned with what science and technology are doing to our culture, and with the rising power of other races and cultures. But Frisch does come close to what may be called "his own truth" when in Italy he speaks out as an artist. Culture is useless if it is thought of as accumulation; he is suspicious of conservation. I think he is too sweeping when he says that the Italians are not conservers, but they do strike one, as he says, as being more talented in an atmosphere of disaster than in one of success. In Italy, he throws out this conclusion:

> Everywhere the active awareness that it is, primarily, not the created work that is important, but the act of creating itself. I should say: even if the new thing is of lesser value, it is more important *that it should* be created, more important than conservation. . . . One of the fascinations of Italy, inducing a warm feeling of personal happiness, is the way each epoch takes its existence so seriously, how ruthlessly it sets out to make use of its time on earth.

This is a reaction after reading Burckhardt on the Renaissance and the Baroque, and is all as may be; the important thing is that Frisch is on the side of the makers. When he moves on to theatre, he is at his best. He strikes up a friendship with Brecht, and writes an excellent portrait and a delightful account of their arguments about Marxism:

> Brecht, perhaps like all other people who live independently, is not at all interested in approval; on the contrary, he is waiting for challenge, is merciless when the challenge is unworthy and bored when it does not come at all. By the expression that appears on his severe, alert face, rustically impassive and often somewhat slyly veiled, one sees that he is indeed listening, forcing himself to listen, even though he finds it all just chatter.
>
> What Brecht wants is argument, even violent argument. There are
>
> his sudden laughter as some paradox is nailed down, rather croaking, harsh but not cold; his bewildered and dismayed astonishment, his defenseless expression when one tells him something that really affects, worries, or delights him.
>
> He has the child's talent for asking questions.
>
> He looks . . . as inconspicuous as a workingman, a metalworker, yet for a workingman too unrobust, too slender, for a farmworker too alert, altogether too mobile for a Swiss; a refugee, slinking, watchful, who has already left countless rail depots, too shy for a man of the world, too hardened for a man of learning, knowing too much not to be apprehensive, a stateless person, a man of limited sojourns, a passer-by in our time.

A number of succinct things follow on the nature of actors and the theatre. An actor differs from a painter, a writer, a musician in that he has no instrument but his physical form. He is necessarily more vain of his appearance than the actress. As a woman, she is used to molding herself into new shapes.

> A male actor who one day ceases to appear on stage gives the impression of having failed in his career—not so the actress who one day decides she has had enough and leaves to devote her time to her children. For him it was a profession; she talks of her roles as if they were honeymoons.

There is "no art without Eros," and this is most directly true of the theatre, where the erotic desire is to please. (The intellectual urge among players is slight—indeed, despised.) If a director fails, it is often because he has made the mistake of not falling in love with his cast. The actor needs your immediate praise, for he is at one with his work in a physical sense. He cannot tear up his failures, as the painter or writer can. "Nothing is easier to understand than his greed to know at once how he was this evening. He cannot see his own work. That in itself is monstrous."

There are many wise remarks on writing scattered through the book. One is particularly important to Frisch, as readers of his brilliant "Montauk" will recall:

> Every experience basically defies description as long as we try to express it through the actual example that has im-

pressed us. . . . Essentially only fiction—things altered, transformed, shaped—can convey impressions—and that is the reason why every artistic failure is always linked with a stifling feeling of loneliness.

Finally, we come to the long sketch of the breakdown of lawyer Schinz, a fiction that can be said to dramatize the facts, fantasies, symbols that have been at the back of the author's mind throughout the "Sketchbook." Story or play? Whatever it is, we see the artist pushing the moralist out the door and finding a possible self in the rich mosaic he has created. —V. S. Pritchett

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Abandoned Woman, by Richard Condon (Dial; $8.95). Inaccurately described on the dust jacket as "a ribald historical novel about the only Queen of England ever tried for adultery" (Anne Boleyn was another), this book resurrects the sordid marriage of George IV and Caroline of Brunswick, which kept England in a tizzy for much of the period from 1795 to 1821. From historical accounts, the marriage, which was arranged for political reasons and was poisoned from the very start, appears to have been a simple all-out war between two naïve profligates—he a spendthrift, she a slattern—and if there was any deviousness in the tale it belonged mainly to the Whig and Tory politicians of the time, who tried to exploit the quarrel to their own advantage. Mr. Condon, while wallowing in all the gross carryings-on (some of which he seems to have adapted from old locker-room jokes), elaborates the plotting to a labyrinthine extent, so that Caroline and her advisers not only provoke and madden and scandalize their enemies, chiefly George, but also secretly orchestrate the investigations designed to bring her down. This isn't very plausible, but toward the end, when Caroline is abandoned by all but a loyal few, the self-destructiveness of her scheming as Mr. Condon sees it does take on a tragic dimension.

GENERAL

Loose Change: Three Women of the Sixties, by Sara Davidson (Doubleday; $9.50). The three California women that this book is about were apple-pie sorority sisters at Berkeley who were more or less radicalized by the spirit of the times;

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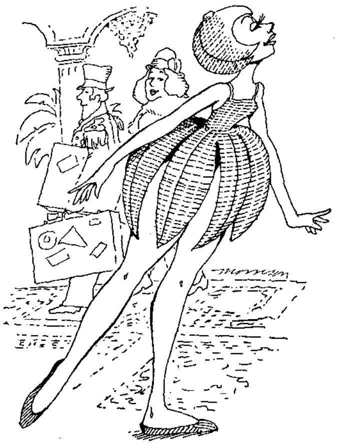

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each got obsessed with a man, regretted it, and struggled to become independent and find out who she was. Susie Berman, whose parents died in a plane crash when she was ten, became the star-struck aide-de-camp, and eventually the dissatisfied wife, of a leader of the free-speech movement; Tasha Taylor, a great beauty with artistic leanings, became the muse of a famous New York artist; and the author became a newspaper and magazine reporter, and eventually married a New York disc jockey. Although there are fleeting glances at some of the large events that helped shape the decade (the advent of John Kennedy on the political scene, the assassinations, radical politics, the anti-war movement), the book focusses on the private (especially the sexual) lives of the women, with mixed results. Miss Davidson has an honest, breezy style that is easy to read, and she captures the excitement, the glibness, and the hopeful bravado of the sixties well. But there is rather more here about the daily ups and downs of the women's lives than anybody except a bosom buddy would want to know, and a peculiar sameness of emphasis (skirt lengths and the Vietnam war are discussed in the same bright tone) that is off-putting.

FARTHER OFF FROM HEAVEN, by William Humphrey (Knopf; $8.95). Mr. Humphrey was just thirteen years old when, on the night of July 4, 1937, his father (aged thirty-eight) was killed in a drunken automobile accident. That was in the cotton-market town of Clarksville, in East Texas, and the day after the funeral he moved with his mother to Dallas. Thirty-two years (which included high school, college, a professorship, and a distinguished career as a writer) went by before he saw the scene of his boyhood again. This fine book is a reconstruction, shaped by a searching imagination and the perceptive and dramatic skills of a novelist, of that calamitous Fourth of July and the lives and lifetimes that led up to it. Mr. Humphrey looks back to generations before his time: the Humphreys and his mother's family, the Varleys, were poor-white tenant farmers ground almost to animality by bent-back drudgery. He looks at an almost miraculous escape: his father broke loose from peonage, came to town, and set up shop as a pioneer automobile mechanic. He looks at the excitement of the post-war twenties (the first cars, the first airplanes, movies, cigarettes, bobbed hair, the first liberated generation), and at the despair of the Depression and the dust-bowl thirties. He also looks, with love, at his parents: at his doting, hardworking, upward-striving mother, and at his father—also doting, also hardworking, but small and feisty and full of fight and driven to drink and desperation by hard times—who gave him his first gun at five and took him into the deep woods (there is an account of an alligator hunt of almost Faulknerian intensity) and taught him to hunt. This difficult, contrary figure stands tall as a man.

THE MEMOIRS OF CHIEF JUSTICE EARL WARREN (Doubleday; $12.95). The former Chief Justice, who died in 1974, did not live to finish his autobiography, which closes in 1964, with his account of the work of the Warren Commission on the assassination of President Kennedy. The author's recollections of his career in California as a county district attorney, as the state's attorney general, and as governor are not designed to prove that he was well prepared to become Chief Justice, but they do so anyhow, for they show that Warren learned about life as well as law—hence his awareness of the practical effects of legal abstractions. His style is simple and direct, garnished with political and personal anecdotes that are outspoken but not malicious. His own attractive qualities include a keen sense of honor, the gift of getting to the heart of complex issues, a sense of humor, and no side at all. These add up to a book of considerable eminence.

TROUBLED TEACHERS, by Esther P. Rothman (McKay; $10). Dr. Rothman, the principal of a New York City high school for troublesome girls, is concerned—outraged, in fact—over the harm that schools do not only to disadvantaged, minority-group, and disturbed children but also to white middle-class children, whose difficulties and needs, she has found, are overlooked, because such children are not supposed to have any. The author thinks that teachers rarely recognize that their own unconscious needs (for love, for power) damage their students, and are commonly too timid to quarrel with educational systems that make student failure profitable to a host of adults, such as educational consultants, inventors of teaching gadgets, and psychological and social-work bureaucracies. Best of all, she offers plenty of concrete examples and suggestions.

CRIMINAL RUSSIA: ESSAYS ON CRIME IN THE SOVIET UNION, by Valery Chalidze, translated from the Russian by P. S. Falla (Random House; $10). This author, expatriated from the Soviet Union as a political dissident, has written a lively, scary book about nonpolitical crime in his native land. The subject has been taboo there since the late nineteen-twenties, when Communists discovered that Communism does not cure crime. Murder, theft, assault, in fact, are very common in Russia, as is a Russian catch-all crime called hooliganism, which corresponds to our disorderly conduct but is treated as a felony rather than a misdemeanor. (A man who breaks a street light on a drunken spree can be sent to a concentration camp.) Chalidze is not arguing that the persistence of crime proves the failure of the Soviet experiment, for in his early chapters he examines crime in prerevolutionary Russia and finds a flourishing, well-organized population of professional criminals living among an extremely violent and lawless noncriminal population: peasants habitually stole from anyone they considered an outsider, and did not prosecute but simply lynched anyone they considered a wrongdoer. (In 1884, it is estimated, two hundred lynchings took place in a single district with a population of two hundred and fifty thousand.) Chalidze merely demonstrates that Bolshevik Russia started out with a low level of law-abiding behavior and has not improved on it.

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(9) MOVIE

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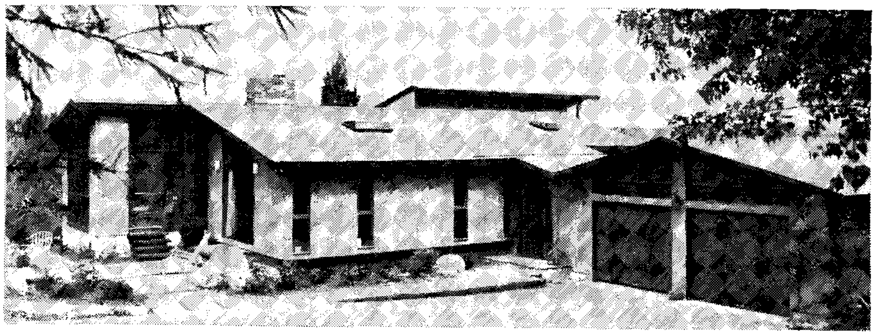

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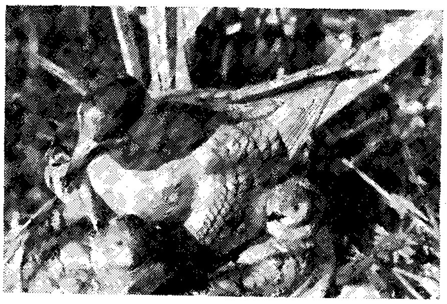

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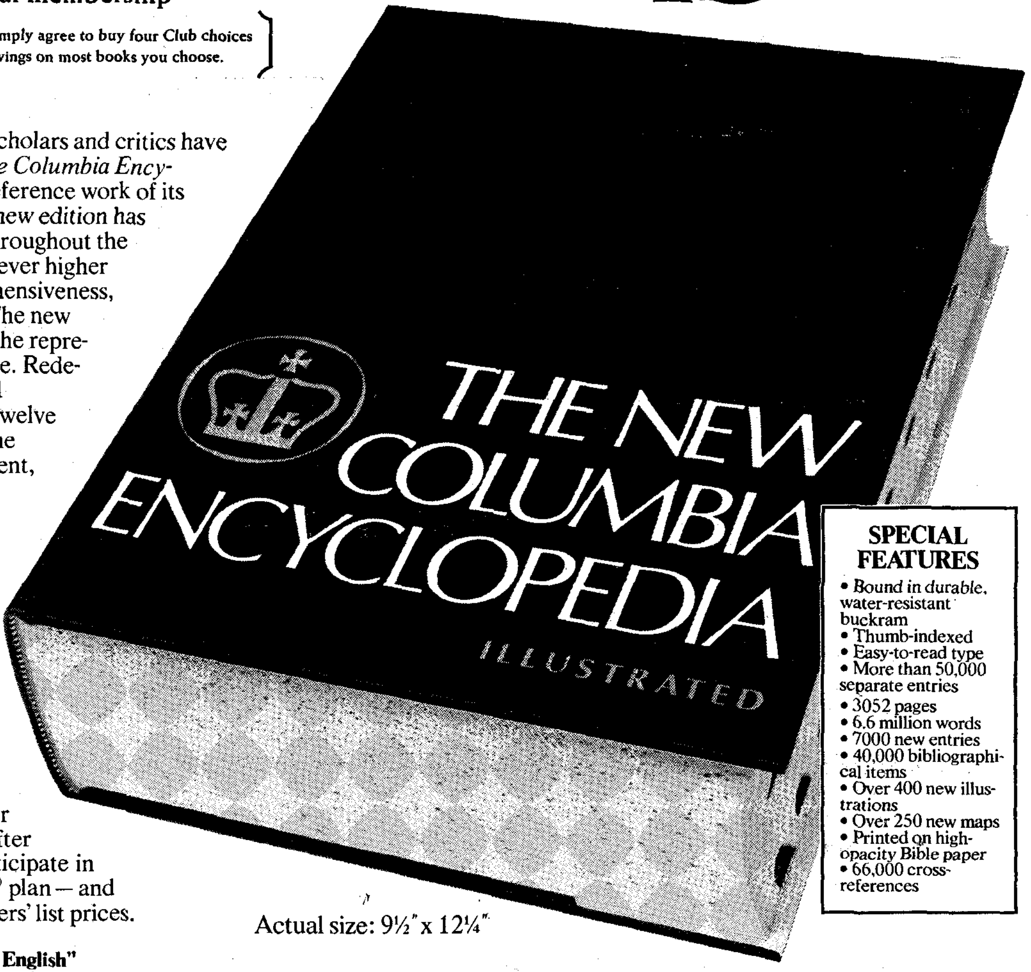

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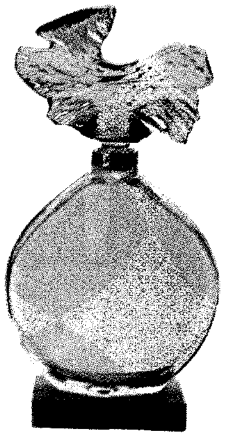

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